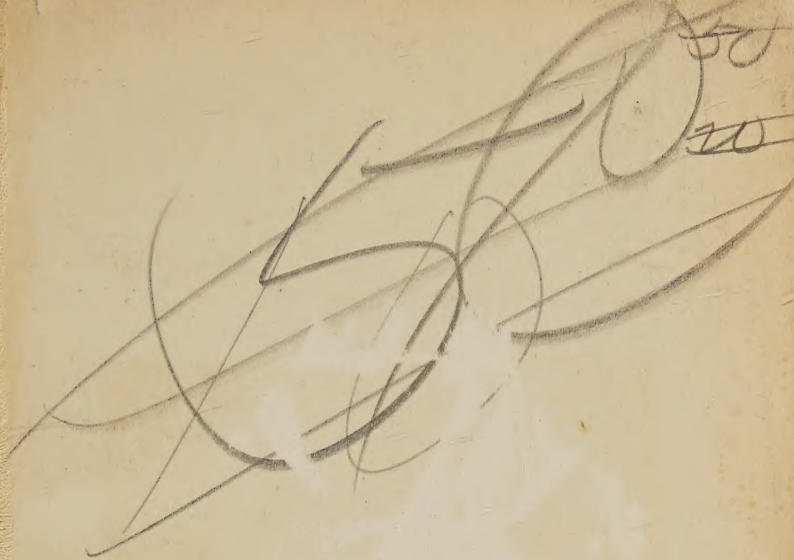
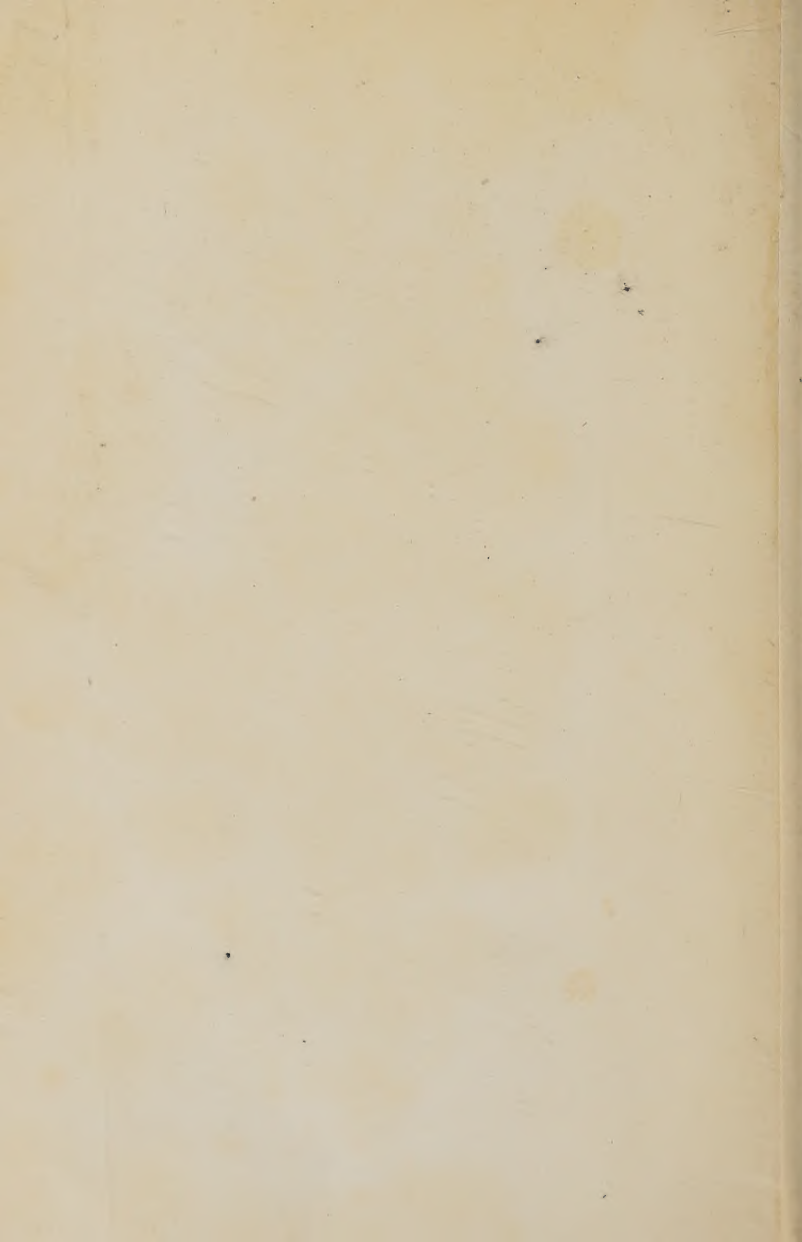
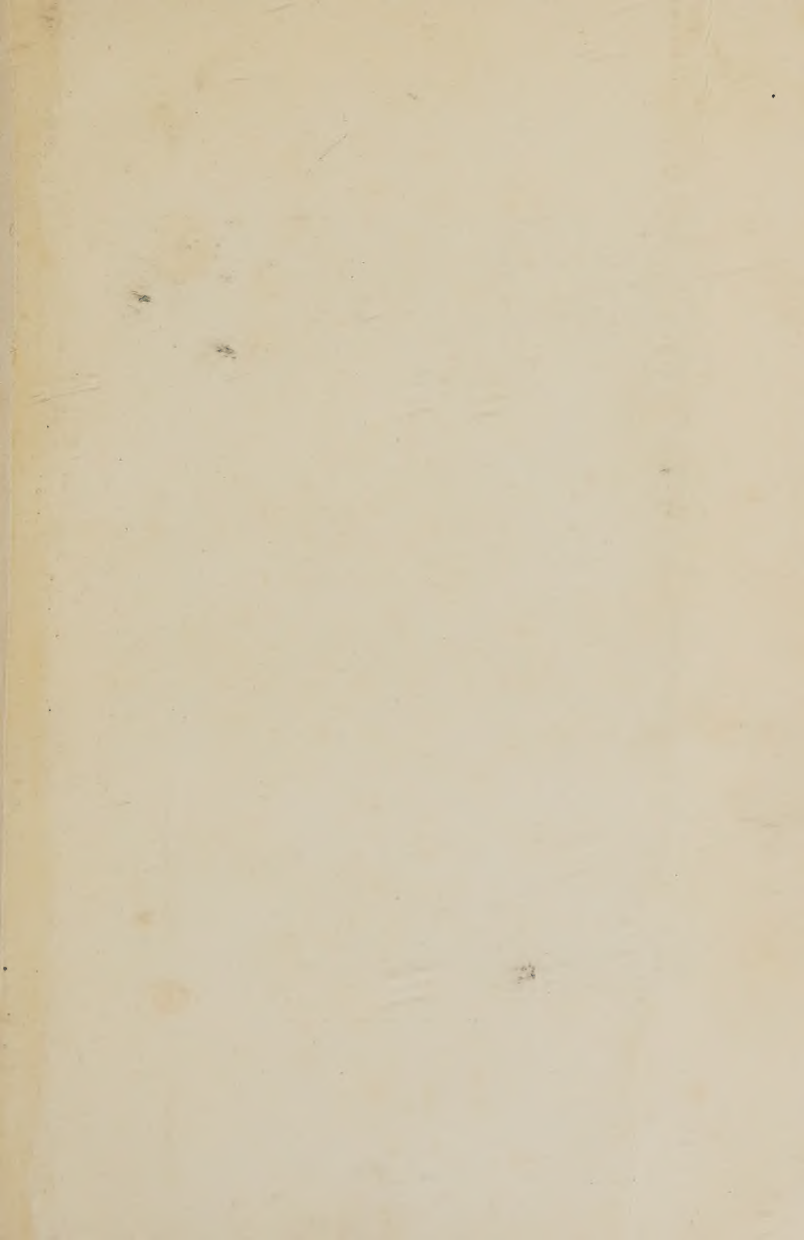
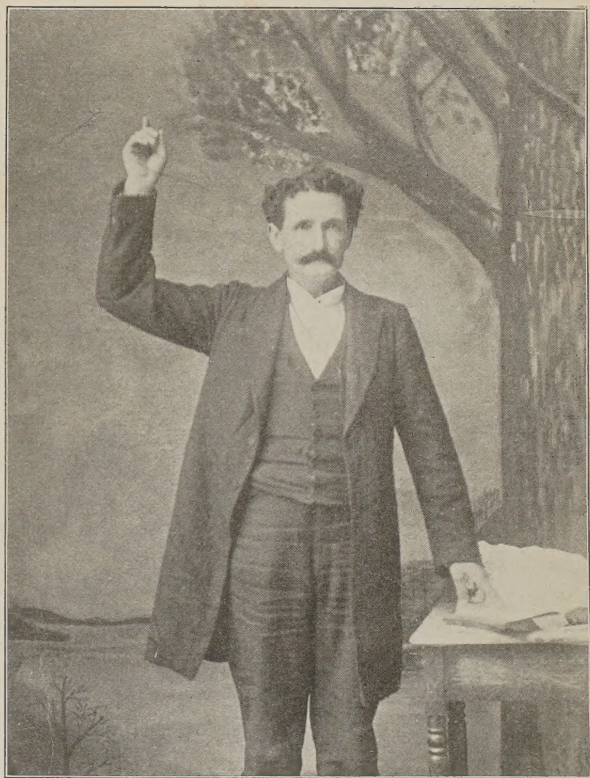


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W. M. BROWN.

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FROM INFIDELITY TO CHRISTIANITY

LIFE SKETCHES
OF
WILLIS M. BROWN.

920.2

Written by Himself.

GOSPEL TRUMPET COMPANY,
MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.
1904.

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INTRODUCTORY.

I will herein try to give a sketch of my life. While I realize there will be some portions that will be too dark to put before the public, I will try to put enough that I trust will turn many from the ways of the world and from the power of Satan unto our God.

I have asked God for power and wisdom to enable me to give my life to the public in a way that will be an honor to him and instrumental in the salvation of souls, and make men husbands to their wives, fathers to their children, and servants to our God.

There will, no doubt, be many things in this sketch that many will criticise, and say, "I would have kept that to myself;" but if you are one of those critics, my dear reader, just stop and think it is not for you, but for that other person; then let your mind run back over the past, and see if you can think of any one it hits.

I know my mistakes and wrongs have been many, yet I realize that I am not the only man that ever made them. There are very few that have salvation enough to confess them to the public.

Possibly this book will mention some individuals in a way that will make them feel offended toward

me; but I will say here, I will shun all as much as I can, to bring out my rusty deeds and have respect to all men and women that were implicated in any of them, and will refrain from giving any their full names. I could sketch my life without giving the names of men and women I associated with: but while I was misled by many that were older than myself and caused to do many a mean deed and thereby to be wonderfully abused when a little orphan boy having no mother, and father would believe anything any one would tell on me; and while many told falsehoods and I was punished for it; I will say to you that are yet living, the stripes have faded away, the gashes have healed up on my back, and God has healed the wounds in my heart, and I can say, God bless and forgive you. I know some of you are living yet, or were a short time ago, and I have met some of you since I have been preaching. It was not asked for, but I will say from the bottom of my heart *I forgive all.* December, 1903.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

Birth, Ancestry and Relatives.—A Bad Boy and Bad Company.—First Trousers.—First Exploits.—Has to Wear a Dress.—Cousin Sue.—Uncle Johnnie Simmons.—Not a Pet.—House Catches Fire.

I WAS born two and one-half miles north of Cave in Rock, Hardin County, Illinois, on the 29th of September, 1856. My father, Anderson Brown, had moved from Virginia and was one of the first settlers in southern Illinois. My mother died when I was eighteen months old. My grandparents on my mother's side were from Belfast, Ireland. Their name was Radcliffe. My grandparents on my father's side were from Scotland.

When I was very small I have a faint recollection of seeing my aunt moving to my father's house after my mother's death. My uncle had left her with three little children. The youngest was just nine months older than myself; her name was Sue B. Radcliffe. The other two children were by my aunt's first husband, Joseph Hammonds. The oldest of the Hammond children, Sidney Ann, went to heaven in the year 1878. The other child's name was Sarah Jane (still living in Gallatin Co., Ill.). My aunt's second

marriage was to my mother's brother. He left her about the year I was born, went to Missouri and married another woman; reared a large family of children, and died a few years ago; also his last wife died; but his first wife (my father's sister) lives yet, and also their daughter is living, and they are at law over his estate with his son by his last wife. My cousin, now Sue B. Bonard, lives at Rock-creek, Hardin Co., Ill. Her mother lives with her, and is now in her 70th year, and has never married any more.

I received a letter from my cousin, Mrs. Bonard, just before penning these lines, saying her mother is getting very feeble, and says she loves me as her own child; and I love her, for she was the nearest mother I ever knew. You will see from this short history that we had many troubles. You can also see there remains a love, and it was there all the time. Aunt was not mother, but she did the best she could for me under the surrounding circumstances, which you will see as we go along. God bless my old aunt! I love her still.

I was a bad boy and had bad company. I remember when very small I would fall down and cry until some one would come and pick me up. My father found out this kind of work was going on and he gave orders to let me lie. So I would fall down and look to see if some one was coming. Sometimes the ground would be frozen and I would lie there so

long that it would be muddy under me. Once I saw my half-sister, Mrs. Mary Moore, coming, and she did not go into the house until she came to see about me. She lifted me up, the tears running down her cheeks, and looked down in pity on mother's little son. She was a near friend of mine, and you will see that she came to my relief often.

Little boys did not dress in those days like they do now, and the hair of a motherless boy was not cut off until in a sad plight and well filled with bugs. I will try and describe my first trousers. The waist and all were made in one piece, and buttoned up the back. They were made of home-made jeans and colored with white walnut bark.

Now for my first exploits. After my trousers had begun to get old and the worse for wear, I was playing with my pup and would carry him up the hill from the cabin door where we lived, set him down and run back to the house, about fifteen steps. The pup was pretty fat as well as the boy, and when I would throw him down sometimes he would light on his back and I would get the start of him and he would not catch up until I would fall down, then the pup would grab my clothes and would almost undress me; then my chum, cousin Sue, would come to my rescue and button up my clothes. But we would keep up the fun with the pup until the clothes got the worst of it, and my aunt noticed I did not have waist or trousers suitable to wear in company.

The next day there was a big speaking. Father said we would all go. He was informed I did not have any trousers to wear. He said that one of Sue's dresses should be put on me and he would take that pup along and give it away. All was arranged. I kept behind the old clapboard door until my father called me out to go. We got into the old tar-bucket ox-wagon, and started to Cave in Rock to the speaking, taking the last trip with the pup.

We arrived at the appointed place, where a large crowd had already assembled, and I woke up to the fact that I was a great big boy with my cousin's red calico dress on. After Father was called upon to assist I was pulled out of the wagon. My aunt took me by one hand and my cousin by the other, and I advanced toward the crowd. Such a sight now would be noticed like a street parade. After the speaking was over and I had been called a girl until I could scarcely look up, I was notified that father was taking my dog off. I looked up and saw him deposited into the care of another man. It is enough to say I felt as if I was broken up, and would have cried as loud as any boy would in those days, of the same age I was, but I knew if I did father would have whipped, not the red dress, but the boy, right there before everybody. I crawled into the wagon, laid down in the fodder, and as soon as I could forget my trouble I was asleep. I did not know any-

thing more about the conversation until I was wakened by screams; found the family, ox-wagon and all in the middle of a big pond of water; the wagon-bed was full of water and the oxen swimming. It was a very large pond and we were in the middle of it, the bed about to float off the wagon. The people that lived near the pond came to our relief. Their name was Rutledge. Some of the family are living yet—Mrs. A. Dutton, Hester, Ill.; Vol Rutledge, Eldorado, Ill.; Eps Rutledge, Portageville, Mo., and others whose whereabouts I do not know. However, they could do nothing but stand and watch the results of going by a pond with a load of people drawn by a pair of oxen on a hot day. But we made a good landing, as it was a good bank. We were welcome visitors to the Rutledge family, as they were good people. They took us all into the house where a good dinner and dry clothing was provided for us all. After dinner my cousin's red dress was dried the same as the other clothing; the oxen were rested, and I redressed and we returned home.

I had a great many acquaintances and playmates and a brother, but my double cousin Sue Radcliffe and I were near the same age and we always shared each other's troubles. It seems strange to write of my boyhood exploits, which seem like they happened a few days ago. Now my son Anderson Brown, eleven years old, comes in with a letter from my cousin Sue, who states that she will leave her home

in Hardin Co., Ill., seven miles back of Elizabethtown, for my home in Hickman, Ky., to spend my 45th birthday with me and family, which will be the 29th of this month—next Sunday. Her letter reads:—

Sept. 20, 1901.

W. M. Brown,

Hickman, Ky.

Dear Cousin:—I received your letter yesterday and will leave here next Tuesday, if God is willing, and take the train at Paducah for Hickman. If there should be any delay I will wire you. It pleases me better to meet you at your own home, for there I can be with the whole family. I want to see every one. God bless and keep you until I come.

We are all well. I will answer the rest in person.

Yours,

Mrs. S. B. Bonard.

So strange! Forty years but a week!

My father was a great man to talk. He would go to old uncle Johnnie Simmon's, a good old man that lived at the top of the bluff that we lived at the foot of, and talk sometimes in the winter until after midnight. They were good people (old-time Carolinians), and brother George and I would often go up there with father, and stay until he would talk all the Simmons family to sleep. Then he would rouse us up and start for home, about half a mile down a rocky hill, buoyed up by promises from

father that we might catch a possum, as we passed a grove of persimmon trees on the way, and so we did often; but all the promises did not keep me from falling down. After I was a great big boy, calling on the girls, father would tell that he raised me on my abdomen between our house and Mr. Simmons'. Mr. Simmons and his good old companion, who was so much like a mother to me, have gone across the river of death, also their sons James and William and daughter Myrun are gone. Jerry, I am told, is at the Soldiers' Home in Illinois. Their daughter Jane, who is now the wife of Solomon Davis, lives near Cave in Rock, Ill., near where she was born. Very few old patriarchs are yet living that lived there forty years ago, and but few of my schoolmates. As I pass through the country and see the ground cleared, distances that seemed so long when a child, seem but short distances now.

As you will see before we get through this sketch, my father was not much of a man to pet his children, but seemed to want to put an old man's head on a boy's shoulders. I have before stated that he would take me to the neighbors with him, and I thought I ought to go all the time. I remember one day he was saddling his horse for a journey. I got ready to go. Father mounted his horse and rode away. I raised a row, and he went out of sight. I thought I had a good chance to take a cry, but to my great astonishment I heard a noise, and on looking up

■

saw my father coming back. I was not certain whether he was coming after me or not, but was certain he had business with me, but whether it was for me to go with him or not I did not know. About the time he dismounted and I saw the dogwood limb in his hand I was satisfied there was trouble just ahead. I remember we had just had a fire that came near burning all the family up that were at home. I had lost one of my shoes and had on one of grandmother's old ones, and I felt that my only friend had turned against me, also knew how a dogwood limb felt applied by a mad father. This is just the beginning, as you will soon see. When he had completed the job and made me promise I would not cry after him any more, he mounted the horse and left a poor little motherless boy with a smarting back and a bleeding heart, afraid to see night come, afraid the house would catch on fire again and we would all be burned up.

My reasons for being afraid were that I had heard ghost, witch, and robber stories. Our house had just caught fire the night before and father was not at home. It was a miracle how God saved us. We children had carried a lot of sugar tree limbs and laid them in a corner of our old log-cabin, which was ceiled overhead with four-foot boards, riven out with a frow, and the cracks of the cabin were daubed with mud, and boards were nailed over them. The single-barreled shotgun was just over the kindling

and a little trunk sat near it. The kindling caught fire, and soon the boards on the wall were blazing. The flames ran up and around the gun, burning the stock in two at the breech. The gun fell and fired, which woke my aunt. The sad sight was her mother in bed asleep, partially paralyzed, unable to help herself, and five sleeping children, all in the old log-cabin, and it on fire, with no one to do anything but my aunt. She looked at the trunk, saw it was on fire, and knowing there was a powder-horn inside with a quarter of a pound of powder in it, she ran and snatched the horn out from the burning books and papers, and threw it into a bucket of water; then began to get grandmother and the children out. She put all to carrying water that could, and she fought fire (certainly in the name of Jesus) and accomplished the most wonderful victory I have ever known in putting out a burning building. When the fire was out and the powder-horn examined, the wooden plug in the end of the horn was burned to a coal and fell out when handled. It was the mercies of God. If the gun had not fired in one minute longer the powder would have exploded and the whole family would have woke up in eternity.

Father came home the next morning. I was the first to meet him and told him in a whisper what had happened. Although aunt had told me it was caused by our carelessness, I could not help but believe some one had fired the house, trying to kill father for his money. I had been told his life was in danger.



CHAPTER II.

BOYHOOD DAYS.

First Steps to Infidelity.—Frequently Whipped.—Prayer Not Answered.—Baptizing Sheep.—Playing at Deer Hunting.—Shot with an Arrow.—George's Abuse.—Cruelty of Father.—Forced to Lie.—Steals Father's Sugar.—Playhouse Upset.—Works in Field.—George in a Fight.—Plenty of Widows.

I do not want to worry your patience with my boyhood days, but you will see before you get through this book I am giving you the first steps to infidelity. As you read on you will see my father was a moral man. I never saw him drunk and never heard him use profane language. He never made any profession of salvation, but was a strict freemason. My aunt was a Baptist and had seasons of rejoicing, but at other times you would not have taken her to be a professor, and would have had to look on the church-book for her name, yet in that day aunt was considered a good Christian woman and a good neighbor; father a good man and a good citizen. But I see they both made mistakes in raising their children. They did enough whipping, as you will see, and you will no doubt think I exaggerate in some of my statements. My aunt lives yet at Rockcreek, Ill., and I trust will live to read this book and state to the public whether true. Besides there are a few others

that still live and are acquainted with me and my raising. It was father's rule if aunt had to whip me when he was gone, he would whip me when he returned, except when I would gain the sympathy of aunt, and she would insist she had whipped me enough.

I would hear people talk about my mother and what a good woman she was. My half-sister Mary would put her arms around her mother's baby boy and give me the idea that if mother had lived I would have had a better time. These things made me want to see mother. One time after I had received what I termed cruel treatment, I went up into the woods under the bluff, just at dark, and got on my knees and asked God to send mother there so I could tell her how I had been whipped. I staid there until quite dark, and what was so peculiar about it, I was so afraid after dark. But I had seen my aunt on her knees, and my older cousin had told me she was praying to God and God would give her what she asked for. So I tried it and failed—lost confidence in prayer. God knew what was best for me, yet I was inclined to preach, and when other children came to play with us we would have meeting and I would be the preacher. At another time one of our neighbors, named Norris, had a big gang of sheep that bothered about our place. Brother George caught several of them one day after we had been to baptizing, and took them near a pool of water that was

about waist deep. I preached, then my brother helped me and we would hold the sheep up on their hind feet and walk them in the water. I would say the ceremony that I heard the preacher say, and we would baptize them, lead them out and tie them up until we got them all baptized. Then we had a falling out like the rest of the preachers and church-members. We tied them together by twos with bark and set our dog on them and started them through the woods to their home. Some of them hung up in the woods and staid there until Mrs. Norris found them. But this cruel treatment did not keep them away. Afterwards we turned them in a field of cockle-burs, and they staid there for weeks before they were found. When they were brought out you could not tell what they were by the color, and they could scarcely walk. Of course we denied putting them in the field, and people could not prove it, but the sheep never bothered any more.

In my boyhood days there were a great many deer in that country, and the Wilson brothers would come over from Kentucky and camp and make deer drives. Some would take the hounds and drive and others would stand with gun when the deer would pass, and shoot the deer as the hounds would run them through. My brother being two years older than myself knew more about deer hunting than I did. We had by this time got us another pup and trained him to take our track and hunt us up. Brother proposed to me

that we would go out in the orchard in the weeds where the stock had made paths through and have a deer hunt. He had made a crossbow, a piece of a plank cut out in shape of a gun, which would shoot an arrow almost like a bullet. So he had me to be the deer and he stood on the crossing. So I started; he put the pup on my track and I ran through the weeds a while, and ran through the crossing where my brother was stationed, anxious to try his crossbow. As I galloped through he pulled the trigger and down came the game. It was not a deer, but a boy. The arrow struck me in the temple and stuck in about an inch. I screamed; my brother ran up and pulled the arrow out of my head, and the blood flowed freely. It scared me nearly to death. He made me several promises, trying to get me to hush, but it looked too much like a dead boy for me to hush. He would raise me to my feet; I would fall and scream the louder. The alarm reached the house. Sister Mary had just come; she knew I was in trouble. She came running, but my brother was off in the weeds. She saw the blood and the hole in my head as large as her finger. She did not know how deep it was, and I didn't have sense enough to tell her what had happened, and my brother was not there to tell. I was carried to the house and my wound was dressed. I gave the state of affairs; my brother was convicted by the family and sentence was passed on him, which was worse than ten days in the work-

shop, that was to tell father. He knew what was next. I knew I had to keep shy of him or he would make me tell father a lie when he came, or give me another round. So I was kept in. Father came and the case was laid before him. My brother was called and there was no further trial. His clothes were taken off and the penalty enforced, which covered his back with stripes and gashes. He did not whip the clothes, he whipped the boy.

In the course of two or three days I got off my guard. My head had got better and I had cried over brother's whipping as much as he had, for I didn't want him whipped for anything he would do to me. He had my sympathy and got me out to the barn. We were having a good time talking. I had forgotten the past, but he had not. As we stood under the shed by the log barn, he looked at me and said, "What made you tell on me and get me whipped?" He then grabbed me by the hair of the head and landed me against the barn. The bark was peeled off the logs and there was a little knot on the log, which stuck in my head opposite the other wound. I was scared. As before, he tried to make me hush, but I cried the louder. The alarm reached the house; my other wound was dressed; brother tried, and found guilty. When father came home he gave another punishment. The scar still shows on my head and looks as though I had been shot through the head. I knew the time would soon come that

I would have to take more abuse, for he was mad at me for telling the truth about the trouble. He would hurt me very bad some times trying some project, and would threaten me and make me tell a story about it. I loved him better than myself. You will see before we get through that my father was very cruel and would give as severe a whipping for a little offense as a big one, and this caused me to tell many a story to shun my brother. When one got a whipping the other got it, too, if he were not hurt too bad.

I will give an account of my first stealing. I have said my father never got drunk to my certain knowledge, but he kept whisky for morning dram, and when I was small he got \$1.00 worth of loaf sugar to sweeten his whisky. He kept it in an old trunk that was not locked. My brother had been taken to the field to work. My aunt was teaching my cousin to hand thread through the slay, putting a piece of cloth in the loom. I was lonesome and the old trunk was under the bed. I knew the sugar was there. I wanted it so bad I slipped a lump out and went out to the old wheat granary, some fifteen steps from the house, where a log chain hung. I commenced to rattle the chain and eat the sugar. I rattled the chain to keep them from hearing me in the house chew the sugar. Although fifteen steps away I thought they could hear me, for it sounded so loud to me. You see it was my

conscience hurting me. When my cousin was at leisure I told her of my discovery and went and made another haul and got a lump for her. We went to the granary and I told her to help me rattle the chain or they would hear her eat the sugar. She was nine months older than I and had a little more sense. She got tickled at my foolish idea. It was a good joke and she could not keep it. So she played a trick on me and got me to get another lump, and while I rattled the chain to eat it she told the joke. To my great astonishment I looked and saw the whole family looking and laughing at me. I was asked by father what I was doing. I told him I was playing with the chain. "What else are you doing?" I saw she was in the gang and the rest of the work hands, as it was dinner time, and I was given away and caught in my first attempt to steal; but it was so funny and the work hands begged for me, so I was excused, and I promised to steal no more sugar. But the sugar did not last long, as there were four other children who had found out as well as myself that it was there and the trunk was not locked.

As I have told you, my brother was two years older than myself, and consequently had to go into the field before me; so my cousin Sue and I were left alone. My other two cousins were large enough that aunt had them helping her about her work. The wheat granary was a nice playhouse. It sat

on the hillside by the path that led to the stable. Dinner time came on. It was very hot weather. Father, brother, and hired men came to dinner. The horses were very hot. Father would have them given fodder to eat until the men ate dinner. While they were eating my cousin and I were having a nice time playing in the wheat granary. Dinner was over and my father sent my brother out to feed the horses their corn. He was mad because he had to work and we could play; so as he passed the old granary he caught under the edge of the upper side and upset it. Away went boy, girl, granary, dishes, and the whole business, rolling down the steep hill. Of course we didn't know what happened. We had heard of the earthquakes, which were very common in that time, and we had heard it said the world was coming to an end. We didn't know which had happened, but had the least thought we would see another human face. When we got out George was gone.

Now the time soon rolled around that I had to be in the field and do what I could, or what they could make me do. One day father was gone and Randolph Edmonds was running an old-fashioned cultivator. It was made in the shape of a harrow, and the teeth were little shovels about the size of a man's hand. After the corn was ploughed over they would run across the ridge or plough the other way with the cultivator. So Dolph ran the

cultivator and George and I uncovered the corn after him. Dolph found a silver fifty-cent piece, which was quite a curiosity to us boys, as paper money was all the go then; at least silver was scarce. He gave the fifty-cent piece to my brother, who was very proud of it. A boy named Joe Griffin had passed by going to our house for milk, so brother wanted him to know he had the money and watched the road for the boy to pass back. He came along, my brother hailed him, and told him he would bet him fifty cents he could whip him. The boy told him he didn't have time to fight. My brother called him a coward and said he would give him fifty cents to whip him. He got over the fence and into the road before the boy, so he could not go on, and the boy concluded he had just as well fight. So they fell on a hillside with Joe Griffin on top of brother. I showed unfair play and turned him over with brother on top; but Joe turned him again and over and over they went down the hill till they rolled against the fence with Joe on top. So Joe gave him a good pounding, and after George said enough Joe got off.

George would not pay the money. Dolph had witnessed the fight and said, "George, be a man and give up the money;" but he would not do it. Joe had a stepmother, who was very cross to him, and she was calling him, as he had staid over his time. He knew it was a whipping for him. He picked up

his milk and went on crying. When father came home Dolph gave him the case just as it was. Father gave George a whipping for not giving the boy the money as he had agreed to do, and sent him to take the money to Joe, and sent me along to see that he did so. So before we arrived at the house George said to me, "I do hate to give him this money; I am going to give it to Mrs. Griffin, and you tell father I gave it to Joe." I tried to persuade him to do as father had told him, but he said no, and made me promise to tell a lie for him. So we got to the house and there was Joe carrying water. He did not have on any pants. His step-mother had given him a severe whipping for staying so long when he went after milk. George gave the fifty cents to Mrs. Griffin and told her there was some money. We went back home. Father asked the particulars, what Joe was doing, and if the money was given to him. We both told him it was. In a few days the old lady fell in company with my aunt and she told aunt what good coffee she got with the money George gave her. Father called me and I acknowledged we lied, and we were whipped; but it seemed to kindle the anger in George's heart, and in place of getting better he grew worse, and we soon came to the conclusion that we were forsaken and had no friends and had as well see our fun.

Now hard times come. We have informed you

that father was a widower. There were plenty of widows, and father was very popular with them; but it happened they were all poor and had to work for a living, and father would give them all work. I thought there were some of them that would like to be called Mrs. Brown. There was Mrs. C., Mrs. M., and Mrs. A., and there came a time when a feeling arose and aunt got disgusted. Mrs. A. and Mrs. H. were carrying knives for each other, and father had trouble giving them work in different fields, but Mrs. A. gained the day. She soon began to take cows to milk and the cows never came back any more. Aunt would talk before us boys. Mrs. H. would tell us how Mrs. A. ought to be killed. Finally provisions began to go and we had very common food to eat. We had biscuit on Sunday morning, or when some one came on a visit. Soon the time came that father and aunt did not get along well. Father would just raise a small crop of wheat for bread and take it to Wilson's mill to get it ground up; then he would secretly take it to Mr. James Dosset's and store it away. When he would go to roll logs or plant corn and have hands, he would go or send and get a little flour, and would always have it weighed. I was sent one time and he told me to tell Mrs. Dosset to weigh me twenty-five pounds. She said she would not do it, that Mrs. A. got her flour there and did not weigh it; so she gave me what I could carry

in a pillow-case. I told father before aunt, so that let out the secret and made more trouble.

Mrs. A. was very good to me. Father would send me on errands there and she would come to our house. She would buy me a knife when I would go with her to get her pension, and would give me some good things to eat. By these kind acts she won my love. Mrs. C. and Mrs. H. also treated me well, and Mrs. M. thought I was a great boy. That is the way they would cast lots for my love, and I guess wanted to show to father what a good step-mother they would make. But George was older than I and would see farther than I could, and he thought that our trouble was caused by the widows, while I knew some of them were innocent. Mrs. C., who yet lives, was a mother to me, and feels near yet. The rest are gone. I will show you on farther who were my enemies.

CHAPTER III.

AT SCHOOL.

Description of Schoolhouse.—First Teacher.—Tom Holloway.—
Sleight of Hand Tricks.—Quits in Thirteenth Year.—Could
Not Write Name.

Now I will give you a sketch of my school-days and a description of the house in which I got my education. It was a log house about eighteen by twenty with a stone chimney in one end, a door in one side, a window extending along two-thirds of the other side, and a long plank put up under the window on pins. This plank was our writing-desk. The seat was a half of a log with the flat side up, and as our feet did not reach the floor we could stick our toes in the cracks of the house. The name of the schoolhouse was Tyler and was on my father's farm. My first recollection is that Mr. John Tyler was the first teacher that taught there. I think he is living at Cave in Rock, Ill. Black was the name of my first teacher. He would lie down and go to sleep and we would go out and play. My brother George was influenced by Mrs. L. to fill his whiskers with cockle-burs, which he did, and got a whipping, but I think the teacher staid awake better.

We had another teacher who carried an old-time navy pistol. George was persuaded to kill him when he went to whip him. George got an old butcher-knife. The wood was gone from the handle, and he made me turn the grindstone and ground it sharp. He got a strap to put around him for a belt and stuck the old knife down in the belt under his coat. He made a confidant of a boy; showed him his knife and told him his plans. When school was taken up this confidant took a seat by George and pretty soon got into a racket with him and managed to get the knife to fall; then we were in another scrape, which wound up in losing the knife and getting a severe whipping. There were a good many scenes similar to this.

Brother George and I were the pick until Tom Holloway came in from Indiana. They turned on him; I was as bad as the rest. Tom and I had some trouble one day and I offered to go out to a big sink-hole and go down into the hole to fight Tom with clubs and give him the first lick. He said he would go with me by myself and do that. We cut our clubs and went. He drew back to hit me, and as I looked into his eye I saw murder. I thought it was the best place to kill a person I ever saw and he had the best chance to kill ever I had met with. I said, "Hold on there; talk this over, I have nothing against you; let us not fight." He said all right, he was willing to quit if I would

let him alone, and I assured him I never would bother him again. We went back to the house good friends and have been from that day to this so far as I know, and the other boys let up on him, too; however, he would get into trouble the same as the rest of us.

We had a teacher that taught us how to play sleight of hand tricks, such as run a wire as long as our finger up our nose and put another in our hair in the back of our heads and make people think we put the wire through our heads. Tom Holloway was practising with his slate pencil in time of school, as well as myself, to see how long a pencil we could run up our nose. Tom went to sneeze and sucked his pencil up his nose. He bounced around like a chicken with its head cut off and grabbed at his nose. As he stuttered he could not tell what was the matter. The teacher being a sort of doctor as well as showman ran to his assistance, but did not know how to diagnose his case. Tom succeeded in pulling the pencil out of his nose. The teacher had trouble in trying to make us quit playing the tricks he had taught us. One day after he had whipped several of us, he said he would whip anybody that laughed at the one that got a whipping. We commenced and kept him busy whipping until time to dismiss school. He had no recitations for a half day. After school we filed up in line along the road and informed him

if he showed up next morning, we would cut the ice and put him in the pond. He did not show up any more to that schoolhouse to my knowledge.

We had another teacher by the name of Clay Mot. I thought I would try him. We had a good many blue and red thumb cards, and as we were all around the fire one morning, I commenced and painted my face, and then looked over my book and made faces, which caused the scholars to laugh. The teacher called me out and gave me water to wash my face and his handkerchief to dry it and then he gave me a whipping. By the time he was through with me one of the other boys had painted his face and the teacher settled with him the same as he did with me. We kept this up for quite a while, until he commenced to burn the cards. The larger boys took sides with us and he was barred out of the schoolhouse. The teacher went and brought his father with him, who made his way through with an ax. He then guarded the door until his son whipped every one. The school was closed with a lawsuit.

Now, reader, I do not want to worry you with my school-days, but I think it will be interesting to some who have not gone to a backwoods country school. I shall not give you all my experience in school life. While it was short it was wonderful. I quit school in my thirteenth year. I got too smart to go, or did not have sense enough; however, some of my

schoolmates have made teachers, lawyers, doctors, some murderers and some infidels. I am the only preacher I know of in the whole outfit. I was not the only mean boy that went to school.

One day we decided to tear down the chimney, and, like anarchists, we put it on Marcellus Tyer. He made an excuse to go out after school had taken up. I could hear him prying around. Finally the chimney began to tumble and made quite a noise. Teacher and scholars ran out, but Cell had his rail fastened and failed to get it away, as we had planned. He ran some distance but was caught. Just a part of the chimney fell, but it was so near down that it had to be thrown down. I feel safe in saying that there was more hair pulled, blood shed, and whipping done in the short time I went to school than has been in the past twenty years at school. I will close my school-days, not that I have given half, but there are other points I want to put before you. Now I will say when I quit school I could not write my name, but it was not all my fault. I just wanted to give you a brief sketch of my boyhood days now and then.

CHAPTER IV.

APPROACHING MANHOOD.

Father Still Cruel.—Severe Whipping.—Bad Companions.—Fond of Riding.—One Pair of Boots and One Suit of Jeans a Year.—Description of Clothes.—Raising Potatoes.—Habit of Drinking Contracted by Stealing Father's Sugar.—Rebelling against Father.—At Mr. Dossett's.—Kind Treatment.—Father Marries and Aunt Moves.—Drinking and Card-playing.—Returns to Father's Again.—Trouble with Stepmother.—At Mr. Atkin's.—Plenty of Whisky.—A Shooting Affray.—Accepts Another Offer from Father.

As I have told you, my mother was dead and my father was a cruel father. My cousin Sue said she thought he would lose his mind when he got mad. But what was strange to her, her mother and other good people did not take our part and put the law in force against him, but would tell him everything that was calculated to make him whip us. I have scars on me that were put there for lies that were told on me.

One time my father went off and left brother George and I to pick up corn in the field, which the horses had pulled off, and we were to carry it up to the hog-pen near E. C. Wingate's and feed the hogs and carry two baskets to the barn to feed the horses. The first load we carried to the hogs

George proposed we would go in swimming. I said, "No, father will whip us." "Well," he said, "we will get whipped anyway," which I will say was about true. So into the pond he went. I staid out and tried to get him to come out and go to work. Finally my alarm reached the Wingate family. I saw Emma Wingate and her sister Mary coming. I told my brother. He came out and ran into the woods and hid behind a tree. They took his clothes and ran to the house. George started after them and Mr. Boyd and Mr. Wingate brought the clothes out and told him they would tell father. We were sitting on the hog-pen talking about the trouble that was just ahead. George jumped on a hog and it ran into the pond. He never stopped until he had rode eighteen head. He lost his hat and had his clothes on. I never was in the pond, but we staid there till dark, then started out into the field to do our half day's work by moonlight. We heard father's voice and Emma Boyd with him. Emma had watched and stopped him as he passed her father's and we heard her tell we were both riding the hogs with our clothes on. We carried our baskets to the pen and emptied them and were filling them to take to the barn. We heard father calling us. We went and he met us with a handful of hickories. George was in front. Father asked him where his hat was. He told him he lost it in the pond. He said he fell in trying to get his hat.

Father then applied the hickories, which had several branches similar to a cat-o-nine-tails. I tell you that the blood ran when he got through with him. Then he came after me. I told him I was not in the pond. He said I was telling him a lie. George said I was not in the pond, but he would not believe us. He had a fair chance at my body, which he cruelly cut in gashes for five minutes. Then he turned on George again and I stood and trembled until he came at me again and said, "Were you in the pond?" I said, "No, sir, I was not." He gave me another round, and then my brother another, and then to me again. I said, "Father, please take your knife and cut my throat and do not punish me any longer trying to make me tell a lie." He called me an impudent villain and gave me another round. We then went to the house and to bed without any supper. When we awoke next morning father was up and had his hickories ready. He informed us he was going to whip us every morning until we acknowledged I was in the pond. He kept his promise till one morning we arose while he was asleep and thought he would forget it that morning. He took us and started to work, as we thought, but he had not forgotten his promise. He took down some switches that he had hid and commenced. Aunt had had a private talk with us and asked if I was in the pond. We both told her I was not and told her how it was. So she went over to Mr. Win-

gate's and told Mrs. W. that father was about to beat us to death trying to make us acknowledge I was in the pond, that her daughter Emma told him I was. She said I was not, and to tell father it was Emma's lie. But father thought it was aunt trying to clear us; so the whipping went on morning and night for a week. He was whipping us one morning in the orchard and aunt was on her knees under an apple tree about thirty yards away praying, when I heard Mrs. Wingate saying, "Anderson Brown, you old devil, I will prosecute you. Willis was not in the pond, and I am going to have you indicted for the way you have been whipping those boys." He told us to put on our clothes and go to work, and he went, and we had a few days' rest.

Now, reader, I expect you think this is exaggeration, but my aunt and Sue Bonard live at or near Rockcreek, Ill. I do not write this in any disrespect to my father, or any one else, but to show people what mistakes have been made in life and to warn parents not to whip their children for what everybody says. I did love my father, although this statement is true. When my brother would plan to run away to get out of punishment I would not go and would beg him out of the notion.

We had some bad companions, and they had a little of what we had much of. Bill Lyons and my brother and I used to get together and lay our plans and then start to business. One day we killed

twenty-one goslings for Mrs. Wingate and put them in a hollow tree. Another time we caught Wingate's cow in Edwards' field and tied her tail to a grape-vine and tormented her till we got tired and then left her tied in the thicket. Father and Mr. Edwards came to see why we did not come to dinner and we all received a good whipping. The other boy ran away, but George and I stood it a few years longer.

George and I were quite fond of riding, and we would plan through the week for a ride on Sunday. Father was sick and the doctor said he had a close call for eternity. Sunday morning we had our feeding done by the time breakfast was ready. After we ate we were watching for a chance to get off. Father was very low, but he ordered us to get our books and study them and not leave the place. I sat in one door and George in the other, and when father went to sleep we put our books down and away we went and spent some time riding a calf. Two of our cousins were sent after us and told us there were a number of people there looking for father to die. When we got to the house father called George back to the bed and slapped his jaws, then said for me to come. He slapped me and sent us to feed the horses. We thought there was not much danger of him dying, as he slapped us about as hard as he ever did. This is true, and more, but I will not worry you. I could give enough of such

scrapes as these to make a large book, but I will hasten on to where I rebelled against my punishment and left home.

It was father's plan to get us one pair of boots a year, and in order that they should last through the winter he would not let us put them on till Christmas. We would wear any old shoes we could get till Christmas. One winter my toes were out on the ground and a big snow fell, and I begged father to let me put on my boots. He said I would fall down. I told him if I did I would pull them off. He let me put them on, but my feet were frost-bitten and I fell down. When I came in father asked me if I fell down. As I did not want to pull the boots off I told him a story. He went out and found the place where I fell. Then came more trouble as well as frozen feet. So you see how I was driven to tell a story. Parents, be careful how you teach your children.

We had a new suit of jeans once a year. We commenced to complain about our dress as we began to go in company, and our clothes were of such a style we were made fun of. I will give you a description of our clothes. Our pants were brown or blue jeans and made large enough for a man, with one pocket. Our suspenders were knit of white yarn, and shirts were homemade linsey in winter, and for summer coarse factory shirts. Never more than two at a time. Our coats were jeans,

but they were made nice. They were always a good fit and the only nice clothing we had to wear.

One time my father sent me to the barn after some seed-corn. I was longer than father thought I ought to be. As I came back I saw he had a locust sprout in his hand about three feet long with thorns on it. I began to beg more than common, but he whipped me. Reader, I can not explain the feeling, and I fear you will doubt the statement, but I refer you to my aunt. That night when I pulled my clothing loose from the sores and went to bed with my father, I cried. My aunt came and asked the trouble. I told her and she took me out and put me in her bed.

Now the time fully came when we rebelled against our father. He offered to let us clear a piece of ground and said he would furnish the potatoes and give us all the potatoes we would raise on the ground. When we hauled our potatoes off, I found George had given a lien on them to the merchant and it took his half and \$7.00 of mine to pay his store bill. I only had \$30.00 for my winter and summer work. Father took me to town with him and I bought my first suit of clothes and one gallon of whisky. I had contracted the habit of drinking by stealing father's whisky. Father tried to stop me, but I rebelled. George left home. I soon got unruly and father undertook to whip me and I fought him and he ordered me to leave. I left

and he advertised us and forbade any person letting us come in their house. We went back home and father told us he would give us half the money we would make cutting and hauling cord-wood. He did not let us have the money. He said the wood was his and we were his too. This made some more trouble, and George left again. I did not leave for two reasons: first, I loved my father, and he was getting old and I wanted to help him make a living, and second, I did not know where to go. Father had advertised me and people were afraid to keep me. I worked ahead all summer and as soon as the crops were laid by we had trouble and I decided to leave. A great deal of the trouble was caused by the widow A. George and I had forbidden her coming on the place.

I went to Mr. Dosset's. He and father had been the best of friends. Mr. Dosset had lost his first wife and had married a young wife. They lived on a farm adjoining my father's. I told Mr. Dosset that father had driven me off. He took me in his arms and said he would keep me. His wife also welcomed me, and they got me some new clothes and fixed me up, and I was seeing the best times of my life; plenty to eat and a fine horse to ride, and I was the only pet they had except a pup and a cat, and I was petted the most. But one day Bill Lyon and John S. came along riding some fine horses and told what a good time they had been

having and said they had been sent down to hire hands and would give \$18.00 a month. So Tom Leeper and I agreed to go. I went and told Mr. and Mrs. Dosset. They begged me not to go, but I went. When we reached the place it was not what I expected. We staid two nights and left for home. We came to Mr. Wingate's. They lived a quarter of a mile from Mr. Dosset's. They did not seem very glad to see us. We had not had any dinner and walked all day and had no supper. I tell you it was the saddest time in my life. I could hear my father and Mr. Dosset call the stock and hogs. I knew they had plenty and to spare. Their stock, and even the pup and cat, fared better than I did. I was afraid to go to either place. I did not sleep much and decided in the morning to go to Mr. Dosset's, but I was afraid. I started and went part way and stood behind a tree for about thirty minutes, hoping Mr. Dosset would go to the barn, for I wanted to meet Mrs. Dosset first. I started to the house, thinking what I would say, and afraid they would drive me off. I saw him look over his specks as I was in twenty steps of him. He said, "O Elizabeth! come here." I came near falling. The next word was the life-giving word—"Here is our boy." She came in a run and threw her arms around me and kissed me. He dropped his paper and held out his hands with tears in his eyes and said, "Bring him here." I was crying and could

not speak. He took me on his lap and hugged and kissed me and said, "Bless my boy!" He was a very wicked man and she was a wicked woman. I had known him all my life and never had seen or heard of him being so stirred as when they learned that I staid so near them all night and had not eaten a bite in twenty-four hours and had not had a square meal since I left them and had walked all the way. They wept and said if they had known I was there they would have come after me. My breakfast was soon ready. They could not stay away from me or keep their hands off of me. It was a feast that I never had met. I had my old position as chief pet of the family; first the old folks, I came next, then the pup and cat.

Soon the time came to dig potatoes. My brother and I were digging for another man. After we were through there we came by father's and learned that he was not at home. Father returned with Mrs. A. and her daughters and he informed us that Mrs. A. was now Mrs. Brown. George went wild over it and said he would kill her. I went over to Mr. Dosset's and got a team and moved my aunt and her things. My stepmother's son and some of her relatives were there, so they tried to get George to say he would not kill her, but it made him the more determined. They went after an officer, but he did not come just then.

I staid at Mr. Dosset's till spring and he paid

me for the work I did. With my potato crop and the money Mr. Dosset paid me I was enabled to dress pretty well and have some spending money. I went to drinking and playing cards and going to frolics. Finally a young fellow came and informed me of a widow he was going to see and her daughter thought something of me and I could go there with him. So I went and found a hearty welcome. We kept going there two or three nights out of the week for about three weeks, then my friend informed me if I would furnish the money he would go up the river and get me a position where we could make money and we would all move up there. It was a general agreement. I told Mr. Dosset I wanted my money. He could see farther than I could. He settled up with me and gave me good advice, but I was too smart to hear him. I went on and began to make arrangements for the move. The first thing I knew I had no place to stay, no money, and no friends, except the widow, her daughter and my chum, and he was just like me. I would go with him to his stepfather's for breakfast. I saw what my condition was going to be, so I went to choring for my chum's stepfather. He was a great worker and gave me to understand he did not approve of his stepson coming there, so I staid with him. He and I worked as much as the weather would permit. He was a very early riser. He had a man to come to do a piece of work and he came before daylight.

I was sent in the kitchen to build a fire. I heard the man ask who I was, and some one said, "That is Willis Brown, he is loafing with B." "I am going to put him to making rails to-day, he can't loaf around me." The man sanctioned it. After breakfast he told me to go to making rails. I said, "No, I will leave here, I will not bother you any more."

Now I was in more trouble. I hated to go back to Mr. Dosset's, my clothes were all badly worn. I went in that direction, and as I came to where the roads forked, one went to my aunt's, one to Mr. Dosset's, and the other to my father's. I didn't know which one to take, so I started to aunt's, and soon met father in a wagon. He said he had been to aunt's and informed me she was out of wood and if I would go home with him he would let me have the team to haul her some wood and go with me. I got in the wagon and it appeared to me father felt nearer to me than he ever did; but there was a dread about meeting my stepmother, but soon we arrived at father's house and was a welcome visitor. They were all as kind as they could be, and my stepmother got a chance and told me she wanted me to stay at home, that father seemed to care a heap for me. Well I felt more at home than I had for a long time. I was given more privileges, went where I pleased and had free access to use the horses. I would ride them to dances, something

father never did allow before. Soon father made me an offer to raise a crop, which I accepted and went to work, but kept going to see my girl, and would bring my chum home with me. It was not long until I cut my foot, cut a joint and it got bad. There was an old woman in the country that was a pretty good doctor. She came to see me and agreed to cure my foot in a certain time for \$5.00 and would board me. My foot was getting along nicely till her son and I got into trouble and the old lady told me it was set back a week, but it soon got well.

The officers came and notified my father and stepmother that George was under arrest. Father and my stepmother were going down there. I told her that I had not had anything to do with her and George's trouble, but if she went I would. She didn't go. I went and George was released, but that created enmity in her against me, and we began to have trouble. One day at dinner I took very sick. My cousin Bill Radcliffe, whom father had hired, said I was poisoned. The trouble grew worse, and on the Fourth of July my cousin and I went to a barbecue against my father's will. On the way I took another sick spell, worse than the first. When I started my stepsister followed me out on the porch and looked very sad. She was a good girl. I came near dying. They had several doctors with me that day and took me back to Mr. Dosset's that

evening, where I learned my stepsister was very sick and had died. I went back when I got well and finished the crop except plowing a few potatoes. When I hauled off a few apples and sold them my stepmother raised a fuss that caused me to leave. I went to Mr. Dosset's. I then went to see what father would give me for my crop. He said the crop was his and we got into trouble. I called George, and father agreed to give me so much for my crop and I was to pay him for my board, which left me \$20.00. I went to having a good time, as I called it, drinking and frolicking. I had forgotten about my doctor bill. I was aiming to take my girl to a pay-ball and passed the doctor. She called on me for her money and it took all I had. I borrowed money from the doctor's son to take my girl to the ball.

I was staying at Mr. Atkin's and had all the whisky I wanted and did some work for him, but did not get any money. One day Mr. Long shot several times at Mr. Stubs. Long married my cousin. He came by Mr. Atkin's as he went up to the house to get more whisky and cartridges and asked me to go with him. I went with him, and he gave me a pistol and told me to shoot Stubs on sight. I tried to beg off, but he threatened to shoot me if I didn't go. We met him and Mr. Long had me to go on one side of the house and he went on the other. I motioned to Stubs and

gave him to understand I would not hurt him, and he came by me and got in his house. This made Long mad at me and he demanded the pistol. Long was captured in a few minutes and I would have been if it had not been for some friends.

Father came to town soon and asked me to go out and tend to his stock as he was not able and had no one to attend to them. I went, and it was not long till father made me another offer to raise a crop. He would furnish me land and team and told me if I would marry a certain girl he would deed me a piece of land and give me a span of horses and wagon and fit me up for keeping house. I spoke to the girl and she was willing. She was older than I, but a good worker, and that was what father liked. I decided to marry and settle down. Father and my stepmother said it was the best thing I could do.

CHAPTER V.

DOWNWARD STEPS.

On a Spree.—Measles.—Dancing.—Gets into Trouble and is Arrested.—Plays Pig.—Leaves the Country.—Works for Mr. Hughes.—Back to Father's.—Brother in a Fight.—Popular with the Girls.—Father's Death.—Mischievous of Stepmother.—Trouble over the Estate.—Leaves Home for Good.—Caution to Girls.

I KEPT up my drinking and had plenty of associates. There was one Bill L. We ran together and got into many scrapes. One time we had been on a spree that had lasted one day and two nights, and we went through great exposure in the snow. It was in March, and I came home between midnight and day on Monday morning. I woke up next morning with hot fever and headache. Father said I had the measles. He made me a hot stew and I broke out thick. I had the measles when I was small, but this was a true case of measles. As soon as I could ride my chum came after me for me to go with him to a working. We went, but I was not able to work. Late after dinner we went to get some whisky and came back pretty full. One of the managers took my chum around the house to tell him I had not worked and I could not

dance. I followed them. Bill said, "Here he is, tell him." I said, "What is it?" The manager told me in a boisterous way and I pulled the hammer of my revolver back as I drew it from my pocket. He ran and said I could dance. We soon were engaged. The girl I expected to marry was there. The dance went on all right, but after while I was persuaded to go into a side room to engage in a set. This was done to get me away from my chum. It was not long till I was tripped up and knocked through a quilt that hung over the outside door. When I got straight I discovered by moonlight my clothes were cut pretty bad. Next an old woman appeared before me with a big rock drawn and informed me I tried to shoot her son. The racket went pretty high. My girl would fight, too, and she soon called the old lady down. The fuss was stopped by an officer that was there. Bill and I were furnishing the officer whisky so he would keep still on us. We gave another fellow all the whisky he wanted and promised him a ride behind Bill if he would feed our horses out of a fodder shock and corn-crib close by. We would tell him it was feed time and he would feed. When we went to start just before daylight our horses were standing in the fodder and corn up to their knees. This was a common affair every week.

Court came on and Mr. M. D., who had sold me whisky, came to get me to run off. While we were

parleying about the price we saw the officer coming after me. He said to me, "Run!" I said, "Will you give it?" He said, "Go! I will pay it." I ran through the house, grabbed my hat and, as I thought, my coat. As I jumped the backyard fence I found my coat proved to be my stepmother's old black bonnet. The officer jumped off his horse and ran me a quarter of a mile through a field. He would say, "Stop, or I will shoot." I would say, "Shoot." He would say, "Run, you d—l." I would say, "I am running." I struck the woods and the officer ran back. I went upon the hillside in the woods where I could see the house. I saw Mr. D. come around the farm and the officer, Mr. Jentry, get on his horse and leave. Mr. D. came to me and told me to go in the woods back of his field and he would meet me there. He agreed to keep me hid there and pay me so much. We went to dinner and there was an old woman there. Then he decided to give me \$2.50, and if they didn't get me before the grand jury he would give me \$5.00 more. So I went back of father's field, where a man was making rails, and sent him to the house to get me a quilt, piece of bacon and some bread, and I scouted until Friday night. I knew father was tending court, and that he came home every night and sent a man who was working for him to feed a sow and some pigs that were at the back of the field. So I went to the hog's bed to wait for Wesley to come. But the hog had

moved and I did not know whether he would come or not. It got pretty dusky and I heard Wes start his song; he was coming. I thought how afraid he was and what a good plan it was to scare a fellow. I crawled into the hog's bed and he came up pretty close. He said, "Pig," and I groaned. He said, "Piggie," I groaned and shook the bushes. He threw the corn down and said, "Pig." I ran out on all fours, making a fuss, and Wes ran hollowing, "Pig." I took after him. He jumped the little cedars for seventy-five yards. When he came to the old rail fence on the hillside he struck it, ran through and knocked down about three pannels. I saw I was left and commenced to call him by name. He ran to the foot of the hill, one hundred yards, before he could stop. He said, "Is that Willis?" I said yes. He said, "Don't you tell your pap, and we will fix the fence." He told me the grand jury had broke. We went to the house and I went to see Mr. D. that night to get my \$5.00. He said they found a bill against him anyhow, but he soon decided to pay me.

It was not long till several of us got drunk and went to church. The boys asked me to lead in prayer. I did so, and my chum grabbed me by the arm and ran out of the house with me, struck my head against the door and knocked me senseless and drug me into the woods. The officer ran out after us, and when I came to myself he was trying to

get me to eat parched coffee to sober me up. The people thought he was hunting me to arrest me. I had to leave the country. My friend Hughes was farming in an adjoining country. Brother George was working for him and he came next day to hire hands for Hughes. Bill and I went. It was in the bottoms four miles from Shawneetown, Ill. We learned something we never before knew. We must feed, curry and gear our team by lantern light and be in the field by sunrise and not stop until dinner; just an hour for dinner and then go until night. Bill quit, and Mr. Hughes made me an offer of \$18.00 per month and horse to ride. I decided to stay. He let me have a horse to go and see my intended wife. She was still waiting for me. I bought her wedding-dress and went back to Mr. Hughes. It was but a few nights until he shot some horses that were bothering in the yard. My brother and I saw him shoot and we were wanted before the court. We left and came over to Mr. Lambert's to get our money. He hired us on trial for a week. The day the week was out, on Saturday, Mr. Lambert went away and left all of us a task. I finished my task and went to see how my brother and his partner were getting along. They were not done and were sitting down. I told my brother we would get turned off. He said he didn't care. We finished the job and came to the garden to handweed it, which was their job. Mrs. Lambert sat on the porch.

The gnats were very bad in the garden and George hollowed and told her if she did not come and get her gnats he would hurt some of them. I knew that settled it. I laid awake that night waiting for Mr. Lambert to come home. He came, and I heard Mrs. Lambert tell her husband what George said and how I had done my work and then helped George and his partner do theirs. He said he would let him go in the morning, but would like to keep me. Morning came, and Mr. Lambert notified us he was done with us, but would have to go to his nephew's to get change to pay us, if we did not have change for his bill. We did not, for we squandered our money as fast as we got it. Mr. Lambert was at the barn catching his horse. His daughter and his niece (the latter is my wife) were sweeping a porch in front of the house. My brother was singing and swinging the girls. I was trying to get him to quit. Mr. Lambert called me and told me he liked me and would give me a piece of advice, that was, not follow my brother any farther. He said, "Mr. Hughes wants you to come back, and said he would still give you what he offered you." I told him I would not work for Mr. Hughes. He said, "I will give you the same, but I do not want that George." I told him father was old and needed me to take care of him. I would go home and if father had got the trouble fixed which I had got into I would stay with father; if not I would come back. Father

had it fixed and I bought a man out who was making a potato crop on father's place, as it was just potato planting time and was so wet the man had lost faith in the crop. This was 1875.

My father got very sick and wanted to see George. I went and hunted him up. He was making a crop with my first chum that was going to see the widow. They had married and gone to farming. My girl was not married yet, and I would go with her once in a while, though I was engaged to Miss C. W. I found George and brought him home. He and my stepmother made up, which was a great help to father. In a day or so father made George an offer to come home and work and help me fix up the farm. I went with George over to my chum's, whom I loved almost as well as I did my brother. They fell out and had a fight. My brother George cut him all to pieces. It was the worst sight I ever saw, for I loved them both. We went home and informed father what had happened. He called me to the bed and had me to tell him the particulars. He told George not to leave, if that was the straight of it. So he staid. Next morning the officers came after him. This was the second man he had cut up, but he got off clear.

We both staid with father that winter. I didn't have a good chance to see my first girl, as my chum had fallen out with me. I was not mad at him and love him until this day, but he does not seem to have any love for me.

Well, by this time I was getting to be a popular fellow with the girls, but still aimed to marry Miss C. About the 1st of February, 1876, Mrs. Cochran, who had moved to Arkansas some years before, came back. She went off with a large family and came back with a little four-year-old grandson. She had her stock and wagons within two days' drive of our house and came on and rented a farm and had father let me take a team and go with her for her things. We were gone three days. When we got back I found father very low and he had lost his mind. They told me he had called for me continually since he got bad. I asked the doctor about his condition. The doctor said he would get up. Mrs. L. came in and said father would die before morning and she could draw the fever from his head so he could tell what he wanted to tell. She put mustard drafts on his ankles and wrists. By 10 o'clock he was in his right mind, called for me, tried to tell about money he had buried, but was too weak to make me understand. He got to raving, so aunt told him we understood him. He had made me agree to take care of my stepmother and my half-brother, and for me to wind up his business. He died at 12 o'clock the 12th of February, 1876.

My stepmother, some time after father was laid out, called me to help her look for his pocketbook. She opened a box that had a lock on it and I soon saw the pocketbook. She tumbled things around;

at last she said, "Here it is." She said, "I knew it was in here, but I do not know what is in it." We opened the pocketbook, and there was \$40.00. He had made a sale and sold off several hundred dollars' worth of stock and the notes were due and father had been collecting them. I told her there was more than that on the place. She said she would look and if she found any more she would give it to me. I went and got his coffin and burying clothes, and came home. Her son had come and put mischief in her head. She told me to give her the pocketbook, she had found some more money. I handed her the pocketbook and asked her how much she had found. She said ten cents, and put the pocketbook in her pocket and walked off. When we came home from the grave she denied what she had promised father and wanted to administer the estate herself. George, my brother, and she had more trouble. My brother-in-law said if she was willing he would be administrator. I insisted she would choose him, for he was a good man and sheriff of the county (G. W. Jackson), and she finally chose him.

We got into trouble. When it was found out that George and I could prove that father gave us the horses it was agreed that I could buy my horse and no one bid against me. I drew the suit the day of the sale and a Mr. Alex Fraser, a brother mason, bid against me for the horse that father gave me

and made me pay \$114.90 for the horse. I then bought other things that run my note to \$165.00. I filled a note with the understanding that it was to come out of my part of the estate. The time came for the estate to be settled. Suit was brought against me, however, and I never got anything out of the estate. I had been told by Mrs. J. T. that my brother-in-law was going to fail and our land would be sold to pay a security debt that father stood good for, and was advised to sell my land, which I did. I paid \$65.00 on the note and never would pay the rest.

Now I have told you how my stepmother denied the promise she made my father on his death-bed concerning my taking charge of his property and paying off the security debt that was against his estate. My brother George and my stepmother disagreed on all points and brother sued for division of the land, and it was granted by the court. I was there at that time riding as bailiff under the sheriff in Hardin Co., Ill., who was my brother-in-law, Mr. Jackson. I found out who the commissioners were to divide the land. I talked with James Mason, one of the parties, and told him how I wished the land divided and my request was granted. I was only nineteen years old, but the judge after questioning me gave me the privilege of taking charge of my land and cultivating it. As I had no guardian I had to leave my old home for good. I had no right

to the old house, so I went to Mr. J. H. Dosset's to board and cultivate my own land. I made a part of a crop, the best I could, and keep up my sparking and drinking, as I had several girls to go to see, and my old girl, the one which I intended to marry, married another man. I did not grieve, as I had become acquainted with a good many others.

Now there is a part of my life right here I shall not give, as I can not without exposing others that I trust are living a better life now; however, my chum at this time was R. R. Lacky, who yet lives near Cave in Rock, Ill., near the old schoolhouse where we kept our office and would meet on Sundays and idle times to write to our girls. He had the writing to do, for I could not write my name then. I will say we did keep company with some nice girls, but if they preferred to remain nice they did not keep company with us long, and very few that caught a lisp of our poisonous tongues ever escaped with their virtue and honor.

O girls, be careful! it is not the fellow that dresses the nicest and talks the slickest that is your friend. He will sow your path with presents and candies and accommodations for not only months, but for years, to catch you, and some time just after dancing all night or some other engagement that has caused you to be handled in a careless way, the serpent will capture his victim.

I was warning a married lady friend once against a

man that I knew was poison. Her husband was away a great deal and she was left at this man's opportunities. She was a good woman, but young, and I respected her too much as well as her husband to offer her an insult, and really felt interested in her welfare. As I told her of her danger she said to me, that she learned when she was a single girl not to let a man put his hands on her. She said she noticed that when a girl gave a man that privilege he next would get his arms around her, and then he had her at his will. I knew this was true. Keep your distance, girls. I have seen girls who seemed very shy in the beginning of a ball, and before day they did not think you showed respect if you did not catch them in your arms as you would swing them on the corner, and they would soon learn to hug by note. Girls, do not go to the ball. First to the ballroom, then to the ale-house, then to disgrace, then on to hell!

CHAPTER VI.

DRUNKENNESS AND INFIDELITY.

Twenty-one Years of Age.—Advice to Mothers.—Proposes Marriage.—A Terrible Drunkard.—Rides into a Store.—Hurt by Horse.—Feigns to Preach.—Starts for Kentucky.—Sickness and a Vision.—More Trouble.—Escapes to Missouri.—A Wood-cutter.—Given Up to Die of Consumption.—Returns to Effect Compromise.—A Man is Shot.—A Low Life.—Visits New Orleans.—Mike Long.—Disabled with Rheumatism.—Drowns Team of Mules.—Marriage.—Poverty and Hardship.—Hires by the Day.—Settles on Farm.—Domestic Troubles.—Son Born.—Horse Dealer.—At Marion Fair.—Quits Drinking for Twelve Months.—Returns to Drunkenness Again.—Child Afflicted.—Call from God.—Decides with Infidels and Child Dies.—A Total Wreck.—Attempts Suicide.—Helps Poor and Orphans.

THE time came that I was twenty-one years of age. I sold my land to Jerry Simmons. He held back \$50.00 to secure the deed until the estate was settled up, and he holds it yet. The man that was a witness forgot all about it and the other witness died. I freely forgive all. If I had received it then it would have gone like the rest. If I had it now I would spend it to God's glory. While my money lasted I was one of the foremost young men in the country. There could not be a picnic or dance without me, and if the money was hard to raise

I would pay the bill. I bought fine dresses and shoes and used them to buy girls' characters, bring disgrace on homes, and start souls to hell, and poor deluded mothers would encourage it, because they thought it was so nice for their daughters to get a present. Wake up, mothers! it would be better for your daughters to wear cotton dresses and live in honor than to dress in silk and die in disgrace. You had better watch that fellow who makes himself so familiar and helps wash the dishes and milk the cow and is so handy about going with the girls in the evening to do the chores. The old mother sits and smokes her pipe, glad there is some one to help daughter do her chores, and tells the old man how funny John is, and how he seems to like home folks. That scamp is right then hugging your daughter to a finish, poisoning her mind as the serpent did old Mother Eve. So you old folks will soon wake up to the fact that you have for a little fun and a few chores sold the character and happiness of a loving daughter and placed a crape on your door that will hang there as long as you or the family live. You may think this out of place, but I know what I am talking about and could give many an instance, but this is plain enough for any reasonable thinker. I never had a confidential talk with a poor fallen woman in a house of prostitution but what her fall had come about by having her confidence betrayed by one she thought was a friend.

As I have said, I had many girls I kept company with. I still kept company with the first one I ever went with. Now there was a girl visiting in our country, whose form and friendliness as well as lady-like ways had won my affections, and I learned that her father was a big land owner in Tennessee. I began to try to get her to notice me, and it was not long until she did, as she attended dances, and we became very familiar. I proposed marrying and she agreed to marry me after she went home and told her father. I was afraid of this plan, but she said if she didn't her father would disinherit her. The people she was visiting were well acquainted with me and my ways of doing business, but they did not think I would marry the girl or intended to; but they were mistaken, for she had won my heart. She went home and told her arrangements. Her father was notified what kind of a fellow I was and he objected. I had about run through with all my money and was a terrible drunkard and got to be very daring.

I was at Cave in Rock and a steamboat by the name of James W. Gafe landed there. There was a bar on her and several of my chums and I went on board. As the boat had a good deal of freight to load, we began to shake dice for the drinks, and I got very drunk. The time came that we must go ashore, and as I walked out the gangplank a negro deck-hand nearly shoved me off the plank. I walked

to the end of the plank, drew my pistol, and would not let them untie the boat. The captain asked my friends to take me away. After a while some one caught around me, others took my revolver, and the boat was loosed and left, while I charged and was held by my friends. I was very drunk and mad. They thought they would get me out of town; so they put me on my horse and put a boy by the name of Aaron Pell up behind me to take me home. We were passing in front of E. M. Pleasant's store. I saw it was crowded with people and I thought it would be nice to see them go over the counter. I turned my horse to the door and hollowed: "Look out, the J. W. Gafe is coming." I put spurs to the horse; he charged into the building, and Pell fell off at the door. I went in. The people, men and women, went over behind the counter. Pleasant drew a double-barreled shotgun on me, but I paid no attention. I rode around the middle counter, came up on the confectionary side and called for some candy, which was quickly handed out. James Carr, an officer, who lives at Cave in Rock yet, led my horse out, he and my brother-in-law, W. C. Moore. I asked them if I was under arrest. Carr said yes. I dismounted, and as I had no revolver I went to throw my coat to fight them, and fell flat on my back. I got my knife out in the tussel, but they did not want to hurt me. I climbed up and got my horse. They put Pell behind me again

and he caught around me and got my bridle and started home with me. I went a little piece and made Pell get down. I went to turn my horse, reeled over, and my spur struck the horse, and he thought it was a go, as he was a plug race-horse. He ran a short distance and bursted the saddle-girt, throwing me over his head. One foot struck me in the breast, the other in the stomach, and the horse went on and left me lifeless. George Carr, Sam Gustin, and others carried me to a stable. Charley Lackey followed my horse and brought him back.

I recovered from my fall and got drunk again. We all decided to go to a big meeting at Wesley Chapel, out two and a half miles from town. It was raining. We arrived at the church and there was a large crowd, but no preacher. The boys asked me to preach. It did not take much persuading. I pulled my overcoat and took the stand. The people all laughed. I told them they would find my text over in the back of the book in the thirty-second chapter of Dinderies: "Where the hen scratched, there lay the bug also." Just about that time old Billy Winn, a man I always was afraid of, and the preacher, came in at the door. I started with my overcoat on one arm, hat in the other hand, my shirt hanging out over my pants behind about three inches longer than my coat. The people were in an uproar, but I was in trouble. I knew if I got out alive, Winn would have me arrested. We met in the isle

at the stove and as I would turn Winn would turn. I gave a lunge, fell over and knocked over two benches, scrambled to the door, and Winn hollowed: "What is the matter with you, Willis?" I said, "I want out of here."

I went home to my aunt's about three-fourths of a mile away and informed her of my trouble. I had made arrangements to move my aunt to Kentucky to keep house for me until I married, then I intended to take care of her, as I had told my contemplated bride that I would do. I was not able to get up next morning. I had my aunt and cousin to watch for the officers. Finally they said they saw the sheriff coming with another man. I had no chance to run, for I was in bed. I soon decided I would play off on them, as the sheriff was my brother-in-law. So he came in, but wasn't after me, but my pocketbook, for the money for the note I made at father's sale, and also informed me I would not get any of the estate, there was none left for me. The note had been sued on, and as I had made it before I was twenty-one, they could not make me pay it. I paid him one hundred dollars and told him when the estate was settled I would pay the rest, and not before. I started for Kentucky next morning and made my arrangements to move. I was in trouble—my money nearly all gone, and aiming to marry, and a part of what little money I did have left was in E. M. Pleasant's safe, and I had to go and face

the man whose store I had rode into. I came back to my aunt's and went to Pleasant's to get my money. He began to curse me and point at my horse tracks on the storefloor. I asked, "How much is the damage? I have come to pay it." He joked me for a while, then gave me my money and did not charge me anything. I moved my aunt to Kentucky, commenced to make a crop and kept looking for my intended bride. Finally I received a letter notifying me that her father would not let her come. I decided to go and steal her. I kept corresponding with her till the old man got to watching the office.

I finished my crop and had a hard spell of sickness. I had a vision of hell. I saw the devil. He came to my bed. His body and head were in the shape of a lion, a very large head, and mouth open. His breath came in my face. I could feel it blow in my face as he panted like a tired dog. His head was as large as a water-bucket and his body was about nine feet long. His back just came level with the bed where I lay. His tail was as long as his body and flat and stood out straight. I was not asleep; I was gasping for breath. He passed by my bed like a snake crawling. I was sure it was the devil. Just as he passed out of sight I seemingly was raised from the bed by a small thread. I took it to be the thread of life. It fastened in my breast and extended to some unseen part above. I looked down and I was hanging over a big gulf. It was

very deep; I could not see the bottom. The black smoke was rolling up as far down as I could see. There were people standing on cliffs, some way down and some near the top. The bottom was represented as the bottomless pit of hell. I discovered I was gradually turning around. I looked up at the thread and it was unwinding; the twist was coming out of it and I could see the fibers pull apart. I looked to see where I would fall and I was right over the center of the pit: I could look just as far as I could see down in the black smoke and could not see any bottom. Just about then there was a small tube, one end in my breast and the other end in my mouth, and I had to get my breath through that. It would stop up and I would almost die. The thread was still unwinding and I could not tell whether the breath would stop first or the thread break. I would try to stop turning around and try to suck the tube open.

This was a fair vision of the devil and hell and the bottomless pit. Tom Anglison, of Rockcreek, Ill., was by my bedside; lived with me at that time. He now lives at Rockcreek post-office, Hardin Co., Ill., and will well remember that time when he hears this. We had some wonderful times together. I won his clothes one day playing cards and when he went to bed I hid them. I awoke him next morning and told him to get up. He jumped out of bed, went to get his clothes and they were gone. He went back to bed. My cousin Sue found his clothes for



AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-TWO.

him and I never knew him to bet his clothes again.

The time soon came after I got well that I had a chance to go in with a man in a photograph boat, which I thought would be a good scheme to get my girl, who lived on the Mississippi river, in Lake Co., Tenn. So we made a deal. I left everything in Tom Anglinton's hands to take care of, but had L. B. Cain, of Weston, Ky., to look after Tom to see that he did not gamble my stock and crop away. I left on the boat with just one man, and his name was Henry Gipson; he was a bachelor. We got to Elizabethtown, Ill., and I received a letter from my first girl that there was trouble on hands and I had better come and see about it at once. I loved the girl, but I also loved the one I was going to steal then, and I had an eye to her father's wealth. I was bothered. I could not decide to give up my arrangements to marry Miss A. P., and could not bear to leave Miss M. Q. without friends or character. As I was washing the supper dishes I reached over the fantail of the boat to dip up a kettle of water and the kettle slipped out of my hands, which made Gipson very mad and we came near having severe trouble. I got a chance and slipped the caps off of his pistol and got the drop on him and had the thing a little my way. But we dissolved partnership and I went back home.

I went to see my girl and made her some propositions. She said it was me she wanted, and me she

would have. I had just about decided to marry her when a little darkey came up with a note, telling me her mother was going to bring suit against me next Monday morning in Marion, Ky. for her character. I talked with a friend, M. F. Clements. He told me it would ruin me. A youngster was laid in my lap and I was asked to name her. I called her Rosetta Brown. I thought I would marry the girl, but other people interfered and tried to force me. I was an Irishman and would not drive. I started to a dance with a young man that was living with my brother. His name was Tom Leeper. I notified him soon after we started that we would go to Elizabethtown, Ill., and that the wooden valise he was carrying for me was not bottled whisky, as he supposed, but was my clothes and I was leaving the country. He took me to Elizabethtown and I took a boat for Carrsville, Ky., where I got off and walked out to M. E. Radcliffe's, seven miles, and in a day or so started on a blind mare to Thomas Radcliffe's, between the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, and staid there until I heard from my brother George. He told me to leave there, and I did, and made for the West. He also informed me that there was a \$300.00 reward for me, and that scared me, until I was afraid of everybody.

I boarded my first train in life at St. Bernard, on the Tennessee river. I had not been on long until a young fellow got on by the name of Bill Allen.

He said he was going West and we agreed to go together, though I gave him a different name from what my own was. He and I kept together till we struck a job in the swamps of the Missouri. We left the railroad and walked twenty-five miles through the swamps. We waded water, met wild hogs and some wild horses. This was in the year of 1880. We stopped with a man by the name of Haste Yates, who hired us to split rails until we could do better. He offered us seventy-five cents a hundred, or seventy-five cents a day. We worked by the day. It was my second rail making, but it was sassafras and pecan and coffeenut timber and it split fine.

I had not done a day's work for quite a while and the next morning after the first day's work I could scarcely turn over. I was so sore the old man pulled me out of bed. I worked till dinner. Then we went to see an old man who was hiring hands for a widow woman. He was a blind lawyer. He asked my partner what he could do on a farm. He said he could do anything. He boasted a great deal. He was hired at \$20.00 a month as boss of the farm. He said to me, "What can you do, young man?" I told him I could work on a farm if some one would go before. He said he would give me \$10.00 the first month and if I suited him he would raise my wages. We were to work alone until the next month, then others were to come in. Bill said he would make a pet out of me and we would have a good

time. We went to cutting logs on a forty-acre piece of land that we could very easily walk over on timber. Bill would get potatoes and eggs in the morning and take them to the field and we would roast them. We put in two weeks this way and did not do half as much as one could do. I saw this would not work. It would throw me out of a job.

There was a young lady who came to see the family the second week and Bill made arrangements with her to go to see her Saturday night. He said he would quit work early, so we went in. After he left the widow began to ask me questions about the work. I told her if she would have us to take axes I would cut as many logs as we both sawed, and if she wanted to know any more about it to slip out Monday morning and watch us. So she had us take axes Monday morning. Bill went to roasting eggs, as usual, and I went to chopping. The widow slipped out and watched us. When we came to dinner Bill was discharged and my wages were raised to twenty dollars and I was boss.

A crew of hands was hired. I was getting along nicely and thinking a good deal of marrying the widow when I took a severe case of pneumonia. The doctor tended on me for quite a while. The widow was interested in me for some time, and all at once she neglected me and I suffered for attention, as no one would be in my room from the time the hands would go to work in the morning till dinner time.

I tell you, young men, you do not know how it will make a person think of home to be among strangers where no one knows who you are and your people do not know where you are, and there is no one to give you a drink or a word of comfort. There was one old man and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Yates, who would come in and sit up with me and bring me something to eat and slip it to me.

The widow came to my room one day and told me the doctor said I had consumption and would never get well. I might get so I could be up, but never could work any more. She said if I would still give instructions to the hands she would keep me until I died, which would not be long. When the doctor came that day I discharged him, told him I could die without his help. In two days I could walk across the room with a stick, and in three days I walked a quarter of a mile, in one-half day went to Mr. Yates', and in five days I got a young man to take me eight miles to the railroad. It was after all were in bed and asleep. I did not want to let them know where I went.

I went back to my brother's. They waited five days to see if I would die, and Bill Irbey and J. Bantey came after me. I went on conditions that they would not keep me out after night and give the Kuklux a chance at me, and would give me a chance to compromise. I did compromise, and when released I owed the officer \$2.50. I did not have a

cent and could not work. The girl's grandmother drove her off. My brother and his wife took her to keep till I got well. I still thought I would marry her, though I had not told her so. I was not able to do anything. One day I was reading an almanac and saw German syrup advertised for lung trouble. I told my brother and he sent and got me a bottle. Before I had taken it all I could work a little evenings and mornings.

I went over to see a widow. I used to stay with her and her man. She seemed to think a great deal of me. She had a man and his wife living with her. She insisted I should stay there, and I did, and commenced to help the man with his work. One day the man left the gate open and the hogs came in the yard. I was just coming up. I had been to a picnic. The man was dogging the hogs. The widow and he had some words. She saw me and hollowed at me and said, "Why, you have come back! I heard you would run away with my horse." So she came to the barn gate and told me a great deal the man had said about me. I saw her temper was raised and tried to get the trouble settled. The man said he was just teasing her. I told him it would not do; he would get into severe trouble. That evening she set separate tables and told them to cook and eat to themselves and she would do the same. They all had temper. Now both women hurried to get supper and it was ready on both tables at once,

and I was invited to eat at both tables. I went to the widow's table, for I knew there would be war right there if I did not. The next morning the same performance was gone through with breakfast. After breakfast I went to my brother's to get a team to help plant potatoes. This man went to get his team at a neighbor's barn, as he was afraid to keep his team at her barn, as she and her stepchildren were having trouble because their father had deeded her the farm and given her all he had. However, I was about four hundred yards away, when I heard loud talking, then a report of a gun, then a man scream. My brother and I ran to the house and saw the man lying in the fence corner shot, and hollowing. His wife was going towards where some men were thrashing wheat and the widow was sweeping the porch. I ran to her and said, "My God! what have you done?" She fell on my bosom and said, "Are you going to forsake me? He went to whip me." I went and helped carry the man into the house. As we brought him in at the front door she went out the back way. He hollowed at her. She told him to lie still; he had brought it on himself; she would not talk to him. My brother brought the doctor. I took the widow to Elizabethtown. She employed a lawyer, who told her to go back and wait until they did something. The officer came. She told him to go back, that she would come. We went to Elizabethtown, where she gave herself up to the

judge and filed a bond. She offered to deed me her farm. I said no, and it was good for me I did not take it, for just then they were trying to get me into the trouble and some people think yet I was the instigator. But I say here before God and man, I tried to keep it down, and the man and his wife knew it, and they and I were good friends when they died. The widow compromised with them and they left and did not appear in court.

Now I have decided not to give my life in full from this time on to my conversion, as some parts are very dark and might not have the best effect. As I have already stated, my brother and wife were keeping my child and her mother, and I was studying about marrying her, but there was a meddler put in, and she left without my knowing it and went to Kentucky. I lived with the widow a while and went to gambling. A young man named Boyd and myself followed fairs and picnics. I do not know as it will do any good to tell the many dirty things we did. I will say it was a low down dirty life. We oftentimes risked our lives and came near taking lives. We did not rob, but I fear if we had staid together much longer we would have been robbers. We smuggled whisky, throwed foul dice, and did many dirty things. I had all confidence in Boyd until we were at Paducah, Ky. at the fair and he claimed to get robbed. Afterwards I saw a bill of money that I knew. I asked the man where he got it and

he said from Boyd. I knew it was a bill we had; so he and I separated and the widow married.

I went to New Orleans on a flatboat, which belonged to John Gregrey and his brother Bob. John Lackey was my chum on that trip. The whole crew got into a confusion, but Lackey and I staid together. We ran some narrow escapes. We outrun the police a square race in New Orleans one night and by making a long jump from the levee reached the boat. Gregrey was aboard that night and said we would get caught, but we escaped. Well, while in New Orleans I heard the widow's man had left her and took her horse. John and I started for Cave in Rock, Ill., and we came that thirteen hundred miles under many disadvantages, as John was sick. I came and found the widow a widow sure enough. I followed the man and found him at Catskin, Ill., and took the horse, left the man and returned home. There are some dark things of my life which I think best should lie still at the present, as others are implicated in them.

Some boys and I went to farming. We kept batch and were rough. Before this I was in the blacksmith business with Mike Long. He would not do anything, and I did not know how to do much. I got dissatisfied and he said he would buy me out. I agreed to sell out. We invoiced the stock. He wrote a note due in ten days, signed his name to it, and handed it to me. I told him I could not do

that, for that was all I had and I wanted the money. He was drunk and he had the drop on me, as we were in his own house. He promised faithfully he would pay me. I took the note, went to farming, and took some work for him to do. The ten days passed, the work was not done, nor did he pay me, but sent me a challenge to shoot a duel with him. I and my chum John Lackey went down. We charged our horses up to his shop door. I leaped off my horse in the shop door. He looked around and saw me. I never spoke, neither did he, but we looked each other in the eye. John hitched our horses and came in, spoke to him and asked him if he would shoe his horses. He said no. Lackey said, "Why, have you gone back on me?" "I never went ahead on you very much," was the reply. Just then his wife came in and told him his breakfast was ready and he went out and we left. I decided to kill him.

I left the neighborhood and went about eleven miles back of Cave in Rock to Pots Hill and hired to Ewing Lambert. He sent me to the Cave with a load of wheat to the mill. As I passed the shop Long halted me, and before either could shoot the woman jerked him backwards in the door. I came out to the Bachelor's Hall, staid all night, and as I did not get my grinding Reece Lackey and I went back next morning. Long saw us go down town and he followed us. I saw him coming, and walked up the

sidewalk, meeting him. He and I knocked elbows pretty hard. As I passed I whirled: he started to turn, saw my position, and walked on. He went on to where Reece was and asked where I was. Reece told him he had just passed me on the street. He said he was going to fix me. Reece told him if he did not let me alone I would fix him. I was more determined to kill him than ever, for I knew if he got a chance he would kill me. The widow lived at the Cave then.

I went down through town some days after, and found Long's arrangements was to gamble in the shop that night. I went back to the Bachelor's Hall, left my horse, and went back to town, slipped into the widow's house, staid till 2 o'clock in the morning, went to Long's shop where he, Steve Boyd, Jim Liles and others were playing cards. Just as I was slipping up with my pistol in hand they fell out over the game, and Boyd and Long were quarreling. There was a crack at Long's back about two inches wide. I thought I would shoot him and the gang would have the blame to bear, as no one knew I was there; but as it was with Jim Coplin when he went to kill his first man, a life-time scene flashed before me. I said, "I can't kill a man and stand behind him." I lowered my pistol, slipped away, and sent him word that he or I must leave the country. He was about ready to leave, I suppose. I never have seen him since. I still have his note

given in the year 1881. I never could kill a man from the back.

I worked for Ewing Lambert till the spring of 1882, when I took the rheumatism and was not able to do anything for six months. Mrs. Lambert and I did not just agree on a report that got out. She had been misinformed about the report. He was on another farm he owned near Shawneetown, Ill. He came home one night after I had gone to bed, and when I got up next morning and found that he was there I tried to get out and see him before he left, as I loved him as a father. When I met him he was mad at me, and you can not imagine how I felt. The only friend I had on earth that would keep me, and I was not able to dress myself part of the time, and now he would hardly speak to me. I did not know what to do. He had told me he would keep me. I had spent all the money I had for medicine. Mr. Lambert had spent some money for me. He left and went back to the farm. I made some inquiry of Mrs. Lambert about what was the matter: she did not seem to know. I asked John Lambert, the old man's son. He told me it had been reported that I was trying to get the darkies on the bottom farm to strike for higher wages. I started to see Mr. Lambert. It was four miles. I made the trip in half a day and found him still mad. After dinner I went into his room, shut the door, fastened it, and told him I had come to see what was the

matter with him. He said he understood I was trying to get the negroes to strike for higher wages. I told him the man, woman or child that had told it told a lie and I would face them in it. He looked me right in the eye for a bit, and said, "Well, you had better stay over here with me;" so I did.

His niece that he had raised was staying with him and superintending the housework. Her name was George A. Martin. She and I were engaged to be married. Everything went off nicely till the last of June. Mr. L. came to the barn where I was lying in the horse trough and asked me whether if he would hitch the mules to the wagon and help me into the wagon, I could drive over to the home farm at Pots Hill and let the boys load the wagon with potatoes, and I to bring them back. I said I would try. I never had told him I could not do anything, and that was why he liked me, for I would try to do anything he asked me to do. He did not want a man to say no. As he proposed, he got the team ready, put me into the wagon and I started. I did not go far till the mules started to run away. I dropped one line, pulled on the other, run them in the fence and they stopped. I kept them there until they got over their scare and then went on. I had to cross Saline river. I thought I could ford it, but when I got to it I had to ferry on a little boat just big enough for a team and a wagon. The ferryman was green at the business, but we got over all right.

The boys were at dinner. They put my mules up, and loaded my potatoes. There came a rain which made the hills slippery, and especially the river bank, and I was afraid I would have trouble at the river, as I had a young mule in the wagon. I tried to get John Lambert to go with me to the river, but he would not go. I arrived at the ferry. I decided to go aboard. The ferryman said, "Drive on." I had a wheel locked, as the bank was very steep. The mules got on the boat, the wagon yet on the shore. One mule tried to back off; the other tried for a while to pull on. I tried to whip them on. I could not lift my hand above my head, I was so stiff and paralyzed. The water began to come up in the front end of the wagon. I said, "What is the matter? is the boat going out?" He said, "Yes, it is gone." I climbed up on the potatoes, as it was a forty-bushel bed and the load was all behind, and it was well for me, for I would never have got out if it had not been that way. I fell over the hind end of the wagon and lit in the edge of the water. The ferryman had hold of the rope and was holding to a bush. The mules were just hanging on the boat with their front feet. I caught hold of the man and pulled him all I could. He had to let loose of the rope and the mules both drowned. I fastened the wagon to the shore with a rope, went and told the old man the sad news, that I had left a three-hundred dollar span of mules in the river. He was out in

the field standing in the turning row to turn the mules as the negroes would drive out, as the mules would get very hot and stubborn towards night. There was no stopping to rest. Sometimes they would fall dead in the plough, and one did a few days after this.

Mr. Lambert told me to go and get his saddle-horse up and feed him. I did. He came in at sundown and did not take time to eat. He went and got help and got the gears off the mules and got the wagon out. He came back next morning. I had been out in the field to start the negroes to work, and was just coming to the barn. He told me it was carelessness of me and old Givens, the ferryman, drowning those mules, and he wanted me to get away from there. He did not want any more to do with me. I said, "Well, I want to say to you it was not my fault and I would not have done it for anything. I was afraid to go the trip, but would not say no. I love you as a father, and if I ever get able will pay you for what you have done for me." He said, "Shut your mouth, I will slap you down." I said, "No, I will say what I have to say, if you do." He walked off and left me.

That was one of the saddest scenes of my life, nowhere to go, and a girl looking out of the window. I had won her love and did not have a dollar, and was not able to work a bit. I went into the house, told my girl to bundle my clothes and send them over

the creek to the home farm, and I would go and see if I could make arrangements to take her to my stepmother's until I could do better. I went to where some boys were keeping batch, and cooked for them a few days. I improved fast and soon was able to get about very well. I went to see my stepmother. She said I could bring my wife there. I went to A. Beabouts and pawned a coat for \$3.00 to marry. I went back to Mr. L.'s to tell Miss Martin my arrangements. She was well pleased, as she had been told I drowned the mules to have an excuse to leave. I was sitting on the porch when the old man came to dinner. I looked for him to order me off, but he spoke very friendly and passed by me. When dinner was ready, he said, "Come to dinner." I did not go. He sent his son Jim to tell me to come. I still did not go. While they ate I talked to my girl and we made our plans. As the old man came out the girl was standing with her arm around my neck. He looked very sulky. He was at the pump washing collars as I started. He called me. I thought the trouble had come. I turned and walked over to him before I understood what he was talking about. I had let a negro have some money one time when he was gone and he was asking me about it. I told him he could have it on what he had spent for me, and if I ever got able I would pay him. He said he did not charge me anything, and if I got so I could work and make a living, to keep it.

I went to town and got my license, came back by there and told my girl to be ready, I would be after her next morning, and for her to tell her uncle. I returned next day. She said she had told him and he said I was a good worker and if I got able I would make her a good living, but she might have married some one worth something. We went to old Squire Stiert's and were married. This was the 12th of July, 1882. I staid at my stepmother's a few days and then made arrangements with my brother-in-law to live with him, that we would live together, as my sister had died and made me promise I would see after her children, as he was very wild. They had four girls, one grown, another fourteen and two smaller. I had nothing to keep house, and he did. We agreed to furnish equal parts of provision. He did not do anything. We moved on Jasper Blair's farm six miles northeast of Cave in Rock, Ill. We just rented the house, and he agreed to give me work. He did, just enough to pay the rent. We got out of anything to eat. I went over to Mr. Lambert's and Mrs. Lambert gave me a sack of flour. I left there after dark, and as I passed some chickens on the fence I pulled two of their heads off and took them, too. So we had bread and chicken. That was the only time necessity ever caused me to steal, and my brother-in-law got me into that. I will say right here that was as near as we came suffering for anything to eat since we kept house.

I went and hired to my wife's cousin, Mr. Sie Lambert. He had the name of being so mean to hands they would not stay with him. I moved near there, went to work for fifty cents a day, and he boarded me when I was at work. I had to go before day and feed and had to feed at night. He gave my brother-in-law a job of cleaning ground. He had to grub the small trees and all the saplings. He worked one-half day and quit. I had to borrow \$3.00 when I began work. It took just \$3.00 a week to feed the family and I made just \$3.00 a week, and I had to work rain or shine. I grubbed in the rain when I could not see three hundred yards for the water falling. It was work or poor orphan children do without bread, for their father had left and was not helping me take care of them. He had whipped the oldest girl with a board and she had left home, so that left three children and my wife to feed and I was the only man to work for it. The man I was working for was mad because I kept the children, and every Saturday night I had to borrow \$3.00 to get food for the next week, and I would hate to ask him for it. He would curse and say I had better let Moore take care of his own children. I could not turn them out to starve. He said if I would not keep them Moore would take them. I would go off and sit down and study and cry and did not know what to do. I would think of the money I had run through with and I never had to humble to any man.

I finally got lame with two boils on my ankle. I could not walk when I would first get up. One day Albert Dutton, Mr. Lambert, and myself had been working a road through the field and came by the house. They went in to get a drink. I sat on the stile and held my foot up till they came out, and Mr. Lambert said, "Come, let us go." I tried to walk and could not. I fell back on the stile and said, "Sie, I can not go; I will have to quit." He said he could stand that on his tongue. I said, "You might; I can not stand it on my foot." The very fires of hell flashed over my whole being and murder leaped in my heart, and I would as soon have killed a man as eat a good meal.

I hobbled home and the next day I sent for Albert Dutton. He was at work for Lambert. He came. I pawned him my gun for \$3.00 and went and paid Mr. Lambert, and sent Mr. Moore word to come and get his children, so he did. I asked Mr. M. D. Price, who married my wife's cousin, to keep my wife till I could work and get some money to buy something to keep house on. He granted my request. I went and hired to Jerry Simmons on my father's old farm to dig potatoes. He gave me one dollar a day. I worked six days, had a pair of boots made which cost me \$4.00. That left me \$2.00. I thought I would just step over and go to work for another man. I walked two days. Everybody had all the hands they wanted, as a great many men came over from

Kentucky. I did not know what to do. I just had \$2.00, a new pair of boots, and a wife, and she had been boarding a week. I had found out that the majority of my wife's people thought I would leave her. So I thought I would go to where my wife was and tell her the trouble. When I got there she was sick. A doctor was passing, I called him in and he charged me a dollar, so that just left me with one dollar.

Mr. Price lived in the home with Alex Fraley and had his farm leased. Fraley killed a beef on Sunday morning. I helped him. He got rid of all but one quarter, and some fellow failed to take it as contracted and Fraley was mad at everybody. We went to eat dinner, and Fraley looked at me and remarked, "You had better take that quarter of beef and go to housekeeping and quit sponging on people." That was my first blow like that. I could not eat another bite. I went out to the barn and sat there weeping and reaping what I had sown. Mr. Price came to me and said, "You need not pay any attention to Alex; he does not furnish the grub here, and you are just as welcome here as he is." I asked him if he would loan me \$5.00 till Christmas. He said, "Yes, and more if you want it." I told him \$5.00 would do.

I went over to Mr. Sie Lambert's, the man I had quit. He had no help and was glad to see me. We soon made a trade, but better wages than before. I

went back, told my wife, borrowed a horse, and went to Shawneetown and bought me a skillet and lid, a frying-pan, three plates, three knives and forks, a coffee pot, and twenty-five cents' worth each of coffee, tea and sugar, and twenty-five pounds of flour, put them in a sack and brought them to the house where I had kept house with the children, as our clothes were there. My wife had a bed and sheet and one quilt. I went to Mr. Lambert's next day and dug potatoes until sundown. We sorted them as we dug them and left the seed in piles on the ground. We then picked up the seed. It was dark and the potatoes were to cover with dirt. I said to Mr. L. and to Mr. Elbert Killgore, "Can't you cover the potatoes and let me go and get my wife?" Lambert said, "You had as well finish your day." Killgore said, "Go get your wife, I will finish your day if it takes me all night."

I went to the old house and built a big fire, then went to Mr. Price's after my wife. I had a lamp, but no oil. They begged me to stay all night. I said, "No, we must go to-night." It was night and we had to cross the backwater on a small elm log just about two inches out of the water. The water was about ten feet deep. We came to the water; wife said she would go back and come to-morrow. I said, "No, you will go now, or never." I carried the valise over. She got on her knees and crawled. I walked backwards before her and held her by her shoulders and her dress was floating on the water.

I thought she surely loved me. We got to the house, I pulled out a trunk and invited her to have a seat. I untied the sack and pulled out the skillet and frying-pan and other things. I said, "Here is our house plunder." She looked very sad. I teased her a little while. She began to look around and say, "How can we stay here?" We began to make our plan. She got her first meal on the fireplace. We had an old bedstead, and she had a bed, one quilt, and a sheet. I had a large blanket I had used for flatboating. I then used it for a saddle-blanket. We had plenty of clothes, and used them for cover.

We got along nicely for a few days. My wife said she was very lonesome and she wanted to go to her uncle's and get a dog I had there. I told her to go. She was to be back that night. She did not come back for three days and nights. We were shucking corn about a quarter of a mile from where I lived. Just the fourth night after she went we heard her singing very loud. She said, "Just let her stay alone and it will learn her a lesson." I thought about her crawling the log for me. I went home after night a while. She ran to kiss me. I pushed her away and she cried. I said, "Where is Flora?" that was my dog's name. She said, "I forgot her." She also said aunt Fannie gave her some chickens, still trying to get me to notice her. I would not let her kiss me. She would cry, and said if I would just forgive her she would never do me that

way again. I asked her if her aunt did not persuade her to leave me. She said she did and then gave her the chickens to keep her from telling me.

We lived there until the spring of 1883, when I made a trade with Mr. W. D. Rice to move on Alex Fraley's farm and have a share crop. We had got pretty well fixed in our home. There was a young lady by the name of Frances Patton, that was a great friend of mine and my wife also. She had her confidence betrayed by a lover and was turned out of a home and we took her. She brought suit against the man and got \$50.00, and she gave us the money to keep her until she died, for she said she would not live long, and she did not. I would sit up and take care of her by night and work by day. She put an end to her life right in its bloom, and the man has lived a life of disgrace and shame, and I think a life of trouble also.

We lived on Fraley's farm and raised a crop. Mr. Ewing Lambert was friendly with me and let us have a cow to milk. Wife and I got to quarreling a great deal. I could not keep her away from Price's. She wanted to go there just as soon as I would leave. Mrs. Price was her cousin and seemed to think a great deal of her, as they were raised together. I came to Price's one evening. It was raining and my wife was there. I spoke to her about being there and I was mad. She got mad, and just as soon as it quit raining she went home through a wheat-field. The

wheat was wet and as high as her head. I fed and went home. Wife was milking. Her clothes were as wet as water would make them. She had a rope looped around the calf's neck, and the other end of the rope was tied to the fence. The calf was choked down. I hollowed at her and told her to loose the rope, the calf was choking to death. She said she would not do it. I started at her, got near enough to hit her and found she was ready for a fight. I was very mad, and I just ran away off down the hill and hid and cried my mad spell off. I went back to the house and told her I would stay with her until she got well, then I would leave her, I would not live that way. She tried to make friends as usual, when I would not make friends with her. She said she would kill herself. I was lying on the floor, as we only had one bed. She went out in the dark and staid quite a while. I got uneasy about her. I knew she was cowardly. Just as I got up to go and see about her she came in and was mad because I did not follow her; said I didn't care if she did kill herself.

We went to Elizabethtown to stay until she got well. I had an aunt who lived there. She was to furnish the house and I the provisions. On the 30th day of December my wife gave birth to a son. We named him Charles E. Brown. My aunt and my wife disagreed. When the boy was three weeks old I hired a horse and buggy and started home. The

buggy broke down and we had to go back. I then hired some man to take us to Cave in Rock, Ill. Got horses there and got as near home as we could for water, then hired a boat. The water was very high. This was January, 1884.

When we reached home another man lived in our house and a part of our things were gone and we never did get them. I then moved to Sie Lambert's and worked for him until fall, when John D. Richardson made me power of attorney over his land in Hardin County. Lambert was afraid I was going to make too much money out of it and he would lose me. He wanted my work, so he went to Richardson and got him to take the contract away from me, which he did by telling me he would wait a while. He was to give me all the damage I was to get out of parties that had cut timber off of his land. I found forty acres stripped of good timber and the damage would have made me a nice lot of money. I was getting after the parties who cut the timber and when Lambert saw there was a prospect of me getting where I would not have to work for him he undermined me. I left him and hired to John Lambert and worked for him until March.

There was a young man by the name of Carter Brackins, who also worked for Lambert. He got me to go and steal a girl for him and they married at my house. I lived there a while. My wife got jealous and she and I parted, or rather I left her

and loaned Brackins my house furniture until he left his wife, then I sold it. I staid away from my wife and child one year. I saw them once a month. I borrowed money from Alex Fraley to buy horses. I gave him one-half of the profit. I would buy mares in Hardin and Pope Counties, Ill., paying from \$100.00 to \$110.00 each. I would take them to Union and Webster Counties, Ky. and sell them for \$150.00 and \$160.00 each. I made good money for a while. When trade slacked up, Fraley got scared and wanted me to give him a note and security. I got money from another man and paid him up, and the other man furnished me with money.

I did well for a while, then I got on a protracted drunk, which lasted four weeks. I had traded for a crop of corn at Fords Ferry, Ky. and boarded at Dr. Marble's. I had a stopping place at George Shear's in Hardin Co., Ill., and at John Lambert's, Pots Hill, Ill., also at Mrs. Susan Grubb's in Union Co., Ky., where the town of Sturgis now stands. There was no town there then, nor any railroad.

I was at Marion, Ky, attending the fair. I was drunk, had been for four weeks. There was a crowd of young men there drunk. One night I got in company with them. Of course I looked rough. There was one that made fun of me. He told the boys if he could get me out of town he would whip me. One of them told me privately. I told him to just let him work it. So he did purpose that we all would

walk out of town, which we did. He would call me Mr. John Brown. He called for all to form a line. We did. He said when he called the roll all that did not answer I, he would whip them. He called Mr. John Brown. I answered differently. I had my saddle-pockets on my shoulder with a quart of whisky in one end and a swamp angel thirty-eight caliber pistol in the other end. He said, "Let us have something to drink; let us try some of Mr. John Brown's whisky." I said, "I have a better quality here, would you like some of it?" He said yes. We were all in a line. He was in front of us and I just pulled my pistol out and went to shooting at him. He did not stay to see what would happen. I shot at him as long as I could see him, but was too nervous to hit him.

He went to town. We followed on and went in Tom William's hotel. We went up stairs. It was between 12 o'clock and daylight. We went into a large room. There was one bed on the floor and four beds on stands. One man was in the bed on the floor, the other beds were filled. There was but one quilt on the bed on the floor. We pulled some of the quilts off of the beds and were spreading them on the bed on the floor, where we intended to sleep, when I discovered it was the man I had shot at. I jumped astraddle of him and said, "Hello! here is Mr. John Brown!" I asked him if he wanted some more to drink; he said no. I pulled out my bottle

and insisted on him drinking. He said he would. I would rub the bottle over his face, then I would drink luck to him. He seemed scared for fear I would pull the pistol again, and I might have done that, but I had wakened all that were in the room by this time and some one called me. I went to their bed, it was Jim McFarland from Elizabethtown, Ill. He caught me by the arm and throwed me behind him in the bed and held me until I went to sleep. When I woke all the gang was gone.

Jim and I went down stairs and were in the saloon drinking. I went out on the street to see about my horses and the marshal arrested me. Several said they would stand good for my appearance. This was about Thursday. That night a man told me what I had done and said I had better leave the country, so I crossed the river that night at Fords Ferry. George Adkins and Jim McConnel (who now live near Sheridan, Ky.) took me across the river. I could not walk alone and Adkins went with me to George Shear's. I laid down, but did not sleep much, for I saw my condition, as never before. I got up next morning, called Adkins and asked him if he wanted to see me drink my last whisky for twelve months. He said yes. I picked up the bottle with a half pint of whisky and drank it and said I would go back to Marion, Ky. and give myself up to the law. I could not leave my bondsman, as I thought I had filed a bond. I got to Fords Ferry and was so

nervous I could get no further. I waited until Monday and went to town. The marshal, old man Hadley Long, was the first man I saw. God bless him! I called him to me and asked him what I had done. He told me he had followed us out of town and saw me shoot at the man. He also said he knew it was no use to try to do anything with the gang himself. He said he had been watching us all night, had gone and got help to arrest us and just as he came around the corner he saw us go in the hotel and he thought if we would stay there and behave he would let us alone until morning, as he did not want to put me in jail. I told him if he would help me out of this I would not drink any more for twelve months and show the people I could be a man. He said he loved my father and used to go to school to him, and for the love he had for him he would let it pass as there was no writ issued, and the other boys were gone and no one knew them, neither did they know where they went.

So I went and got my wife and child and brought them to Fords Ferry, Ky. I told Ewing Lambert and John if they would back me I would not drink for twelve months. They helped me to fit up teams and I went to hauling goods from Fords Ferry to Marion, and tobacco from Marion to Fords Ferry. I did well then for nine months. I ran three wagons in that way. I then went to railroading, took contracts on what was known as the O. V. R. R. It now

belongs to the I. C.; runs from Evansville to Princeton. I never drank for a year except when bitters were prescribed for me by the doctor as medicine, which kindled the appetite.

As soon as my year was out I got drunk. My will power was gone. I never could quit any more in my own strength. I tried to keep it hid from my wife. She and my half-brother, Andrew Brown, and my two children lived at Weston, Ky. at that time. I was camping at Blackford, Ky., fifteen miles from Weston. I received a check on Uniontown bank. Bill Sheardon, my partner, and I started there to get it cashed. On our return we called at Linley's distillery and bought a quart of corn whisky. I got drunk. We stopped at Sam Boone's to pay a debt of \$40.00 which we owed him for feed. We went to dinner and I went to sleep at the table. They got me in the front room. Sheardon took my pocketbook out of my pocket and paid Boone and returned the pocketbook to my pocket. There was a man there from Henderson, Ky. on business. Boone and family started to a funeral. Sheardon went to the barn after our horses and left the stranger and me in the house alone. Sheardon had just got to the yard gate with the horses when he heard a racket in the house. The man ran to the door and said I had jumped in the fire. He ran into the house and I had run my head right under the forestick in the fire. He was just ready to jump on the man. I told

him not to hurt him, I had done it myself. He thought the man had knocked me into the fire trying to rob me. He found my money all right, but my forehead and the top of my head was badly burned. We went to camp. George Shear was cook, also our partner in business. He and Sheardon dressed my head as best they could. I staid in camp a few days and took cold in my head. I decided I had better go home, so I did and told my wife I had erysipelas. I told Bob Haynes, a druggist, also a friend, the truth of the matter. He told deaf and dumb Johnnie McConnel, so he came in a crowd where I was and began to laugh and make a great ado, spelling on his fingers, telling the secret. I knew my wife would get hold of it, so I went to the house and told her. To be sure it was heartrending to her, for she knew what would follow.

Right here was one of the most trying things of my life. I could see I was ruined, my will power broke, my home tore up, my property at stake as well as my life. None but God could mend the chain, and God I did not know, and from what I had seen of professors and preachers, God I doubted.

I soon went back to my camp, also went to drinking very hard. Came home one Saturday night intending to go back Sunday. Wife begged me to stay until Monday. I did. We just had two children, which was Charles E. Brown, who was three years old, and Fanny Brown, eight months old. She was

getting to be quite sweet to me. She could jabber and play. Monday morning after breakfast I walked out to R. F. Haynes' store. He kept drugs, dry-goods and whisky. He had a good trade, but no clerks. He asked me to stay at the store until he took a walk. I consented, and while I was there Dr. Bolden's boy came and wanted me to fill a prescription. I told him he would have to wait until Bob came. When he came I told him there was Joe, who wanted a prescription filled. Haynes took it and looked up at me and says, "What do you want with that?" I said I did not know anything about it. The boy said, "Fanny is having fits." Haynes said, "You had better go and see; you do not want to give your child this stuff."

When I got to the house it was one of the most heartrending sights I had ever witnessed up to that time. The babe that was the idol of my heart, and which I had just left a short time before jabbering and cooing, was now having a hard fit, just tearing her long black curly hair out with her little hands. I did not know God. I knew nothing but to do what the doctor said whether he was of any account or not. I had the poison prescription filled and let the doctor go to work on her. He got her under the influence of chloral and had me to get some stimulant (which he drank himself), and every time she would get under the influence of the opiates she would have fits. I think this went on for seven days. Her eyes swelled out of the sockets.

My heart was torn, I felt a call from God. I was sitting by the bed looking at my babe, the seventh night, and was just about to decide to give my heart to God. The doctor and a man who is now the county judge of Hardin Co., Ill. were sitting there. They saw I was bothered. They were both infidels, also smart men so far as the wisdom of this world is concerned. The judge was a man whom I dearly loved, and I thought he loved me. I listened to them. Their argument was this: Some people say God will afflict a child for the sins of its parents. One said, "Don't you know that a God who would afflict a child as this one has been and is now for the sins of its parents, is not a just God?" I was listening to their talk. I decided with them, and my child died in a few minutes; and the Spirit that had so often called me took its flight and I went into infidelity and was a total wreck for eight long years. Human tongue can not express it; pen can not write and mind can hardly perceive what I went through. My poor wife and child shed enough tears to drown me. Christian people, or rather professors, pushed me off, my health grew worse, my life was of ill fame and recklessness, my home was a gambling-den and whisky shop, discord and sorrow.

God pity a poor wreck that is so blinded by satanic powers and hypocrisy that he can not see the move of God's hand. Day and night, hours and moments, I would drink until I would get so crazy I would

have to be guarded. Then while in that condition I would pray for God to spare my life to raise my boy Charley. He commenced saying his prayers at two years old. At five he began praying for me, and when I would be gone he would see his mother looking so sad. He would go and ask her if she did not want him to pray for her. Just look at the goodness of God in letting the light shine in a sin-cursed home when God was not recognized by man, but by a little five-year-old child of a drunken man and a sinful woman! Yet we could not see. I know of times when I would come home drunk and wife's patience would be so worn out she would quarrel at me. I would leave the house and lie out on the ground and go to sleep. When I would wake up Charley would be lying by me with his little hands and arms over me, so when I would get up it would wake him. I would come home drunk after promising wife, child and friends I would die before I would drink any more. I would see my sad wife and child, then I would go out alone and cry because I could not be a man and show my family I loved them. They thought I did not care. People would tell my wife to leave me, for I did not care anything for her; but she would say, "No; I will try him a while longer." People that talk that way do not have the least idea about the whisky habit. God pity a poor drunkard!

This eight years of my life is almost lost to my

memory, or a great deal of it at least, for I was crazy a part of the time and under guards. This was one of the most business parts of my life. I made more money and handled more than eight years than in all the rest of my life. I suppose my books show it. And it did me and my family less good and more harm than all the money I ever had. One spring my assessments were over three thousand dollars, and the next spring they were fifteen dollars in the same town. It seemed God never intended for me to become rich or get to where I could keep money, and if I had, likely I never would have been any better. At one time I made six hundred and forty dollars in twelve days, and it was not long until I did not know where it went to. I would be running public works one year and the next year be working for small wages for some one else. I was drunk one time just after a loss of everything I had and my niece that lived with me married my bookkeeper. He was a sot drunkard and I thought had a great deal to do with breaking me up. I was mad at myself, and thought I would kill myself. It seems like a dream, but I was in the barn and had made all arrangements. As I put the knife up to my throat my wife sprang in at the door and screamed and grabbed me. Now some one will say, "He would not have killed himself." But every total wreck that reads this and who has witnessed the whisky habit as a disease will say, "Yes, he would, for he thought that

was all the way out." A man gets where he prefers death.

Now during all the eight years of dark life I did a great deal of good to the poor and orphans. I was a father to many a poor orphan girl, which you may think strange, and no doubt will say I ruined more than I saved. I will say right here, knowing I will have to face this at the judgment, I never destroyed the character of another girl after I married, but have been a father and adviser to many, as some who yet live can tell you that as hard a fight as I ever had was trying to protect a girl's character and I was drunk. I do not say that I lived a virtuous life and true to my wife while an infidel, but I do say that when I had a girl born into the world, and looked back over my past life, my conscience checked me from pulling down poor girls. Yet there are some that would not trust me yet; but I had a better record among girls than that when an infidel. There is something in my observation as I pen these lines that makes this more impressive on my mind. How little some people value the God in a saved man! Now I did not object to putting soot on soot, but I did not care to soot that which was clean, and many poor girls were at my will and looked to me for advice, as my wife is a living witness to these things.

CHAPTER VII.

DARK CAREER CONTINUED.

Meets with Loss.—Trouble with Sawmill Men.—Lawsuit.—Hires for Fifty Cents per Day.—Falls under Wagon Wheel.—Mrs. J. E. Lambert.—Agitated over Troubles.—Whisky Again.—Locked Up.—Falls from a Fence.—Another Son.—Child Sick, but Recovers.—Continues to Drink Heavily.—Whisky Torture.—Takes the Last Drink.—Goes to Meeting.—Willis Bunch.—Divine Healing.—Prayer Answered.—Life at About an End.—Given Up to Die.—Counts Cost of Being a Christian.—

Now I shall not give all my dark life of infidelity, but just some sketches. I was raising my half-brother. I did not want him to drink nor gamble nor chew tobacco; but I did all these things before him; so of course he made a gambler and had the whisky habit before he was near grown. Many parents make this mistake.

Now during these eight years I met with many troubles. When in the sawmill business I met with a great loss and was sold out. I had given nineteen hundred dollars for my mill. It brought nine hundred, and my teams and all that I had went accordingly. All that I had left was my house goods, my wife's cow, and my saddle-horse. We did not have three days' provisions in the house or six bits in

money. I went to the saloon for comfort. I could always get whisky. There was a crowd that had me in a livery-stable (this was in Marion, Ky.) and I would give orders and they would go and get whisky, one quart after another, until I became so drunk I could not walk. Then they began to try to get my gold watch and chain. I tried to go home, as I lived in the suburbs of town. They hung on to me and I fell by a brick building. They helped me to sit up. I was leaning against the brick wall. The crowd was still around me. I knew what they were trying to do, but could not help myself only to just hold to my watch. T. J. Nunn, an attorney at law, who was also a friend of mine, came along the sidewalk by us. I recognized him and called him to come to me, and he came. I told him to take me away from that gang. He put his arms around me like a father would a fallen son and took me to his office. There were his partners in law, W. S. Cruse and Ed Frank, who all showed me sympathy and love. They tried to reconcile me. I wanted to go home. They took my watch and chain off of me and held me there till I went to sleep. When I woke Mr. Nunn was by my side. He said, "Willis, why don't you be a man and do something? why do you let down this way?" I said, "I haven't anything to do with; I haven't three days' provisions, and not a friend on earth." He said, "Yes, you have lots of friends and you can get anything you want

if you will just sober up and be a man. Now," he says, "you can buy a team and go to logging. Do you know where you can get a contract?" I said, "Yes, but I have nothing to go on." He said, "I will go with you to the grocery-store and stand good for your supplies," which he did, and I bought another logging team and went to logging, but kept drinking, and soon was flat again. Whisky caused it all. God pity a drunkard that has sold his will power to the devil! You will say I could have quit. You don't know. T. J. Nunn is now circuit judge and lives at Madisonville, Ky. God bless him!

I was running a big mill one time, cost nineteen hundred dollars, capacity fifteen thousand feet of lumber a day. I was working about fifty men, had contract for cutting the timber off of five hundred acres of land. When the lumber was inspected it was not cut to dimensions, some of it. I spoke to the sawyer, but he did not pay much attention. My partner, W. P. Shearden, who now lives at Lamb, Ill., was one of the best fellows I ever saw. Anything I did was all right, and he was just that way with any one he liked. He liked the sawyer and did not want to run him off, but I went and got another man. When he came the majority of the men knew him, as they were all from the same country, but all strangers to me and Shearden. I gave orders for the new man to take the lever, told the other man if he would stay he could have the edger. I liked him as a hand but

not as the head sawyer, but he would not stay. They all started to work. It was not long until my partner came to the office and told me they were just about to string that man and I had better let him go and keep the other man. I said no; we can not afford to let the hands run our business. He said, "Well, we will have a terrible racket and you will just have to go and settle it." We went down where they were. The new man was surrounded by several men, had just about eight feet of space. He was walking back and forth. He looked wild out of his eyes, was very pale, and said: "Mr. Brown, I had better leave, the boys don't want me here." I crowded in where he was, told them they could not run my business. One fellow strutted by me with a revolver sticking in his hip pocket. I told him that old pistol did not scare me, that I ate them every morning for breakfast. They claimed to be toughs from Hog's Jaw, Tenn. They were all well acquainted with Garret, the new sawyer. He told them he had agreed to cut me fifteen thousand feet of lumber if I would put the logs to the saw and take the lumber away. He looked at one man named Mat Allen and said, "Can I do this? you have often carried lumber for me." Allen with an oath said, "Yes, you can cut too much to suit me; that is what is the matter with me; I don't want to handle it this hot weather." The crew all quit, but I kept the new sawyer. He proved to be a good sawyer. If he or any one else that was impli-

cated in that fuss reads this, please write to me at Reddick, Ill., R. F. D. No. 1, and I will gladly answer you. If you do not write, please forgive me for any mistakes I may have made. I freely forgive you all now.

That contract wound up with a lawsuit between myself and Mr. J. Pierce, Salem, Ky. We first had a suit in circuit court, Marion, Ky. I beat him and he got a new trial at the same place. I beat him again. He took it to the court of appeals, and I beat him again. In the beginning, before I sued him, I proposed to him to let his bookkeeper and my bookkeeper and his attorney and my attorney take the books and contracts and I would stand by their decision, and I would give him one hundred dollars to settle it that way. He said he could not settle by those contracts. I told him I would sue him. He said he would law me for all he was worth. I told him all right, he had the money and I had the wind. He could buy evidence, but I proposed to law him honorably and friendly, that I could sit in the court-house and law him all day and sleep with him at night, and that his not paying me would break me up, but I would law him as long as I had money, and then would take the pauper's oath and still law him. I kept my word. I would shake hands with him every morning when he would let me. I did not have to take the pauper's oath, but did get to where I had to work for fifty cents a day before the

suit was settled. Mr. Pierce had refused to cash my orders before I sued him, and after I sued him he went and bought them up, and when I was put on the stand his attorney, J. W. Bluecen, presented the orders and accounts. My attorneys, T. J. Nunn and W. S. Cruse, objected, said he had refused to cash these orders and now had gone and bought them in at forty cents on the dollar. The judge said if this be the case that Pierce bought the accounts and orders since I brought the suit, I did not have to accept them. I said I didn't know Mr. Pierce had them, but that didn't make any difference with me, I had sued him to pay my debts and if he could bring up enough against me to pay what he owed me, why, all right: so I accepted the orders and accounts that were just and what were not just I did not accept. The amount I had sued him for was sixteen hundred and fifty dollars and sixty cents. It cost him twenty-five hundred dollars, I was told; and I suppose he holds malice against me yet. I wish to say right here, although it broke me up, I hold no malice against him and am sorry it ever came up. It is all under the blood with me.

After this I went and hired to Garland Carter to work for fifty cents a day, and my half-brother, whom I was raising, at twenty-five cents a day. He owned a farm of nine hundred acres six miles east of Marion, Ky. He was a large farmer and stock-raiser and known as Hog Carter. He was to give

me my dinner when I was working a team so that I could tend to my team. I was to eat my breakfast and supper at home. This was quite a change from working fifty men and having business with the leading firms of different cities to step down to this position to be bossed by a twenty-year-old lad that didn't know what day of the month the Fourth of July came on. He was very green and my brother was witty and full of fun and he asked the boss what day of the month the Fourth of July came on. He studied a while and said he believed about the twentieth. Carter worked several hands. They did not work but fooled away time.

Christmas came and I went to Illinois and made arrangements to move there. I came back and Carter found it out. He took me in the hog-lot and said he wanted me to pick out my hogs to make my meat and we would butcher them while the boys were taking Christmas. I told him I could not work any longer for the price. He said, "You are living all right, are you not?" I said, "Yes, as long as we all stay able to work, but when some of my family gets sick, then I will be left." He said they never did know any one to starve who worked for him. Now I said, "Mr. Carter, you need a man here that knows how to run this farm and take charge of the hands. I can take my brother and do as much as all your men do in a day." He said, "I will just fix that house for you and furnish your feed for your cow

and the house-rent free and give you \$28.00 a month straight time, and you take charge of my farm and stock and hands." So we agreed on that. I staid with him until the next December and he and I were intimate friends. When I left he said, "Just set your price and stay; I will give it." I told him we had better part while we were friends, as parties were trying to make trouble between us.

I then moved to Illinois, rented a farm, but became dissatisfied and hired to Ed Lambert to work in the river-bottoms and wife to keep house and cook for hands. We staid until crops were laid by. I kept up my drinking. We were going to Shawneetown fair. I was driving a wagon and was in front of the other wagons. I had my family and John Lambert's family in the wagon and I was drunk. I fell out of the wagon and the front wheel ran over me and smashed my left breast in and broke four ribs loose from the backbone. I was put in the wagon to be hauled home, but the bones jagged me and crushed together so I could not stand the jolt of the wagon. I got out and walked home, took my bed, and Dr. Casedy was brought. He dressed the wounds, set the bones the best he could, and left. That evening a drunk fellow came and told me the doctor said I would get along all right and then called my wife just outside the door and told her, so I could hear, that the doctor said there was no chance for me, I was bound to die. I could hear, but I was not vexed.

My employer came home. He was mad at me because I got hurt. He took the hands and went to the hills to his mother's to sow wheat and left my wife, children and myself without food. I sent for his half-brother, J. E. Lambert, as he lived close. He came and I told him Ed owed me and had left me without food or money and if he would furnish us something to eat I would pay him. He said that was all right and as soon as I could go he would take us to his home as his wife was in the last stage of consumption; so we soon went there. I could walk around a little and be up part of the time and use my right arm. I was fanning the flies off of Mrs. Lambert. When she would strangle I would lean over her and she would catch around my neck. I would raise up with her and she would take the phlegm out of her throat with her finger and then she would revive and would talk. She was a very industrious woman, and the reason I had to wait on her she had my wife and her mother canning fruit. She talked to me a great deal that day and told me I ought to be a better man and encourage Charley, my boy, for she thought he was going to be a preacher.

Next morning at 7 o'clock she died and was laid away and her husband went to his brother's. All was left in my charge. My wife and the hands moved our things up there. Night came and I was left with the children while they went after the chickens.

I never felt as bad in my life. I had witnessed many deaths and had staid where many had died. I was not known as a coward. I did not believe in ghosts, but I looked for that woman to step in. I could imagine I could hear her smothering. I would look for the door to open. I was rocking the cradle, which our baby was in. Charley was sitting there. He was a very deep child. I thought a great deal of his judgment. He had kept me out of a great deal of trouble. He looked very sad, I saw he was studying about something. I thought I would try to sing. I began to hum the best I could: "There is room enough in heaven for all that will come; there is room enough in heaven for me." He looked up at me with tears in his eyes and said, "Papa, I hope there is room enough in heaven for you." I was shocked. I did not know how to answer a seven-year-old child that would make such an expression as that, and at the same time looking for a dead woman to come into the room. I studied a moment. I had always been puzzled at his actions, so I said, "Charley, don't you bother about me, you do right anyway; 'Every tub stands on its own bottom.' " But I was not feeling right. Wife came, I soon went to bed. I lay and studied my condition. I resolved if I could get well I would be a different man and not drink and give my family any more trouble.

I improved very fast and in a few days was able to hitch to the buggy and go to town by taking

Charley to help me, as I could move but one hand. The appetite had come for whisky. I got drunk and got a jug of whisky and the child had to bring me home. Wife was all out of humor, of course. I took a nap, went out and had the buggy hitched and started. Wife would not let the child go, as she thought it was better for one to be killed than two. I went as far as John Lambert's. He was gone. I was on my way to a big rally and dance at Decker Springs. Mrs. John Lambert was a good woman and had sympathy for me. She said if I would stop there she would go with me. The hands and all the family were going next morning. I held her to her promise. She said she would go if I would not get on a drunk. I told her I would not, and when I would go to drink she would say, "Now what did you promise me?" I loved her as a sister and respected her as such. She was one of the best women I ever saw. She kept me from getting drunk and kept me from getting into trouble. When fellows would call me off to get me to drink she would tell them to let me alone, I had to take care of her, that she was depending on me to take her home, and they would let me alone. I returned home, had received a general chastising from Mrs. Lambert in love, and went home ashamed of the way I had gone off against my wife's will when she had waited on me like a baby while I could not help myself. Mrs. Lambert was my wife's cousin's wife. He and I were both drunkards and

great friends and followed fairs. We would be gone on a spree, spend our money at places of ill fame, and when we would come home Mrs. Lambert was always jovial and glad to see us. My wife was not so jovial; she would be mad for a while, or act so; but she was not to blame, it was trying on a poor woman to see a man make a brute out of himself and run through with all they had. God pity a drunkard's wife! Be careful, girls.

Now just before I was injured, on the Fourth of July, 1892, I went to Shawneetown, Ill. to attend the races. I sent and got a quart of whisky and had it brought to Sant Pruett's livery-stable. He, others and myself drank. Others also had whisky. We hid it in a stall. I was drunk and took a man in to treat him. As I went out of the stable Pruett hit me in the back of the head and knocked me down. As I rose to my feet he shoved me out of the door. I turned around and saw he had the advantage of me. I went around in the alley, sat down and studied a while and decided to go call him to the door and talk to him, and I did go in front of the door and call him. He jerked down a carriage neck-yoke that he had fixed to fight with and came running at me. I watched till he made his lick, when I dodged behind Ed Lambert and jerked my knife out. I ran around Lambert cutting at him and he was striking at me with the club. Jim Hethering jerked the neck-yoke out of his hands, the marshal knocked my

knife out of my hand and grabbed me and took me and locked me up and left Pruett to knock down whom he pleased.

Now to show the injustice of officers, there was a man in jail wild drunk when they put me in and he had flourished a pistol, but he was taking on wonderfully about a man of his standing being in jail. I laid down on the bed and told him he would just have to stand it, he was into it. He was a stranger there, but they found out who he was and came and took him out, but kept me there, said I was too drunk to stand my trial. I finally got a trial, or was brought out for a trial, and I saw there was a job fixed up on me. I just plead guilty and filed bonds and went home to a sad wife and helpless children that did not have the necessaries of life. I finally got it paid out.

Another time I was at town, got drunk, started home, broke my jug, went back after more whisky. The mud was very deep in the street, my horse got her foot hung, fell on her head and I fell off. She turned over on me and buried me in the mud. Finally somehow she got off of me and I got my whisky, started out, had a fuss with a negro, and when I got home went to climb over a high fence, as the gate was fastened, fell off the top into a coal pile and broke my cheek-bone. It knocked me senseless. I lay there until wife opened the door. She had heard me coming and when I did not come in

she came out to look for me. My eye was swollen shut, the blood was running out of my eye and nose. I thought the negro had hit me and did not know any better until they found where I fell.

Soon after this, on the 7th of February, there was another son born to us, who is yet living, which made the fourth child born into our family. His name is George. We moved to Hardin County on Sie Lambert's farm near Saline Tip on Saline river. The babe took sick and was sick about six months. He got so low nothing but wine laid on his stomach for three weeks to my knowledge. The neighbors got tired of coming. Wife and I would take it time about sitting up when I was not too drunk; then she had to sit up herself. I went over to the store a mile across the bottom one evening and caught a horse out of the pasture that a party had brought there for me to pasture. I did not know anything about the horse when I started, but I found out before I got back. I staid at the store until dark, then started home through a dark bottom. The horse kept falling over brush and logs. I got down to hunt the road and the horse and I both fell off of a high bank into a dry creek. When I found a place to get out I started the way I thought home was, but I could not find any road. I would call, no one would answer. I concluded I had better lie down until daylight, so I hitched the horse up, made a pillow out of my saddle and spread my blanket over me to keep the dew off

of me. When I woke up it was daylight and I was lying right on the edge of a high bank and the blind horse was hitched as close to it as I was lying; just a step would likely have killed us both. I went home, found a poor woman that had sat up by the bedside of her child all night looking for it to die and listening for some one to come with the message that I was dead. So you can see the joy of a drunkard's wife. Look, girls, before you step, and think before you say yes. To the astonishment of many my child got well. He was as poor as human could be to live and he got well without medicine.

I soon leased a farm from T. H. Patton for five years. We had spoiled this child, as, when one of us would go to correct him the other would interfere. One day he was very cross and my wife was having trouble with him. I was about to get out of patience, when I noticed his throat was swollen bad. When I examined it I found he had diphtheria. I went after the doctor, that was all I knew. When he came he told a lady who was there that there was no chance of him whatever. He would vomit the medicine all up, and we gave up for him to die because the doctor said so, but he got well without medicine. Now during all this time I was drinking and could fill this volume with sketches of drunkenness, but think I have said enough on this line at present.

About this time a boat came up the Saline river loaded with women and whisky. I told my wife in

a private conversation that she need not fear, I would never go to that boat, and I kept my word for a long time. The woods caught fire one night and there were several of us fighting the fire. My friend John Lambert was one of them. He proposed we go to the boat and get whisky. I would not go, but we sent for it and drank all night. Next morning we were out of whisky. We went to his house. He lived four miles from Shawneetown. I went over there and got a jug of whisky. We drank it up that night. Next he and I went to town. My cousin Tom Garlin was there loading stock on the train. We all staid in town till late, then came to John's and I drank all night. Next morning I thought the house was turned around. I saw I was losing my mind and I wanted to get to my wife, for I would rather risk her taking care of me when I was wild than any one else. I told Tom I wanted him to get me home, so he took me home in a road-cart and led my horse behind the cart. When I got home they got me in bed and I fell asleep. There were some boys there and they drank up my whisky. When I awoke I wanted whisky, but had none. I suffered the agonies of death all night. Next morning I went to the table and drank a glass of sweet milk. I jumped up, ran to the door to vomit it up and dug it out of my mouth, clabber.

No doubt this will sound strange to some who do not know what a burnt out stomach is. I went out

into the field to let S. L. Jackson have a load of corn. When I got back to the house I was just about dead. I told my wife I had to have whisky or die, and if she would just give up for me to go to the boat and get a quart I would come right back. She said, "If you won't drink at the boat I am willing for you to go." I said, "I will have to drink just as soon as I get there, but I will just take one drink." She gave up for me to go. I started for the boat. As I went out of the back gate I never felt so bad in body and mind. I was impressed if I went I never would get back alive, so I went back to my room and to bed. Wife did not know I was there till she heard me groaning. She came in and asked me why I did not go. I told her it was death anyhow and I had just as well die without whisky as with it. There is no use for me to try to tell it as bad as it was.

The next three days was hell on earth. I thought I had undergone all torture that whisky could bring on a man, but from that time a new experience commenced and lasted for three days and nights. I told my wife to get me some quinine, which she sent and got. It always relieved me before, but it failed this time. I would eat it, but it had no more effect on me than flour. I would flounce and jump and scare; would jump off the bed and bring the bed with me. Oh, tongue can not tell, pen can not write the tortures I endured! Sleep had left me and all things calculated to make a man miserable and unhappy

would run through my mind. I could scarcely breathe. I could not eat and could hardly talk. I did not want to see any one but my wife. She could not do anything to relieve me. I made another decision as I had made many a time before, that if I could live through that spell I never would drink another drop. This was just before Christmas, in the year 1894, and I kept sober through Christmas week.

New Years day John Lambert and I went to Shawneetown, Ill. and met my cousin Tom Garlin there again. He had taken a load of stock on the boat and was loading them on the train. He and Lambert kept drinking all day. I would not drink with them. When we got ready to start home Tom came with us, but he did not have a horse there. I was riding a big stout horse, so Tom rode behind me. They had a jug of whisky. They kept drinking and would try to get me to drink. I did not until we got to Saline river. As we were crossing at the ford at the Locks we let our horses stop to drink. They drank again and insisted on me drinking. I was very cold and in very bad health and was just shivering with cold. They kept persuading me to drink and told me it would warm me up, so at last I yielded to the tempter and took a drink. It had the desired effect to warm me and also to make me want another dram. We went about a mile. Tom got down to walk a piece. He crossed Beaver Creek on a drift, but John and I rode around aways to another ford. He proposed we

would just take another drink, so we did. After a while we came to what is called the Lambert school-house, then they insisted on me going to Mount Zion to church. Mrs. Gula Rose was preaching there, but I had not drunk enough to make me want to go. I tried to get them to go home with me, but they would not. We took another drink, and, thank God, it was my last one. They went to meeting and I went home.

As I went on I never felt meaner in my life to think how near I came dying from the last previous drink and I had vowed to wife in the presence of my children I never would drink another dram. Now I had lied again. My hopes of proving to my children that I was a truthful man or convincing my wife that I had any honor or ever married her for anything else but to make her life a miserable one was blasted and I was a miserable wreck. I rode along all alone thinking how my sweet little boy would come and climb on my lap and smell my breath and know that I had again lied to them. I soon was passing A. J. Dutton's. He was a Baptist preacher, and my nearest neighbor. He called me and came out and wanted to know why I did not go to meeting. I told him I did not want to go. We had quite a talk, but there was no reason in me. I had no confidence in him as a Christian. I went on home without any good impression being made on me.

Now the trial came. The darkey, Lee Able, who

worked for me came and took my horse and put it up and the children ran to meet me. I was not drunk, but had drunk three drinks and did not want them to smell my breath. Wife was next to take a seat near me. I could see she did not smell anything but that cursed whisky, which had made her life a perfect misery for many years. I had lost all hope. I tried to look on the bright side, but there was none. I did not know God. I was just depending on self, and I saw self, and as will power was exhausted my life was just about ended. The appetite for whisky was kindling like a fire in a stove when there was plenty of kindling. I would look around my fire-side and see my darling boys all had good sense. There never was an idiot born into my family, as I had always dreaded there would be, or a deformed child as I had looked for. There I could see a good woman sitting, who had not only gone down into the jaws of death to bring those children into the world, but had cared for them when I was drunk and a brute. I had promised to forsake all for her, and I had done as much for other women as I had for her, and had left her to go with other women. I felt mean and I knew the next drink meant death. I did not know or see any way out; so my life was a misery to me.

In a day or two I took the darkey and went down to my niece's to get her some wood. She lived near the house where meeting was going on. M. D. Price

lived near there also. I found John Lambert and family at Price's. His wife and Mrs. Price said they were sanctified. That did not make me think any more of them, though I dearly loved them. Mrs. Price was a sister to John Lambert and were both cousins to my wife. Their father, as I have stated before, raised my wife from the age of four years. John was feeling very bad over his drunk the night before. They all went to meeting but John. I went to my niece's about three hundred yards away. The darkey got wood and I spent the day with my niece. We stopped at Mr. Price's as we went home. They had all returned from church. They asked me if John had been with me. I told them I had not seen him since morning. They looked and saw a mule was missing from the barn. I said he was gone to that whisky boat. He soon came and it was one of the worst sights to me I ever saw. They came packing him in the house, a man under one arm and his loving, true and devoted wife under the other. She was smiling, Mrs. Price was crying. I had seen John drunk many times, but it never looked so bad to me as that time. I went on home. His wife had a man that worked for them hitch up the team. She had him put into the wagon and loaded her children in and started for her home. They got to his brother's, J. E. Lambert's, and staid all night. Next morning his whisky was gone and he was sober and they went back to church. Next day Mr. Price and I went to

Cave in Rock, Ill. As we rode along Price said to me, "Well, I promised John Lambert I would go to the altar with him to-day." I made a few remarks about it and when we got back to Price's they told us that John was a mourner and was deeply interested. I didn't know what to think about that, but I said that if John Lambert gets salvation I will believe in it.

I concluded in a day or two I would go to meeting and see what they had done to get John Lambert interested, so on the 5th of January, 1895 I went. When I got about half way I met Tal Merrit. She said, "Oh, yes, you are going after religion are you? John Lambert and Tink Cochran have religion and they are just having a wonderful time." I had told M. D. Price if John Lambert told me he had salvation I would believe in it; so when I got to the church Price and a lot of men were out in the yard. Price says to me, "And what do you say now, Brown? John has got religion." I said, "I still say what I did say." "Well," he said, "did you not say that you would get religion if John did?" "No: I said I would believe in it if John told me he had it." So John met me and told me he had it, and I could see a change in him.

The meeting commenced, the people began to testify, and old Mother Cochran began to shout. It put me in mind of my boyhood days when I used to see her and her mother and two daughters shout. Now

all of them gone but her, and she still shouting over her youngest daughter's son, who had professed in that meeting. His name is Frank Walton, but was known then as Tink Cochran, as his grandma Cochran had raised him. I saw Mrs. Lambert and Mrs. Price take hold of her and start toward me, and I knew there was trouble, for I loved her as a mother. She saw me and came and preached and prayed and tried to persuade me to give my heart to God. I would laugh at her. She left me and asked me how I could treat her so. Next Mrs. M. E. Lambert came. I loved her as a sister in the flesh. The boys commenced to laugh, and if she had not have left when she did I would have gone with her to the altar for the respect I had for her and because the boys were all laughing at her.

Finally in stepped a preacher named Willis Bunch. I had heard of him, and he was one of the most peculiar men I had ever seen. There was none in the house had a countenance like him. He hollowed amen and a flash ran all over me, but it never touched my heart. He testified to being converted and sanctified and healed of twenty-three years' affliction, and he said God had taken him from the plough-handles and sent him to preach and he had seen all manner of afflictions healed. I looked at his fair countenance and thought, "Could a man have such a good countenance and lie that way?" I had heard of him for several days and cursed him and

said he ought to be run out of the country. He asked how many Christians were there. I think three-fourths of the congregation held up their hands. "Well," he said, "how many believe that God will heal in answer to prayer?" There were about sixty held up their hands. There were three hundred held up their hands as Christians, but could not believe that God would answer prayer. He said he was glad that there were that many that believed. He said, "I have been away from my wife and children for eleven weeks and did pack my valise last night to go home, but God showed me to come here and I am somewhat afflicted and I want all that can and believe to lay hands on me and pray for me that God may heal me and show me what he wants me to do here. I understand this meeting closes to-day and you may think strange of God sending me here to hold another meeting." So he knelt and there were just two women out of the sixty that held up their hands. One was Gula Rose, of Ridgeway, Ill. The other was Sally Grounds, who lived at that place. I was watching all of their actions. They prayed and the preacher rose rejoicing and said he was healed. Sister Rose preached and told the people she had to take her child home for it was sick, but the brother would go ahead with the meeting.

They dismissed and I was going out of the door when I heard the preacher say, "Did God call you to preach?" She said yes. "Don't you think he

will heal your child? do you think he would make you take your child home and precious souls perishing for the gospel? Don't you want us to pray for God to heal it now?" She and Sister Grounds knelt with him. He began to pray. I turned back to see what would be done. I looked around at two Baptist preachers that were standing up laughing at them. One of them had been preaching in that country for twenty years and one for thirty. He asked God to heal the child, to prove to the people, to skeptics and unbelievers that he would answer prayer and that his Word was truth. He said amen. I could see a change in the child. The preachers that were making fun turned to me and said, "That is your sanctification." I said, "That was God answered prayer." So there was the difference between the preachers and the infidel.

I started home. Will Garlin, a cousin of mine, called me and said he would go home with me if I would come back to meeting that night. I told him I would. So we started and I began to talk about the meeting and make fun of the testimonies, but I said, "God sure answered that preacher's prayer and healed that child." But I said I had committed a sin keeping my old mule tied up there all day listening at them act the fool. So the thought of the prayer came again and I said, "But God sure answered that preacher's prayer." When I got home I told my family what

I had seen. So we went back to meeting that night and the preacher preached and proved to me that God was the same and that people were living beneath their privileges and I was a sinner in the sight of God; that salvation was a business transaction with me and God, and it was salvation or hell, and that I could stumble over hypocrites and go to hell, but could not climb over them and get out. So I went home and studied over my condition all night, and as my mind ran back over my past life I began to see how God had spared my life in many dangers, both seen and unseen, and I realized my life was just about at an end. I had been told by three doctors that I would die with consumption and that there was no cure for me. I had one specialist to examine my head. He said I had catarrh in the worst stage. I had Dr. Clark, of Marion, Ky., to treat me for heart trouble. He said it was pleurisy pain and I would have to keep steamed up on whisky and quinine and wear it out. I had tried that for seven years, but got worse. So I saw my disease was beyond the skill of man and I smoked and chewed tobacco all night and did not and could not sleep all that night. I never thought of prayer but was just counting up the cost of being a Christian. I knew if I was to die my creditors would take my property and leave my wife and children out in a cold and friendless world.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM SIN TO GRACE.

Uneasiness.—Largest Deal in Life.—Decision to Quit Sin.—Troubled on Account of Sin.—Wonderfully Convicted.—Illuminated with Pardon.—Peace with God and Man.—Sanctification.—Wonderfully Changed.—Call to Preach.—Tests Come.—Brother C.—Tobacco.—The Preacher.—A Wonderful Meeting.—Healed of Different Diseases.—Taught Humility.—Tested on Sanctification.—Tal Merritt.—Pneumonia Fever.—Child Healed.—Must Obey Call to Preach.—Disposal of Property.

A LONG night passed without any sleep. Morning came and this was the 6th of January, 1895. I was worked up in mind as I never was before. I had done a great deal of business and made large contracts, but I was now on the largest deal ever in life. I ordered a horse caught. I thought I was bound to have \$75.00 to run my work. This is the way the devil always would work me—make me think I needed money. I would go borrow it and the devil would get me on a spree and I would spend the money and would be in a worse shape financially than I was before. My mule was saddled. I went to get on, put my foot in the stirrup and as I decided to mount in the saddle I decided to quit sin. In the name of Jesus Christ I looked up to the God whose power I had denied and I recognized him as a merciful God, and the Jesus I

had refused to serve I called on for conviction. I had seated myself in the saddle when I decided and said, "I will pray six months if I live that long or get salvation if there is any for me." By the time I could think I said, "I will pray as long as I live, let it be six months or six years; I will get salvation if there is any for me." I was afraid I had sinned against the Holy Ghost. I could not cry nor weep. I was convinced I was a sinner bound for hell; I was convinced there was a God that would answer prayer, but to just get down to weep like I wanted to, I could not. My heart seemed so hard and my mind would run off on other business; but as I would ride along the road I would say, "O God, have mercy! take everything from my mind and send conviction to my heart that I may weep for the way I have treated you."

I reached the place where I was going to borrow the money. Mr. Hill was out on the farm. He and I had been great friends and were yet. We used to sell whisky together without license. He had since that time made a profession and joined at the meeting-house. As I met him he asked me about the meeting. I told him what I saw of the child being healed. "Oh," he said, "there was nothing in that." He said that old Bunch was the biggest hypocrite on earth. He had held a meeting there and stopped at his house. I said, "Henry, if that fellow has not got salvation I never saw any one that had." He said, "He has not got it." "Well," he said, "they tell me

John Lambert is converted." I said, "Yes, and I believe there is a change in John." He said he was glad to hear it, that John had a good wife. I said, "If John will just let whisky alone he will get along all right." He said he could take a dram or so, or a little, "but the way you and he have done, getting on these protracted drunks, that is what is wrong." He said, "I go into a saloon and take a drink or get a jug and bring it home with me and drink it." I said, "Henry, Christ and whisky will not stay together, and if John Lambert ever takes a drink he is gone."

Well, he did not agree with me. He had just about knocked me out. I told my business. He said he did not have the money by him, but thought he could let me have it in ten days. So I went on my way home, almost sorry I had come; for now I thought if that preacher was a hypocrite there was no relief for me. I thought what he said about Lambert, that he could drink and keep his salvation, and I knew he was mistaken about that. So I said, "He is as apt to be mistaken about the preacher." I said, "Lord, I know you answered that preacher's prayer, and if I will get right you will answer mine, and if he is a hypocrite there is reality in religion. O God, take this from my mind and send conviction to my heart!" I just kept begging God for conviction. I felt if I could get where I could weep I could get saved.

When I reached my home the men were cutting wood out in the wood yard. Lee, the darkey, took

my mule and put it in the stable. It was about 3 o'clock P. M. My wife prepared my dinner. While she was doing this I pulled my pistol out of my pocket and hid it away and said I would not take it up any more. I had carried it eight years, only when I would drink until I was crazy and try to take my life, then wife would take it away from me until I would get my right mind, then she would give it back to me again, for she was afraid for me to go without it, as I was always getting into trouble and likely would have been whipped many a time had I not had it. When the dinner was prepared I sat down to the table, and wife sat with me. I would look at her and think how I had treated her. I loved her, but had not showed it by my past life. I thought, Here I am just ready to die and have lived with my wife all these many years. She has been a slave to me and I have never been a husband to her. My life is just at a close and has been a failure. I could not eat. I was going to meeting, but I did not want her to know it. I had a widowed niece that lived near the meeting-house. I told my wife if she would fill up a couple of jugs of milk I would take it to Mollie. I was at the fire still asking God to convict me. Wife got the milk ready. There was no one in the house but she and I. She came and sat down beside me and the thought came to me, If I do not tell her I never will get salvation, for she has seen more trouble about me than any one. So I looked at her and said, "Can

you pray?" She looked me in the face and said, "Willis, I have prayed many a time that God would send you home alive." The tears were running down her cheeks. I said, "I want you to pray that I may get what I am going after. I am going after religion." She said, "I know it."

I went on to Mr. M. D. Price's. He was a sinner, a drunkard and a gambler, but had a few days before talked to me about me getting religion, although he was a drunkard at the time. It now had a weight on me, for he said he had religion one time and there was reality in it. His wife was a good Christian. I had confidence in her. They were at that time both good friends of mine. I asked Mrs. Price to pray for me and told her my decision. I went on to my niece's and told her my decision and asked her to pray for me. She was a good woman, but I never did think before that she had any religion. I went to meeting that night and paid close attention to the sermon and received a great deal of encouragement. I went home, all were asleep. I knelt before the fire, the first time in my life since I had been the head of a family. I got on my knees in my house to ask mercy of God, when I was at myself and sober. When I was drunk I would pray and be very religious. I went to bed after I prayed and kept praying.

The next morning I went to meeting and the local preacher came and shut the church-door and stopped the meeting. I still looked to the Lord. After he

had made a very insulting talk, he said, "I am not mad." He looked at me and asked me if I saw anything wrong with him. I said, "There is something wrong with you." This was my neighbor and he had tried to get me to go to church the 1st of January. He stood between me and God the 5th of January when the preacher prayed for the healing of the child, and now was trying to run the only man off that God had ever used to wake up my soul. This was the 7th of January. They got it settled and the meeting went on. But the preacher told the other preacher that he would kneel at the altar and pray God to strike the one down that was wrong, and he would not agree to that, but they had prayed and my neighbor preacher jumped up and said, "Now look at me: if you think I am mad I will sit down." Morgan Oxford said, "I think you are mad, sit down." Several seconded the motion and he sat down.

I went home after night meeting and went down on my knees as before and asked God if there was any salvation for me to show me what to do. I said all I needed to say, I was not yet convicted. I went to bed and prayed until I went to sleep, but did not stay asleep. I went to church the next day, staid after night meeting and the preacher preached on dreams and visions and proved by the Bible God would give a vision or dream to any man to-day the same as he ever did, if they would come in earnest. When I got home I went on my knees and asked God if there

was any salvation for me, and if I had not sinned against the Holy Ghost to give me a dream or a vision. "Now, Lord, I have just about lost my faith, and if you do not show me some way I will quit and will never lisp another prayer." I went to bed and went to sleep and dreamed my sister, Mrs. Ann Jackson, came to me and asked me about my father and brother that were dead. I said, Don't you know me? George Brown was my brother, Anderson Brown was my father, I am Willis Brown, I am your brother—don't you know me?" I thought she was about as high as the ceiling above me, and it seemed she just walked back and forth and laughed at me. I thought in my dream sister was in heaven, father and brother had missed heaven and I was not fit to go to heaven, and I woke up crying. Although a dream it had the desired effect and I realized it was God's way to work upon my soul. I was wonderfully convicted, as never since I was thirteen years old. God showed me just what I had to do to get salvation. I had murder in my heart. I had been seeking the advantage of the law to kill two men. I was willing to quit and treat them right, but I did not want to go and tell them so. I was an Irishman, and it takes God's power to make an Irishman love an enemy. I kept trying for two days and nights to pray around it, but on the night of January 10, 1895, between midnight and day, when all were asleep but me, after I had fallen upon my knees for the third time since I

came from church, I saw it was salvation or hell and I had to go to those men and ask their forgiveness or God would not forgive me. It seemed like the Spirit was taking its flight as it did eight years before when I sat by the bedside of my dying child and rebelled against God. It seemed as though the foundation was giving away beneath me and hell was enlarging or opening up to receive me. It seemed as though it was salvation, and right then, or hell. I cried out from the bottom of my heart, "I will do anything, Lord."

There was then a great load lifted off of my soul. There was a light shone in my soul that drove away a gross darkness and love leaped in my breast that was never there before. For the first time in life I could realize I loved everybody and God! Oh, glory! tongue can not tell it, pen can not write it, mind can not conceive it, my soul could scarcely hold it. Praise God! it still remains, and as I write this the flow of God's love rolls over my whole being and through my soul and I can down deep in my soul shout, Amen! Glory, glory! God and I only know. Praise God! I wanted to shout aloud, but I wanted to see if I could live it. I would clench my teeth, I was afraid to shout for fear I could not live it.

I would not have cared to wake my family, but I would think of the hired hands in the other room, and if I could not live it they would tell it. So after while the great joy left and the devil said, "Now if it

was salvation, the joy would not leave so quick; it would stay all the time." I would think I loved everybody. I was not like I was, but I did not want to be deceived, and I said, "O Lord, show me if this is salvation." I would rather have had my head cut off than to be a hypocrite, and would yet. God forbid I ever fail to live my salvation. I went to bed and I was more impressed that it was not salvation. I commenced to pray. I was lying partly on my side. I could not lie on my back or flat on my side without having some kind of spells, something like fits. It began as nightmare, but got to be more than that. Wife perhaps knows better than I do, for I have ridden on my horse many a night holding to my saddle-horn asleep, trying to get to my wife, afraid to lie down until I could get to where she could take care of me. While I was lying in that position praying for God to show me if I had salvation, it seemed as if a tingling went all over me. I thought it was death, for I had been told by the doctor that I was liable to die any time. I said, "Lord, not my will, yours be done." As I thought this I rolled on my back. I did not know anything for a time. When I came to myself I wanted to shout, but I was afraid I could not live it.

After a while the joy passed and an impression came, If that had been salvation, you would have shouted, you could not have kept from it. Now I would look back at my past life; I could see I did not

feel like I used to. I loved everybody, but I still had a fear. I went to praying for God to show me some way by morning if it was salvation. I went to sleep, woke up next morning, just jumped out of bed telling that God had saved me. The workmen and all heard me. Breakfast was soon ready. As I went to the table the thought came to me that I had always said that Christians ought to return thanks when they ate. I was afraid I would make a mistake, so I let the devil get the upper hand of me and I did not return thanks. I felt that I had done wrong. While eating I said to the darkey that was eating at a table by himself, "When you get done eating, get up a span of mules and hitch them to the wagon." I was going to take my family to meeting.

After breakfast I went into the front room and looked out of the window and saw John Davis, and it seemed that I was drawn to him. I commenced to preach to him. He said, "When did that happen?" I said, "Last night." He shed tears. The team was soon ready, family and I started. I felt the fear again come on me. I thought, I will go tell it and I can not live it. I began to pray for God to give me power to live it. I felt at peace with God and all men, but I was afraid I could not stay that way. I did not know what God's word taught, but I did know there was a hungering and thirsting in my soul for something I did not have.

I went on till we came to **Jim Lambert's**. He and

Sam Lambert and John Russian were out at the fence. I jumped out of the wagon and began to preach. They looked at me very straight and I kept up my discourse till I had three mourners. Dr. T. J. McGinnis lived up stairs. He had made a profession. I was anxious to see him. I ran up stairs. He looked very sad. I said, "Doctor, I got salvation." He began to walk backwards and said, "Willis, I have not got it." I said, "Get down and get it."

I went on to meeting after I left there. The fear came again and I prayed. When I got to church the preacher was preaching. I never tied my mules or unhitched a chain. I just left them standing. As I went in the house everybody seemed to look at me, and the devil said, "Now you have fixed it; everybody knows you have made a profession, and you can not live it." I never had such feelings in my life. But I had rather died than go back to doing what I had. I sat down and just kept praying. I did not hear much of the sermon. When the preacher presented the altar he said, "All wanting anything from the Lord come to the altar." There was a lady went up to be prayed for for healing. I do not know who else. The preacher said, "All that believe in healing come to the altar and pray with us for this sister." I did not aim to go, but I did go. I do not realize how I got there, I must have walked, but I was so lost in God that I had no recollection of going to the altar.

When I came to myself I was standing at the altar, everybody looking at me. I saw I had given it away. There were just a very few there that knew I had been seeking salvation. I had never gone to the altar before. As I went down on my knees I said, "O God, I need prayer worse than that woman. My God, give me power to live what I have professed." As I prayed God lowered his arm and let his Spirit of inspiration teach me what to do.

My business all came up before me. I had a good deal of property around me, but I owed for it all. I had spent many a sleepless night studying about my family, that when I died my creditors would take the property and they would be turned out and have to go to the poorhouse if not cared for by others. This came before me. I said, "God, settle my business in your way." The Spirit led me to a complete consecration. I just said, "Anything, Lord, I would rather die than not to live my profession." As I completed my consecration I had completely sold out to God. As I rose up it seemed to me there was something just raised out of my heart. I just felt as light as a feather. As I looked down at Mrs. Sarah Price, whom I had asked to pray for me a few days before, she said, "How are you getting along, Willis?" I went to speak and I just shouted. It seemed to me I had never witnessed anything like it. The filling came; the heavens seemingly opened and the kingdom of God came into my soul.

I shouted and Sister Price ran to my wife, then back to me. She did this three times. She did not know whether I was drunk or not. She commenced shouting.

The sexton came up to me. I said, "Mr. Austin, I have fooled you people, but I have not fooled God." He said, "You have not fooled me." I never saw as pretty a congregation. I know God wonderfully sanctified my soul. The fear took its flight. God filled my soul with his perfect love. I never have been afraid I could not live my salvation since. Glory to God! this has been a new world, my home has been a new home; I have been a husband to my wife, a father to my children, a man of my country and the servant of my God ever since.

In two hours God gave me a clear call to preach. I was at M. D. Price's. He said, "Brown, you are going to preach." I said all right, I would preach or do anything God wanted me to do. I did not know anything about sanctification. I did not know it was sanctification I had received. I had not read the Bible and had not heard any preaching for years till the last five days, and I had been so deeply engaged about my soul I had not paid any attention to anything only something that would help me to find God.

While I was shouting at the church I kissed an old German, Casper Fink. My profession started, the people saw me. They looked at me when I went into

the church because I had my family with me. That was something new for me to take my family to meeting.

In a few days Mr. Austin came up to see me. Before I was saved he and his partner had hired to me to dig a well or sink a pump. They had agreed to dig for so much in the dirt and I was to give them more in rock. They thought I was drunk and they could play off on me. They put on the drill and I got on to the game, took a few more drinks and raised a row with them. I went to the house and got my pistol and came back and discharged them and would not pay them. Mr. Austin came after I got saved. He heard my experience, then said: "I thought I would come and see what you were willing to do about that well." I said, "What do you want to do about it?" He said he thought I ought to give him \$5.00. I said, "Will that satisfy you?" He said yes. I said, "I will give it." He said, "Well, you have salvation." Of course it was just a two-inch hole in the ground, there was no water there, but I would rather give a man \$5.00 than to have him think I wanted to beat him out of a dollar when I could get it.

My test began to come on. The first of January, or a little before, I had turned my neighbor's stock out of my field where he had rented corn-ground. There were about one hundred acres of stalks there. I did not have enough stock to eat them. He

did not have enough corn to feed them, but I was mad at him. After I got saved I sent him word to bring his stock back and put them in the field, and come up to the house, I wanted to see him. He did, and I told him what God had done for me. He seemed well pleased, and we had prayer—the first time he had ever heard a prayer in my house. I asked him to go with me to meeting the next day. He said he could not, he was floating timber out of the backwater and he had a large tree to top and float next day, for the water was falling. I did not insist any more on him going. He had, as I said, rented ground of me and we had measured the ground and agreed on the number of acres and price. He was to bin grain enough on the ground to pay the rent. This he had not done and had just left part of the rent. Now he was a professor, and my other enemy was a professor. Both were Sunday-school superintendents and praying brothers in the Baptist church, and I was anxious to go to meeting next morning. I was feeling good, for I had made friends with my worst enemies and God had wonderfully saved and sanctified me and I loved everybody.

I was fixing to start to meeting and saw these two enemies that I had the trouble with, and who were in my way so in getting salvation. They were measuring the ground over. I knew what that meant. I tell you it was a test of faith to see those that I had wanted to kill, and had just made friends with

them the day before, now taking the advantage of me, and the way that man had prayed the night before and said he could not go with me to meeting on account of the certain job, but he had time to go and remeasure the ground that we had agreed on and had it in writing. The object was to get the rent to fit the grain that was left to pay. So the devil came in full force. The first impression was to take my pistol that I had laid down and go down and run them out of the field. I cried out, "O Lord, help me!" I felt I could pray if I would go to the barn. I did not want my wife and children and hired hands to know I was having such a test. So I went to the barn and fell on my knees and cried to God, but the impression came to me to go to the house. I ran to the house, but had to look down in the field and could see them. I said, "O Lord, help!" I ran into the house, and there was an old Irishman in the house. He tended to making fires. He went out to get some wood. I thought I would fall on my knees and pray till I heard him coming in and I would jump up when I heard him come. But I commenced crying out to God and did not know when he came in, but I did know before I got up from there that I had victory, and I did not care if there was no rent paid at all.

I went to church. As I came by a store near home that evening this man was there. I called him to come and go home. He said for me to wait at the

next house, he would be on directly. I waited a good while, when I made a remark I could not wait for Brother C. any longer, and I was informed he had passed on long ago, and the darkey that worked for me came grinning and handed me a note and said, "Here is your receipt from Mr. C." I read it and it stated that he had measured the ground and there was just enough grain left to pay the rent. "Amen, all right." The darkey's eyes sparkled, and he said, "Well, you have got her; you would not have took it that way a few days ago." I rejoiced to know I had such a victory over the devil that the darkey could detect it.

In a few nights Bro. C. came by going to prayer-meeting. We had prayer and a good time. He talked of the revival. He said, "Well, Lee gave you that note, did he?" I said yes. He said there was just enough grain to pay the rent at thirty-five cents a bushel, that I had made a mistake in the first measurement. "Well," I said, "are you willing to give what corn is there for the rent?" He said yes. I told him that grain was but thirty cents at the nearest market, which was nine miles, and that I knew the ground was just what we first made it, but I was willing to take it and release him, though I was loser just \$18.00. He seemed well pleased. Wife and children and hired hands looked as though they thought I was crazy.

Now my next test was my tobacco. I was a slave

to tobacco, whisky, and medicine, and was a natural swearer before I was saved. I would smoke and chew at the same time. A sinner friend and I were going to church. My friend said, "Brown, what are you going to do with your pipe? that preacher said it was wrong." I said, "I do not propose to be cranky; I am going to read the Bible after the meeting is over, and if it says anything against tobacco I will quit it." "Oh," he said, "you must quit it, Brown, the preacher says you must quit it." We arrived at church. I put my pipe in my side coat pocket and took a seat in front of the preacher. He preached on cleansing of the filthiness of the flesh. I began to twist, and as he turned his head and looked down my pipe-stem was sticking out of my pocket. I would try to push it down, but the pocket was not deep enough. I looked at the sinner, and he was laughing at me. I just had to twist and take my medicine.

After meeting was over we started home and I lit my pipe. The sinner, Johnson Russian, commenced on me. I said, "Now, Johns, I will read the Bible and see for myself." He said, "Oh, Brown must lay her down; you started to live a Christian; you must do right." I felt bad over it and tried to justify myself, for I did not see how I could lay down the habit I had for twenty-five years. It had been my comforter in all my troubles. But soon I brought the preacher to my home to hold a meeting in

our community. I then lived in Hardin Co., Ill., near Pots Hill. I had two objects in view, if not three, in bringing the preacher to my house. One was, he was sick with pneumonia fever and he claimed to take God as his healer and I wanted to see if he did. Second, I loved him, for he was the means God had used to pick me out of the ditch. Third, I wanted the truth preached to my associates and do what I could to cause them to see just as I had. The brother was very bad, and others and myself started a prayer-meeting to get an interest by the time the preacher got able to hold the meeting; though it looked like he was more apt to die than to preach. I came home from meeting one night and he got up and wrapped a quilt around him and sat by the fire and talked to me till he would be forced to lie down on account of weakness. I would then go into a room where a darkey slept and stir up a fire and sit and smoke for a long time. This was continued from night to night.

Finally one night I was smoking and it came to me I was playing off all right on the preacher, but how about God? If it was wrong to smoke in the presence of the preacher, it was wrong in the sight of God. I can not tell you just how I was condemned. I jerked my pipe out of my mouth and fell on my knees and asked God with all earnestness of heart to take away the appetite. I first laid down the thing and turned from the enemy of my soul and my health,

and then asked God to help me to let it alone. A great many keep asking God to take away the habit, but just keep up the practise. But I saw as never before I had promised God I would leave all to follow Jesus, and I saw I had not got that filthy thing on the altar, but I was going off the altar to suck that old pipe and chew that tobacco; so I just got right back on the altar and asked God to keep that stuff off and promised I would never get off the altar to get it. I knew Christ was the altar and nothing unclean could touch the altar, and I was where if I staid on the altar I would be clear of filthiness.

Next morning after breakfast I looked up at the fireboard and saw an old pipe, and the thirst was as sharp as ever in my life. I wanted to smoke a great deal worse than I wanted to eat my breakfast. There was a chair between the dining-room door and the fireplace and I fell on my knees and cried out to God to hold me up on the altar. I had learned that nothing unclean could get on the altar, so I knew if I staid on the altar the pipe could not get to me, and God with one stroke of the Holy Spirit drove the poison away from my system and I have never had any desire to smoke or chew since. Praise God for all he has done for me! and that is more than tongue can tell, or pen can write; but glory to God, the soul can feel and rejoice in the same.

The next test came one evening as I was fixing to

go to prayer-meeting. The preacher said, "Brother Brown, you tell the people that I said the Spirit said I could preach there Wednesday night. Will you tell them?" I said yes, but I looked at him and thought he did not know what he was talking about. I did not think that I would tell them because I did not believe he would be there. I feared it would bring a reproach upon the cause. As I went to church a great teacher began to talk to me—the Holy Ghost—and made me to see I had to tell what I had promised to tell or I would be a liar, and no liar could enter heaven; so as it came near the time for the services to close, the worse I hated to tell it. I finally raised up and told what the preacher said, and the Baptist preacher came in front of me and said, "Do you think he will be here?" I said, "No, I don't." He said, "Has he got pneumonia?" I said, "Yes, in both lungs." He asked me a great many questions and I just told him I would sooner believe he would go to the grave than to preach there on Wednesday night. This was Saturday night. I went home.

The preacher got up as usual and came to the fire with a quilt around him and asked me if I told them what he said. I told him I did. He questioned me a great deal. He said, "Well, Brother Brown, you had a good meeting to-night. I had a vision this morning at 3 o'clock, and we are going to have the most powerful meeting here there ever was in this country. There are old men and women that will

be saved, and many will come and get healed, but there are two men there that you have great confidence in, and they are taking a great part in the meeting, but when they hear the truth preached they will not accept it and will turn from God." Of course he told me who they were. I loved them and had great confidence in them, and this was too strong for me. I said, "Oh, now that is just a little more than any man knows." He said, "Now, Brother Brown, God has laid his hand on you for a work and he has showed me to tell you. Now you keep still and the Lord will show you I am right." So I agreed to wait on his prophecy.

Wednesday night came. He went to church and preached to a crowd. Those men before mentioned were there and they took a great part, and did for a few nights; but finally they took a back seat. After meeting was over one of them and another man went around telling all of us good-by, stating that they were going to another meeting, where they could do some good. One came to me whom I had such confidence in. I broke down and said to him, "I wanted you to stay here, I am doing all I can to get my friends saved and they have great confidence in you." He said, "There are enough here without me, I will go where I can do some good." They went away saying they would not come back. The other man went home with the preacher and me.

After we got home the preacher said to me, "Did

you see those two men leave who said they would not come back?" He just knelt down and said, "I want you to pray with me and ask God to bring them back to-morrow under conviction." I looked at the other man and thought, If it is not done he will tell it and that will break the meeting. By this time the preacher was down praying and the other man had knelt, so I knelt and began to pray. I felt victory till the preacher said amen. Then I thought, If it isn't done! and how can it be done? I put through a restless night.

Next morning by 9 o'clock we were at the schoolhouse, known as the Lambert schoolhouse. The prayer service was over, at 11 o'clock the preacher had taken his text and the men had not come. I looked over at my opponent; his head was stuck up. I sat down on the rostrum. I desired to take the lowest seat. I was just about to lose faith as the door flew open and the two men rushed in at the door and called the preacher, stating they wanted to testify. I arose and shouted. It seemed the heavens opened and the great darkness had been dispelled by a light from God. Praise God for his love right then! for in a short time I would have been a sinner had God not sent them there. They said the Lord would not let them go to the other meeting. That gave me great faith in God and was one of the greatest lessons of my life and did me much good. That has given me faith to stand and see the salva-

tion of the Lord many a time. That was a wonderful meeting; many were saved, sanctified and healed.

Ten days after I was converted I came to the place where I could see God as never before. I had been told by three doctors that I would soon die with consumption. I had made a study of my life. I saw that oftentimes the people and doctors said I could not live and God had spared my life. I realized God had done a wonderful work in my soul. I saw I had completely sold out to God when I made my consecration. I saw Christ was the altar and I was on the altar and my life was not my own. I realized God was my Father, and I knew I would do anything to relieve my own child, so I knew God would do as much for his child as I would for my own. I just put God to the test and he wonderfully healed me. I had a complicated case of different diseases, lung trouble, catarrh of the head, kidney trouble, rheumatism, piles, chronic diarrhea and heart trouble. No one knew what I suffered. When I was sober I never remember of being free from pain for several years. After I was prayed for I felt that I had stepped from under a wonderful load. You just think of a man being bound down by affliction and pain for fourteen years and just to be perfectly eased from pain, no bad feeling, just perfectly free of all bondage and pain!

I was happy and would go to church day and night. After a few days the Lord put me to a test. The

preacher and I were sleeping together. I awoke and had a fair case of pneumonia. I thought it was death, as the doctors had told me I could not live through another case of fever. I was breathing very hard. The brother spoke to me and asked me what was the matter. I told him and he put his hand on my breast and prayed for me and the pain left my lungs and I could breathe easy. I went to church that day and testified to my healing of fever. The next morning I had the same test and the result was the same and I testified. The next morning the test came again and the preacher was not there and the devil said, "Now what will you do when the preacher leaves?" The scripture came to me, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." I put God to the test and was healed at once.

I went to church in a boasting way and told how God had answered my prayer. I felt proud, but God knew the danger there was in me getting exalted. I went home that night and found some of my children sick. I prayed for them and they were healed at once. I had something to boast about then. I made a boasting talk next day. When I got home that night all my children were sick. I was checked a little, but took up courage and prayed for them and they were all healed. I boasted at church next day, and that night they were worse than ever. I saw myself as never before. I asked God to forgive

me for not giving him the glory for healing my family instead of trying to claim the glory myself. I prayed for them and they were healed. I promised God I would give him the glory; so when I got to church I gave God the glory for the lesson he had taught me, and when I came home I found the family all well. Praise God!

The reader may not understand why God put me to such tests. I did not know anything only as God taught me, and this was God's way to teach me humility. This seemed to stir the people and make them afraid of God, and there were a good many that were afraid of the preacher, for they thought God would do whatever he would ask him to do. It was the most wonderful time I ever saw. I went through some wonderful experiences. My lungs would stop up till I could hardly speak above a whisper. The devil would try to make me think I was not healed and that I had better take it back. I would get up to testify and my lungs would open up and I would claim my healing. Pretty soon the pains would dart through my lungs and the devil would say if I was right with God I would be healed. I would pray and think perhaps I was not right. Then I would ask God if I was right to take away the pain instantly and it would go at once. This happened a number of times in three months, when I got perfect faith and that brought perfect deliverance.

It was the custom in the country where I lived

not to break in a pen of corn to sell unless they would take one hundred bushels. When I got salvation I would sell any amount from one bushel up. I had many calls, as there were poor people who could not pay for more than five bushels at a time. After I had helped a man load some corn I went over by the store to settle with him. There I found a crowd of men and a church-member was in the crowd. He commenced on me about my sanctification, and as he had twenty years' experience in the church and could quote what he called scripture, and I did not know anything about the Bible, they all laughed at me. I started on. I was intending to go to church, but I decided to go home and pray till God showed me if I was sanctified.

A Dr. McGinnis, who now lives at Iuka, Ky., was walking along with me. I was studying. I did not want to claim anything I did not have. He said to me, "I would not let that bother me. I would not give your experience for his." I said, "I will know whether I am right or not." I went home. As I walked along praying I decided God could and would give me a vision the same as he did Paul. I just went to praying for God to give me a vision if I was sanctified, and if he did not I would decide I was not sanctified and would not testify to it any more. After I reached home I laid down on the bed and was lying there praying. My flesh began to tremble and my ears began to ring. The thought

came, It is death. I said, "God's will be done." I seemingly died to this world. A vision came before me. I saw a great lot of people, and there was a young lady there named Tal Merrit; she was justified; and a young man named Weatherspoon with his hand on her shoulder seemingly encouraging her. I saw many other things. The vision passed away. I remember being at the young man's father's many a time when I was a boy, and they never were too busy to have prayer night and morning. I thought by his faithful Christian life he had led his son to heaven. I was given a chapter to read and impressed to establish a family altar, which I did, and kept it up every night, and finally in the morning. I never doubted my sanctification any more. One day at dinner my little boy named Anderson said, "Papa, why don't you pray at dinner?" I said, "Amen, if God wants to teach me a lesson through you, all right." We have had prayer three times a day ever since when I am with my family, and they say they keep it up.

I went to church that night and Miss Tal Merrit was there. I sat down across the isle from her. I was impressed to go and speak to her. I said, "I saw you this evening." She said, "Oh, where—at Jim's?" I said, "At my house." She began to cry and said, "Brother Brown, what is the matter with me? I have felt impressed to go and get you to pray for me. I feel as if I had lost my salvation." I said,

“Amen, let us pray right now.” We knelt and prayed. She got victory all right.

Now this was an orphan girl that had looked to me for protection before I was converted. I had treated her as a daughter and she had confidence in me as a Christian and a friend, as you will see later on when she was summoned to stand before the judgment-bar of God. I was with her at the hour of her death a few years later. But after this she married a wicked man and lived a rough life and fell away from God and lived a sinful life. God had mercy on her, as we will show later on, as we will give an account of her sickness, reclamation and death.

Now the meeting soon closed and the preacher left. Then the Lord taught me another lesson, that I must trust in God, not in man. The day he left I took the pneumonia fever. The people would come in and try to get me to take medicine. My wife was not saved. My oldest son, Charley, was saved. He came to me after I was sanctified and said, “Papa, I want religion.” I said, “Charley, you have religion, you never did any sin.” I was honest in what I said. I never knew him to be mad since he was four years old, and he was now eleven. He turned away. In a few days he came running to me and said, “O papa, I have got religion now.” I could see a change in his countenance. So he was the only help I had at home to hold on to God.

I felt impressed to send for Dr. McGinnis, who was

saved and in the faith, and Mrs. M. E. Lambert, who then lived across from Saline river. She was helping Sister Rose in a meeting at Saline Mines. The water was high in the river and the devil would hold that before me, and there was the Baptist preacher lived across from me, and I thought if I sent for the doctor to pray for me he would tell I took medicine, so I would not send for him. Well, I learned a lesson on remedies. I had drunk whisky till my stomach was all deranged and gas would form on my stomach. A remedy for years had been vinegar and soda. Well, I was troubled with this and my wife said, "Do you want me to fix you some soda and vinegar?" I never thought of it being a remedy. I said yes. Just as I swallowed it the thought came, "You have lied to God." You can not imagine how I felt. I began to swell. It did not make me belch as before. It seemed to aggravate the trouble. I began to repent and ask God to forgive and promised I never would take another remedy.

I was praying in secret. Wife noticed me and said, "Are you worse?" I said, "Yes; it is no use to try to fool you any longer; if God does not do something for me soon I will leave this world." She said, "We had better send for the doctor." I said, "No, it is all with God; if he don't want to heal me I am ready to go. If it was left to man I would be dead before you could get him here." So I just held on to God and in thirty minutes I was relieved of that

trouble. The opposers talked of coming and pouring medicine down me. I trusted God amidst all the darkness until all the people that knew me knew of my sickness.

A neighbor came who had once been a close friend, and was at that time. He claimed to be saved at that time. Soon after he came the doctor came I had felt led to send for. I thought he had come to beg me to take medicine, as he was a near friend of mine. He staid there till near noon, when he started to leave. He had examined me and said I had pneumonia in both lungs. I asked him to stay for dinner. He said no. He looked at my friend and said: "What did you come here for, just to see how Willis was? I think God sent you here for a purpose, just as he has me. The Lord came to me three times this morning and told me if I would come and pray for him he would heal him." I said, "Amen, I am ready." He prayed for me and I was healed at once and got up, but was weak.

Next morning I took my wife and went over the Saline river where Sister Lambert was in the meeting. When we got to the river the road was dug down the bank just wide enough for a wagon, and there was a small boat tied right in the way. The mud was about shoe-mouth deep. Wife said, "We will have to go back, I can not go in that mud and you can not." I said I could in the name of Jesus. So I did move the boat. Wife was afraid I would fall.

I felt stronger when I came up the bank than when I went down. We reached the church, Sister Lambert saw me and began to rejoice, said she had been praying God to heal me and send me there. She prayed for me and I received my strength and went right on in that meeting day and night and grew stronger. Praise God for the way he taught me!

Well, it was now spring of the year 1895. I put out a crop, and while at this I had many temptations and learned many grand lessons. I would conduct a Sunday-school and preach or talk every Saturday night and Sunday and Sunday night, if there was no one else to preach. My wife was not yet saved. We had always rushed and fussed every spring. She expected the same, so she commenced the same way. I took things easy. She threw up my salvation to me. Though it hurt me, I never said anything in return. That night we went to have family prayer. I told my little boy to read, also told him to lead in prayer. With a trembling voice he prayed for his mother and for me; asked God to hold me up and not let me go back into sin. He could see there was something wrong. He closed his prayer and we arose. Wife looked at me and said, "What did you do that for?" I said, "If I am a hypocrite, I do not want to pray before you." She said, "You know I did not mean that." I fell on my knees and cried to God to bring my wife to salvation.

The next morning I went to the fields with the

hands, and about 10 o'clock I felt led to go to the house. When I got there I found my wife holding our baby boy. He was two and one-half years old and was choking. His throat was swollen. He had every appearance of death. I took him. He could not swallow water. I prayed for him in secret. He got worse. The impression came to pray aloud, this is what you asked for. I cried out to God and asked him if it was for my wife's salvation to move upon her soul and to spare the child's life and to heal him right then. I got the witness, arose, and gave the child a cup of water. He swallowed as well as ever. He was healed instantly. Wife looked serious, but soon forgot it. She wanted to get rich.

I went along the best I could, keeping my eyes on Jesus the best I knew how, living a life that was proving to my wife I had something she did not have. I had a good deal of stock around me, and had a farm leased for three years yet.

I felt my call to preach but also felt my weakness. I kept dreaming of preaching and felt I must go. I would talk to wife about giving my property up to my creditors and go to preaching as an evangelist. She said there was no use of that, if I farmed and drank whisky I could farm and preach. She did not understand my call. Finally I began to lose stock. I lost a lot of hogs. I finally found out that one of the men who had been at daggers point with me had run them across Saline river. I talked with him

about it; he was very independent. I notified him to have my hogs home in three days or pay for them, or I would send the sheriff after him. I felt as soon as I had sent the note I had made a mistake. I began to pray. He sent me a note accusing me of stealing and swearing lies and murder, and made great threats. I cried to God to help me. I began concealing myself for two days and nights with God and got the victory, and it came to me to law no man. "All things work together for good to them that love the Lord." I said, "Lord, I will give up the hogs." And God gave me an overflow of joy in my soul. Then I sent him word I forgave him and would do nothing about them. He threatened to kill me, but I just shouted right along. When I would meet him I would speak kindly. He would make a face at me and not speak, but God kept me.

I then had a mare and some hogs to die. Every time I lost anything it seemed I must preach. I had a span of match roadster mares. A colored man that was working for me and Charley took them to water with the rest of the horses. One fell and mashed her hip. I drove to Shawneetown and my horse took sick. James Lambert was with me. I said, "This is for me." He said, "I believe it." We took the harness off of the horse. After he rolled a while just suffering death I decided to pray for him. He was relieved at once. I told God if he would heal the horse I would turn him and all my property and

go preach. After the horse got easy and we were sitting there waiting for him to rest, the devil came to me in an impression that I could let a man take the farm and stock and farm on the shares and pay my debts and have something left for my family. I went back on the promise I had just made God. As soon as I had decided to break the vow the horse got bad. I tried to pray, I could only pray for God to forgive me. The horse dropped dead. I praised God for the lesson.

I went home and decided to go that night and offer my property to my creditors, so I did. When I got in sight of home, as wife had heard of the horse being sick, she asked, "Where is Mike?" She did not wait for an answer, just kept calling out, "Where is Mike? is he dead?" I said, "Yes, he is dead." She said the preacher I was converted under was praying God to take our stock so I would go and preach. Poor woman did not know any better.

I had promised to be at Cave in Rock that night to help a Baptist preacher in a meeting. I had been raised with him, but had not been with him since he was a preacher and I did not know the difference. I thought it made everybody like me, and I thought we could just work right along together. I had been to his meeting the night before and he had invited me to come to help him. It was the first time he had seen me since I was saved, and he lived a great ways off and did not know how "crazy" I was.

He did not know I believed all the Bible. I had promised to go help him.

Casper Fink was down at M. D. Price's waiting to go with me as I passed. I had another horse brought out of the pasture. Wife was crying and quarreling. The hired girl was excited when I went into the kitchen and asked for something to eat. She said there wasn't anything cooked. I came out into the hall; wife stood there crying. Our little boy near three years old was standing at her knees looking in her face as though he wanted to share her troubles.

I said, "Now, wife, listen to me: which would you rather have had to die, the horse or that child?" "Why, the horse, of course." I said, "It could have been the child just as easy as the horse, and it will be all of our horses and all of our children if I do not the will of God. I am going right now to give my property over to my creditors and go to preaching. I went to saddle the horse. She wanted me to eat my dinner. I said there was not anything cooked. "Oh, yes," she said, "there is plenty cooked." It was near sundown and I aimed to go eleven miles. I told her I did not have time. She brought me a handful of provisions. I left telling her she need not look for me until she saw me coming.

I got to M. D. Price's, a distance of six miles, and it was dark. Grandpa Fink said, "This is a pretty time to come to meeting. What is the matter?" I said, "There is a heap the matter; my horse died."

Mr. Price looked down. He and his wife were my security for several hundred dollars and had been friends to me and held me up through all my drunkenness. Now it did look like all my stock would die. We decided not to go to meeting that night, and when Brother Fink and I went to go to bed, I said, "Grandpa, I want you to pray. I want you to pray with me that God will show you as well as me if he wants me to give up my property to my creditors and preach." He said he would. He was a man that stood fair with the people, and I knew they would believe him, and I was afraid Price's would not believe me, and I hated to tell him, as he was a wicked drinking man.

So we prayed and went to bed. Next morning when we got up Grandpa said, "What did God show you?" I said, "What did he show you?" He said, "I dreamed I was standing on that hillside below your house and I could see all over your corn-field and see your cattle and horses in the pasture and see all the hogs that you were feeding, and I thought, Well, Brother Brown can make money now, he has quit drinking. Just then a big hand moved around and swept it all away, the stock and corn, and a voice said, 'If he don't preach God will take it all.'" I said, "That will do."

After breakfast he and I were at the gate talking. Mr. Price came by. I said, "Mike, God has called me to preach." He said, "I believe it." I said, "He

wants me to give up my property and let you dispose of it as you please, and me to go and preach." "I believe that, too," he said. And I never had talked about that, and hated to name it to him for fear they would not want to stand by me any longer. "Well," I said, "I want you to just take all I have now and dispose of it, public or private, just as you please; and if it don't pay the debts, I will, if God ever gives me the means." He said, "That is all you can do." So he took charge of all I had.

CHAPTER IX.

FIRST GOSPEL LABORS.

With Baptist Preacher.—Wife Saved.—Tested.—Calls from Different Places.—Opposition.—Fasting.—Instructed in a Vision.—Trying Experiences.—A Mob.—Nashville, Tenn.—Services on Steamboat.—At Home Again.—Marion, Ky.—The Boy Preacher.—Street Preaching.—Vincennes, Ind.—Separates from Coworker.—Family Sick.—Move to Marion, Ky.—With Methodist Preacher.—The Afflicted Healed.—Carrsville, Ky.

I STEPPED out on the promises of God, with wife and three children and not a dollar. But glory to God, I had salvation. Grandpa took me down to the Cave where I had arranged to go into the meeting with the Baptist preacher. We met him. He did not seem like the same man. I talked to him kindly, but he seemed to be all out of sorts. He said he did not aim to leave one stone on top of another in Cave in Rock. He said he was going out into the street and get on a box and preach each day. So he left me.

We went to a house and put up for dinner. After dinner we went down and hunted him up. We met him, he said he was suffering with the headache. I said God could heal the headache. I put my hands on his head and Grandpa and I agreed that God

would ease his head and convince him he would answer prayer. He looked queer. After we prayed he looked to see if any one had seen me pray for him. I said, "Is it gone?" He said, "Willis, it is sure better." I said, "Isn't it gone?" He said, "Oh, I believe in prayer."

He said he was going to invite people to meeting and for me to come and see who I could get to come. I said, "Clem, do you want me in this meeting?" He said he did, but the trustees were opposed. He was preaching in the M. E. church. I said, "If you will let me I will help you and I will preach, and if they tell me to get out I will quit. If they will shut me out I want to know it, for they know my life." Well, he said, "You just stay and do just as I tell you, and we will make it all right." He said, "When you testify do not give it so strong; just say you thank God for Christ's sake that he forgave your sins, and that is enough. They can not stand your strong testimony." I said, "I can not do that; God has done more than that for me, and I must tell it." He said, "You stay, and when I call on you to pray, you pray; and when I preach you go into the congregation and bring the people to the altar."

I told Grandpa to stay all night and I would know by morning whether the Lord wanted me there or not. I met one of the trustees and asked him if he said I could not preach in that house. He said no;

he would much rather I was in there than the man that was. Well, we prayed that night for God to show me if he could use me there. I dreamed he closed out Thursday night and I sent for Charley and we commenced meeting Friday night and that the people just crowded in from all parts. Next morning I told Grandpa what I dreamed, and told him I would stay and stand on the dream, and for him to go by my house and tell Charley to come down Friday. Sure enough, the preacher closed Thursday night. After he dismissed I called the attention of the people and told them my boy and I would preach there Friday night, if there was no objection. I asked a lady that was present and was a trustee if she had any objection. She said no, but there was another trustee present, I could ask him. He had no objection. I said, "I have seen the other three; there isn't but five, is there?" So there was the poor little Baptist preacher made out a liar right there, for he said they were not willing for me to preach there. The next morning the toughs printed it on boards that Willis Brown and son Charley would preach at the M. E. church that night. They put them up on every road that led out of the town. That night we had a large crowd.

Charley came, and they all wanted to hear him. I asked him if he would talk before me or after. He said after. I preached, Charley got up and took a different text from the one I had and preached.

That was his first text to preach from. He was just past eleven years old, and small for his age.

I noticed a lawyer in the audience while I was preaching. I had often drunk with him. I just wished I could say something to get him saved. He watched me all the time. I heard afterwards he was saved. Some years afterward I met him in Shawneetown. He took me by the hand and led me up to a large window and said, "Sit down here, I want to talk with you. I heard you preach at the Cave and you made a wonderful impression on me." I said, "I saw you watching me, and I was just wishing I could say something to cause you to get salvation." "Well," he said, "you said it, not so much what you said, but who it was that was saying it, that was what moved me. I just thought if God can save a wreck like Willis Brown and put him up to talk to an audience like this, he can save me." I will not tell his name, but if he reads this and wants to tell it, all right.

Now after this meeting Charley and I went home and the baby boy was sick. I went and preached Sunday, came home and he was worse. I felt it was for my wife's salvation. I would pray for him, but he was not healed. Monday morning he was no better. I felt led to go to a neighbor's. I thought the child was going into fits; however, I went. When I got to the neighbor's the lady of the house was sick. I prayed for her, she was healed. I went to where a

sick sister was that was just talking of sending for me. I prayed for her and she was relieved.

I told them I believed our baby was having spasms. When I got home at 2 o'clock found wife and little boy on her lap having one spasm after another. She said it had been that way ever since 10 o'clock. She was afraid to lay him down, and he was too heavy for her to carry, so she had just sat and held him in her lap all day. She could reach the water to get him a drink, but could not get any remedies without getting up, and she was afraid to get up with him. I came in, took him out of her arms and laid him on the bed. He took a hard fit. I fell on my knees at the bedside. Wife ran and got the turpentine bottle, there was nothing in it. She held it to his nose, then threw it down and got the camphor bottle and came with it. I saw there was some camphor in it.

I said, "Now, wife, this is for your salvation, and unless you give your heart to God this child is going to heaven." She threw the bottle down, fell on her knees, and that was the first time I ever heard her pray. The fit lasted two hours, and the child was dead as far as we could see with the natural eye. I told the Lord if we were not fit to raise him to take him to heaven, but not to let him have another fit. Wife gave herself to God. The child breathed. This may seem pretty strange, but it is the truth. This was God's way of bringing my wife

to salvation. Now this child was paralyzed from his waist down. We would pray, but he got no better.

The devil commenced on me to make me sorry for giving up my property. He said I had better have sold some of those hogs and put the money in my pocket to keep me up until I got so I could preach. Then he would tell me there was nothing in healing. Then he would tell me I was not called to preach and that my family would suffer. Oh, no one knows but God what a test I went through with. I had promised to take care of the stock ten days till the sale. I got sick and had to go to bed. There was my afflictions, all symptoms coming back, my child paralyzed, and no one to tell any troubles to but God. It seemed the heavens were brass and my prayers were not answered. Two weeks passed this way. I had almost given up. The devil said I could not preach, the people said I could not preach. I had just about begun to believe I could not preach. Pen can not write it, tongue can not tell it, reader, you can not believe what I passed through that two weeks.

One day before I got sick I went up where some men were at work. There were three others ordained to preach about the same time I was. They were talking about the new preachers, and I thought they had great confidence in me as a preacher. I thought up to that time I was doing fine preaching. One said, "Well, that young Aarons is going to

preach, and Stephens is a fine preacher, Purcell is a natural-born preacher, but poor old Brownie, he can not preach; some one else was called and he answered." It almost knocked me clear out.

While I was going through the above second week's test, the devil would throw that up to me. Finally one Sunday I had an appointment, and I thought I would get up and go and fill it anyhow. I got out of bed, but could not dress myself. I had to go back to bed. I lay there till my wife and an old lady that was there came in. This old woman did not believe in healing. I said to my wife, "If God has called me to preach, he will make me able to fill my appointment; I am going to put him to the test." I rolled out on my knees, called on God to make me able to fill my appointment as a witness that he had called me to preach. I rose well and put on my clothes and went a mile. When I got there I was a little weak. I told them the circumstances and asked them to pray for me, and they did. I preached and felt well.

I went home, ate my dinner, and was sitting studying over my case and had to go to bed. I summed up the whole matter and decided I would not be defeated by the devil. I rolled out of bed on the carpet, called my wife and Charley and told them to come and pray for me, I was going to die a natural death or die to the devil. That was the second time I heard wife pray. She gave up, I got the

victory, rose, left all doubts and unbelief lying there and rose in the name of Jesus once for all. I prayed for God to open the way for me to go where he wanted me. The next morning John Lambert came after me to go pray for his wife. She had been sick three weeks. I went and several met me there. We prayed for her, she got right up and got in the buggy and went seven miles. I had calls from place to place.

I received a letter from a preacher to come one hundred miles to help in a meeting. I prayed God to show me if that was the way. I dreamed it was the way. I asked God to give me means to go. I saw in a vision a man with a roll of money and he gave me some to take the trip. I thought I went to Shawneetown and the train had gone, but I soon got another train. I was called to pray for Mitch Brand. He had pneumonia fever and was bad. Grandpa Fink and Mrs. M. E. Lambert, Brand's sister, were there. We prayed for him and he was healed immediately and got up out of bed. He was clerking at his father-in-law's, James Newt Oxford's. Brother Fink with Oxford and I went into the store. I showed them the letter from the preacher. Grandpa Fink said to Oxford, "Have you any money in your pocket?" He said yes. He asked him for \$15.00. Oxford took out a big roll of money, just as I had seen in the vision, and gave me \$15.00. Fink said, "You must go right now, I will take you to town

in the buggy." I said, "I am ready. I want to go by home." He said, "I will go with you." When we got to my home I told my wife to get my clothes. She began to cry, and as she packed my valise she bathed it in tears. You may think she did not have anything to cry about.

Let us look at her surroundings. There she was to be left with three little children, and one of them paralyzed, and the whole neighborhood against her, and starvation staring her in the face. So she had something to weep about. When my valise was packed, I said, "Let us pray." I began to pray, wife and children crying. I was kneeling by the rocking-chair where my paralyzed child lay. The thought came to me, If God has called me to preach he will give me evidence by healing this child. I laid my hands on the child and with all earnestness and faith and confidence in God I said: "O Lord, if you have called me to preach this gospel, as I understand it, give me an evidence by letting the electric power of God go through this child's body and make him walk, and I will live and die for you." I just rose up, did not know to tell the child to get up and walk, but just felt it was healed. Wife and the other little boy were crying. I wanted to go away. It seemed my heart would melt. Tongue can not tell or pen write the feelings I had.

The people said I could not preach, the devil said I could not preach, and I was about to believe it.

The devil said I would go off and could not get back and my family would suffer. Oh, it was the biggest thing I ever did. Just give up all property, all friends and step out on the promises of God. I hurried to get away where I could not hear the cries of my family, which were tearing my heart. As I went out of the door I looked back at my paralyzed child. The devil said, "You never will see him alive again." I rebuked it the best I could.

When we got to Shawneetown the train was gone just as I saw in the vision. Next morning I got another train. Well this strengthened my faith. I got me an overcoat and gave wife all the rest of the money except enough to take me where I was going. I reached the place with \$2.00, and I struck a hard family, several grown boys, an old man and woman living in a little log house. "Well," they said, "you are that saved saloon-keeper, are you? you are that tough the preacher told us about?" I said, "My name is Brown. Where is the brother?" "He is gone: he said if you came just to go ahead, and if he did not come back, you just go on with the meeting." I asked where he preached. "Here," they said, "at our house and over on Fox Ridge. You will preach here to-night, will you? We all want to hear you." They notified the neighbors and they gathered in and I tried to preach. They would laugh at me and make fun of me, and I would look to God and do the best I could. I gave my experience, which

seemed to interest them. The old man said he would take me over on Fox Ridge, and there was going to be meeting over there and he would get them to let me preach in the house. We arrived at the place. The talk came up about the house and the preachers, and others were questioning me about what church I belonged to, and they had just about decided to let me preach, and the old man introduced me to some one, stating that he is that other preacher's partner that was here a while back. They told me I could preach Monday night. Well we announced meeting. Monday night came, there was a crowded house, and I told them all I knew, and they shut me out of the house.

There was an old man told me he had two seventeen-foot rooms and a hall between, I could preach at his house. First we asked the trustee for the schoolhouse, if we could preach there. He said no. Well we announced meeting at the dwelling-house. It seemed the whole country was stirred. I did not know how I was going to fight such a battle. I just went down on my face and asked God to send that preacher back there that had sent for me, and he came the next night and said he had a rig standing at his door to take him another way, but felt so impressed to come back that he went out and prayed and asked God if I was there, and if he wanted him to go to me to give him the money to come on before train time, and that was just thirty minutes. He

said he went into the house and there was a lady who had come in while he was out and she handed him the money. He sent the rig back to the stable, took train and came to me. There was a large crowd.

That night after meeting we announced meeting at that place for the next night. A man spoke up and said, "Why don't you stop at the schoolhouse?" I said, "The trustee said we could not." He said we could. He is just one of the three. I am one, and the other man and I say you can preach there. We don't claim any salvation, but you give out meeting for there." So we did, and God began to work, but the other minister decided we would close there and go to Wynyoose. Well, we did and got in the U. B. house and held a meeting. God began to work. A sister by the name of Annie Murray was healed of a cancer of twelve years' standing. Finally the preacher came. He just got up and preached like we had not been there, and the people said it was the largest crowd he had had an opportunity of preaching to, so he had to make use of the opportunity. Well, he shut us out of the house. We went on to another point, and when we got there, a pastor was holding a meeting, and we did not get to stay all night.

We had hired a man to haul us thirty miles to get there, and we got him to take us seven miles further to the railroad. We shipped for Grayville, Ill. We reached there about dark. Went to the hotel and

put up without money. After we had arrived we were notified the town was quarantined on account of diphtheria. We prayed nearly all night. We were led to go up town next morning and get with some farmer and go to the country. We did, and while we were standing in front of a grocery-store a man came out. I motioned to my partner and said, "There is a farmer." He spoke to him, asked him how far out he lived. He said six miles at a little town. "Well," he said, "we would like to get out where we could preach." He said, "We have a schoolhouse there." We asked if we could go out with him. He said one could, and the other could go with his neighbor, so I went with the neighbor. He was ready then. My partner went to the hotel and offered to leave our valises to secure our night's lodging; but the proprietor told him just to send the money back when he got it, and I did send it back when I got home.

Well, I reached the little town first. This man I was with did not live there. I did not know what else to do, only go to the old man's house that my partner was coming with. I learned they were very rich, large landholders and had \$60,000.00 in bank. I had already learned the gospel I preached was not accepted by the rich. But it was raining and I had no money. I had to go somewhere, so I ventured to the big mansion. I told the old lady the circumstances, that we were going to preach there. She

asked me what church I belonged to. I told her the church of God. "Well, what denomination? We are the church of God, but we must have a name." Well, I saw there was trouble on hand. She said she was a Methodist. "Well," I said, "I have seen good Methodists." She said, "Are you sanctified?" I said, "Yes ma'am." She said, "It is not so; there is no person living sanctified." She said, "You can't sin?" I said, "Yes, but I do not want to and can live without it." She said, "He that saith he liveth and sinneth not, he is a liar." I reasoned with her, saw she was set in her ways, and I got her to be friendly with me, but I knew that there would be trouble when my partner got there. So they arrived and my partner asked her if she was saved, and they got into an argument and she got mad. Evening came on and we were starting to meeting. My partner said, "Grandma, I will give you something to study about while we go to meeting." She said, "All right." But he forgot it, and I was glad of it.

We went to meeting, had a good crowd. The old gentleman went and paid good attention and seemed well pleased. My partner was a good speaker and could draw the people till he got rough, then it took some one solid to stand. Well, we returned to the house, the old lady was very mad. My partner said, "Well, Grandma, I aimed to give you something to study about and forgot it." She said very crossly, "You need not mind, I have plenty to study about."

The old man wanted to change the conversation, and he said, "Well, I may get up sooner than you preachers want to. I am going fox-hunting to-morrow and will get up at 2 o'clock." My partner said that was too soon. I saw the old lady was very mad. I said, "That is all right, we can get up when you do." She said, "Yes, you can make out most any way one night." I knew that meant she was not aiming to keep us another night. So we went to bed, and the next morning at 2 o'clock we were called. As we came down stairs the old lady was at the foot of the steps. She never spoke. My partner offered to shake hands, but she would not shake. Breakfast was over and the old man asked us to visit an old Campbellite preacher that lived in town, and said he might be back that day and might not. So we went out to the barn and prayed and came to the house. She still was mad. We went and prayed again, came back and she was not any better. We went back and I asked God to show me what to do. I was impressed to leave, but I knew it was useless to go to any other house in town. The old man had asked us to go to his son-in-law's, but I knew that would not work. So I said, "Let us leave the town by faith." This was soon in the morning and we could not get a train until evening.

We went to the depot, staid all day. We would go out and pray sometimes. Just about an hour before train time these old folks' son-in-law came where

we stood and said, "Have you fellows had dinner?" We said, "None only a feast with God." He said, "Why did you not come to my house for dinner?" I began to make some excuses. My partner took him by the hand and said, "I have a message for your mother-in-law; will you take it to her?" He said yes. He said, "You tell her I said God said if she don't get down and repent for the way she treated us, God's servants, she will die and go to hell, and that she has not got long to repent in." He looked very bad and went right up to tell her. I said, "Now you have fixed it! they will give us a thrashing before we get away." He said, "I can not help it, Brother Brown, I had to say it." We went into the depot, it was just a few minutes till train time. We did not have a cent. The depot was full of tough looking corn-huskers. It was a town filled with farmers that farmed in the Wabash bottoms and they hired many hands. It was a rainy day and they were not at work.

I was looking for a report from the house we left. I saw one of the hired men pass the depot window. I dropped my head just so I could see his feet as he came in at the door. I was praying. He just came inside and stopped. I watched a minute to see what he would do. I raised my head, he had his hand in his pocket. He looked frightened. He motioned his head for me to come out. I arose and started, thought sure I had to take a whipping. He

took me to one side and handed me \$1.00 and said, "Here is a dollar the old man sent you." I said, "What for?" He said, "Give it to you." "What! has he come back?" I said. He said yes. About that time a buggy ran by with a man just laying the whip to the horse. He says, "There goes the doctor now. That old woman fell a while ago right on the floor and she is nearly dead. She can not get a breath." Just as her son-in-law took her the message she fell. Then the poor old man thought, like Simon of old, he would buy the truth with money.

Well, we had our tickets by the time the train came, so you see God will provide if you will make the start. This was similar to the illustration the old colored man put on faith. He said, "Here is a brick wall. If God tells me to jump through the wall, it is my business to make the jump, and God's business to make the hole." So if God tells you to take the train, it is your business to go to the depot, and God's business to get the ticket. God don't make any mistakes. If he says go, he will provide the way. When he told the man with the withered hand to stretch forth his hand if he had said I can not, he would not have been healed.

After this we went to my brother-in-law's, where I had some nephews and grown nieces. Well, my brother preacher had been taught the holy kiss should be given to women as well as men, so he greeted my nieces, and as this was a new thing to them this

made me more trouble. While they kept pretty still about it, I could see they were not satisfied. Of course this closed up the way for a meeting there, and as my brother-in-law and his family were great Methodists they could not understand how I was so well versed in the Bible when I had no education and had never read the Bible before my conversion. So he asked me how I learned so much about the Bible! I told him it was by fasting and prayer. He said we had a preacher here that fasted. I asked him how long did he fast, but he said, "He did not abstain from food entirely; when he sat down at the table he would look over the table and whatever his appetite craved most, that he would not eat. I said that was playing off on his stomach, that was not fasting. Jesus fasted forty days and nights, the disciples ten days and nights at Pentecost, Paul three days and nights, Cornelius four days and nights, I fasted seven days and nights—five without water, the rest of the time I drank all the water I wanted, and I received what I was praying for." He said he thought that was punishing ourselves and God did not require us to do that. Jesus set the example, the apostles followed, and Peter said he came to lay an example that we might follow in his steps, and I realize that if every preacher that has started out to preach had followed the example that Jesus laid down in the fourth chapter of Matthew they would all come in possession of the Holy Ghost as the apostles did, and they would

all have preached the same thing, and there would not have been six hundred and sixty-six ways, but one way. Praise God!

We went to my home in a few days and tried to hold a meeting there, but the prejudice was so great against the work; in fact, there had such a reproach been brought on the cause by practising promiscuous kissing that many had given up their salvation and turned against the truth.

After a few days the devil tried to make me think I had just as well quit and not try. I had taken a long trip and had not done any good, so the devil said. The brother and I talked about different places. He seemed to be led across the ocean. I felt the call to work. I knew I must go somewhere. I had depended upon him as my spiritual father. Then I began to call upon God to know where he wanted me, and I was led to fast and pray. I did, and after seven days and nights God gave me a vision. It seemed to me there was a man standing by my side reading a list of names of towns where I must go and I could plainly understand them. After the vision left me, I lay and studied about the trip a while, then fell asleep, and when I awoke I had forgotten all the places but one. I waited for two days, but I could not think of them, so I began to fast and pray for God to show me, and after two days and nights of fasting and prayer God showed me to go to the first town that he had showed me in the

vision, which was forty miles from my home, and he would show me what to do, as he did Paul when he sent him to Damascus. We had just enough money to pay our way there. I wrote to a lawyer there that claimed to be sanctified and had asked me frequently to come and hold a meeting. I told him when I would be there and for him to have some one meet me at the boat. I bade wife and children good-by, but could not tell them anything, only I was going to take a long trip, and did not know only to the first town.

When we arrived just at daylight there was not any one at the boat landing to meet us, so we went to the hotel and staid till after dinner, when we learned there would be a boat up Cumberland river. We were at Smithland, Ky. at the mouth of the Cumberland river. Just about the time the boat was due there was a man came in, telling me that his wife and some other sisters wanted us to come to his house. She had attended a meeting where the brother was preaching some time before and was healed of sore eyes. I found a hearty welcome there. The boat was late. There was prayer-meeting at the Methodist house that night. We went, the lawyer was there and gave us an introduction to the preacher, but he did not have much use for us. He treated us very cool. We got to testify, and when they dismissed all the people ran across the house to shake hands with us, except the preacher, lawyer, and one woman,

and there were about one dozen there. We went back home with the parties we had gone with, and the crowd all went with us that had come to us after meeting.

We were expecting to go on the first boat. We had not been there long till the lawyer came in and said he just came over to let us know before we left he was with us, and his pocketbook was closed against that preacher. About that time the boat whistled. My partner jumped up and grabbed his valise and said, "Let us go." I stood still. He looked at me and said, "Are you not going?" I said, "I don't know where to go; this is as far as God has showed me and I will wait on the Lord." The people began to rejoice, and the man of the house said, "You can preach here at my house." The lawyer looked bad and said he must go. We staid five days and nights, had a good meeting, but the lawyer never came. I find a great many that have the "moonshine" holiness he had. There were several saved, some sanctified, and a few healed. I fasted and prayed three days and nights and God gave me the vision back, and we started. The people gave us \$7.00, and there was an old man came while we were there and said he was a holiness preacher and had been away from home two years and his unsaved wife had followed him and was sick and tried to make him go home, and he wanted to send her home, but lacked \$4.00 of having enough money. We gave him \$4.00 of the

\$7.00 they had given us, and we had not gone more than fifteen miles until there was \$4.50 given us.

We went to the next town and tried to get a house to preach in. The preacher treated us pretty well. We had prayer with him. The brother that was with me prayed for God to save the Methodist preacher. He did not like that very well.

I was acquainted with the warden of the penitentiary there. He let us go in the prison. We saw about six hundred poor prisoners, and saw the dogs set on one old colored man. This was Eddyville, Ky. We went from there to Nashville, Tenn., and preached the first night at the hotel and had a good crowd. The people and proprietor were anxious for us to see Captain Ryman, for they said he would get a place for us to hold a meeting.

After we had gone to our room the brother who was with me told me that God had showed him the night before he should deny having a family, and he had not done it, and now we must leave there and go to another town and he would deny his family, then he would have power and success. I did not think that was right, but I had such confidence in him I was afraid to think he was wrong. So I went with him to the next town. We just had fifty cents when we reached Franklin, Tenn. When we got off the train we asked an express man, if there were any holiness people there. He said yes, and for us to wait till he came back, he had a load then, and he

would take us to them. We said no, we would walk. He said he would not charge us anything, so we waited and he came and took us to a grocery-man and gave us an introduction to him, and he was very glad to see us, it seemed. He went with us to another business man and they all went with us to another, and so on, till they were all together. There were five, as well as I remember. All were well-to-do and had a good business. They were talking about getting a place to hold meeting and we told them we had no money and would have to have a place to stay. They just dropped us right there and had no more to do with us. We went to the hotel and ordered dinner. While we were waiting for dinner we got into a conversation with a church-member and we told him we were traveling on the apostolic line, and he asked us to speak a glass of water into wine. We told him as Jesus did the devil in the fourth chapter of Matthew: "We should not tempt the Lord our God, for we are called to preach, and not to turn water into wine for the devil."

We walked out and the streets were full of people and I was impressed to preach on the streets, but I did not obey. We had given our last cent for dinner. We heard of a sanctified meeting out nine miles. We went to a liveryman and pawned him a watch to take us out there. When we got to the town we met quite a number at the store. We got out of the buggy and they seemed glad we had come, and took

us to see the preacher. He asked what church we belonged to. We told him God's church. That was enough. We gave our testimony. He walked off and left us. We called him out and told him our circumstances. He said he could not keep us all night, that everybody was crowded. Well, we went to several places and no one could keep us. One man gave my partner twenty-five cents.

I saw a large mansion up in a field, that had a gravel carriageway running up to it, and I was praying asking God where to go. We had been looking to men and they had all failed, so I tried the Lord and I was impressed to go up there. It was then dark. I walked up the steps and gave the alarm and there was a lady came to the door. We asked her for the man of the house. We heard him call out from the inside, "Come in." We told him to come out, we wanted to see him. He insisted we should come in. We went in. He was very kind and offered us a seat. We told him we wanted to stay all night. He said all right. He said, "You have not had any supper?" We said no, but we did not care for any supper. He told the cook to prepare supper. We told him that we did not have any money to pay him, and asked if he would just let us lie on the carpet, we just had twenty-five cents. "Well," he said, "that don't keep you from being hungry, because you haven't any money." He said, "I suppose you are some of the sanctified folks." We told him we were sancti-

fied, but not like those people were. We told him how we had been treated. "Well," he said, "we will go out to meeting to-night." He wanted to see what they would do with us. He said he was a Campbellite. After supper we went over to meeting. We got a chance and testified to what God had done for us. After quite a number came and shook hands with us, one man said for us to come back the next day and they would find a home for us, for they wanted us there to help in the meeting. Our friend said for us to go back. He was anxious to see what they would do. He went to his meeting next morning, as it was Sunday. We went to the Methodist meeting. We testified again just as strong as God led. We were invited by a number to stay for the meeting, but none had room for us. The man who said he would find us a home never came near us nor spoke to us.

After they dismissed we came out and found our friend waiting for us. I asked him if he was going home now. He said he was. I told him we wanted to go and get our grips. He went with us. As he went on he said, "Well, they found you a home, did they?" We said, "No; we are going to leave." He asked us if we saw the man that said he would get us a home. We told him we did, but he did not let on that he saw us. "Well," he said, "I thought we would get our widows and orphans and poor people taken care of since sanctification got into our town,

but they are making a poor start on you brethren. I don't claim to be sanctified, but you will not leave till you get your dinner, and if I did not have to leave I would keep you brethren here to attend this meeting." He told us that he was a drummer and would have to leave that evening, that he was not afraid to leave us with his family, but the people would talk about it if he did so. We ate our dinner with him, bade him Godspeed and started out about 4 o'clock. When we got out about a quarter of a mile from town on the pike that ran from Franklin, Tenn. to Murray, Tenn., I fell on my knees and cried out to God, "O God, is it possible I have been deceived and led here by the wrong spirit? There was a voice seemingly spoke to my soul and said, "Jesus had no where to lay his head; you are standing on the promises of God." My soul was filled with joy and I arose rejoicing. I picked up my valise and started with my back toward home and my face toward Jesus, determined to see the end of my vision.

We stopped at every house and tried to get to stay all night, but no one would keep us. There were large mansions with gravel carriage roads leading to the house. The man of the house would always meet us at the door. We would ask them if they were a Christian. They would tell us what church they belonged to. We would tell them we were traveling on the apostolic line and would like to stay with them till morning. They all with one accord would begin

to make excuses and had no room, but told us of a man at a little town that kept everybody that came, that he would not turn anybody off. We came to a house and stopped at dark. The man of the house was drunk and the woman was sick. He said he made no profession, but he believed in our doctrine and would keep us if his wife was not sick, but it was just a little ways to a town and he said there was a man there that kept everybody that came. We reached the town and saw a storekeeper at the back door of the store with a burning lamp in his hand. It was dark. We called him and told him our business. He said he was a sinner, and that he could not keep us, but the man at the next door would keep us.

We called on the next man. He said, "I don't see how we can keep you here. Our baby is sick, but it is no use to tell you to go on, for no one will keep you on this road." He said, "Let me see my wife." He went in to see her. I fell on my knees before God at the gate and asked God to put it in that woman's heart to let us stay all night. He came to the door and said, "Come in." We went in. He asked us if we had had any supper. We told him we had not, but not to bother about supper, just to let us lie by the fire. He told his wife to give him the sick child and to fix us some supper. I looked at the child, thought of the commission of the seventy, and we laid our hands on the child and asked God

to heal it, and praise God, it was done. Now it isn't any use for me to tell you there were glad hearts there and a welcome home for preachers and a back-slidden father and mother brought to God.

Well, the neighbors heard the alarm and the store-keeper and others came running, no doubt, to see if we were murdering the people, but they found the house filled with the glory of God. They began to beg us to hold a meeting there. They had a nice house there in town, but they said their preacher had been gone on a visit for six months. We told them to get the house and we would hold a meeting. They did not think it would be any trouble, and the next morning they saw one of the authorities. He said he would go with us to see the other one. So we went, but he said he could not do anything in the absence of the preacher. We asked him if we could have the schoolhouse, as he was trustee. He said no he had no right. I asked him how far it was to the next district or schoolhouse. He told me three miles. I said, "We will go there," but he said, "It is no use for you to go there; he is an infidel, you can not get that house." I said if he was an infidel we could get the house, for I once was an infidel and I knew how to work them, but I could not do much with church-members. He tried to discourage, but we went on.

/ We reached the infidel's house. He was a very rich man. I told him our business. He said he

was just going to town, and as he did not know whether he had a right or not to let us preach in the schoolhouse, for us to just make ourselves at home there till he came back and he would see the superintendent of the school. So we staid till next morning. We were treated well. He came home that night, said the superintendent said there was another schoolhouse three miles farther in a nice grove, which was a nicer place than this, as this was in a lane and no place to hitch horses. The infidel said if we did not get a place to stay closer we were welcome to stay with him. We went over and began meeting that night. The Campbellites had meeting there on Sunday, and they were strong in that community. We were invited the first and second night, but the third night we had no invitation to remain. The people just looked at us and let us walk away, and none of them invited us to stay with them. The Word had come too straight for the Campbellites. We walked about a quarter of a mile and called at a house to get a drink of water, as there was none at the schoolhouse. I was very thirsty after preaching. The man of the house and his grown daughters were there. Just as we left the house, the lady of the house and some more of the girls came in. They had been to meeting and knew we had not had any invitation to go anywhere. There was a black cloud rising and heavy thunder and it looked like rain. We had gone about

thirty steps from the house when the man called us and asked us if we would not stay all night. I said we did not care, we would stay as we had no place to stay, and it looked as if it would be a bad night. We staid there three days and nights. It just rained all the time.

The second day while we were out praying a neighbor came in and left word for us to come up and stay with him. The lady told us about it and I could see she was anxious we should go, but I wanted the way opened plainer. I was asking God to open the way for a home if he wanted me to stay there. The man where we were kept store and post-office and depot, as it was a railroad station. The third morning while at breakfast the lady said, "Well, this is the day Brother Lackey is to come, and I just dread it, for I have so much to do and the children are not well, and I can not care for company." I knew what that meant. She was tired of us.

Brother Lackey was a Presbyterian preacher. He came once a month, and this man took him out three miles to his meeting-house. This man was a Presbyterian and his wife a Campbellite. After breakfast we went out to pray. I asked God to open a way right then for a home. It had quit raining and the people were tired of us, so we went to the store and the man that had left word for us to come was there. He shook hands and introduced

himself as Mr. Nesby. He said, "I live just a little ways up yonder," pointing to a large mansion, "come, go up and stay with me." I told him I was waiting for the mail. He told me his son was there and was going to stay for the mail, and we could come with him, that he must go and tend to his cows and sheep, as he ran a dairy and raised sheep. The young man talked very freely. He said, "We don't want you fellows to think hard of us for not inviting you the other night. There have been so many 'dead beats' through here and we are afraid to take in strangers; but we have plenty of room, a good room and a bed and plenty of wood, and we have decided to keep you fellows and see what is in you. Just go there and make yourselves at home."

The train came that Brother Lackey was on. We got our mail, bade the family good-by and invited them to meeting. We did not get an introduction to Brother Lackey, as he was rushed to a room, and we left. As we went to our new home I spoke of our valises. The young man said, "Where are they?" I told him at the little town where we just stopped. He said he would go with me after them.

When we reached the house we found a large family, the old man and his wife, and son and his wife and children; in fact, three sets of children. The old man that had just a while before left us at the store seemingly all right physically was

suffering with a catch in his back, could scarcely move, said he was subject to it, and it lasted three or four days. We prayed for him, and he was healed instantly. Well, it stirred the family. The old man and his wife and daughter-in-law made a profession.

Well, we were welcome visitors and exhorted to just feel at home. After dinner the young man and I took a horse and buggy and went after our valises. As we were driving along he said: "We have had a time at our house since you fellows came in here. My brother is just twenty-one, and we were cleaning out the barn the other day. Pa was helping. Sam said, 'Well, there was not but two Christians in the meeting the other night.' 'Who was that Samuel?' said pa. 'Them two preachers.' 'O Sam,' said pa, 'you are mistaken.' He said, 'Pa, just show me another one, and I will eat a horse right here.' Well, he named several. Sam would tell what they had done. Pa said, 'Well, Sammie, me and your ma.' 'Well, pa, you and ma don't claim to be Christians do you? I never knew that before. You claim to be Christians, and let those preachers go away, never asking them to stay all night?' Pa set down the fork and went right to you fellows, and did not see you, but left word for you; then this morning he went after you again." So you can see God did use that sinner to open up a home for us. Well, we had a good home, and God showed the old man and his

wife and daughter-in-law that they had just joined the meeting-house and had no salvation. So they got saved, and all the household, but one, who was seeking and said he would not cease till he found pardon.

I had now been away from home for a month and could not hear from my family. I was going through a trial. The brother that was with me had seemingly lost his mind, for he had denied he had a family, and I knew he had. He was trying to show me by the Bible where he was justifiable. I would keep praying to God if it was not right for him to deny his family to keep bothering him by making him dream of them. He did not want me to write to my family, for they would find out where he was and he said God did not want any one to know where we were till he manifested his power through us till his name would go out as it did in the days of Christ. I fasted and prayed a day and a night. I had seen him used of God, so was afraid to accuse him of being wrong. So I took his case to God and he began to have dreams. Every morning when we would get up he would state what he had dreamed about his family.

One morning I was sweeping our room. He was making up the bed and told his dream. I said, "Praise God!" and the power of God came upon me and I said, "I have been praying God if it was wrong for you to deny your family to make you

dream of them every night." He grabbed me and began to cry and asked me what to do. I said, "It is of the devil; just confess to the people the devil made you believe you had to do what you have done. That night there was a large crowd at the meeting, and while we were singing he cleared his throat a few times and a man in the audience mocked him and he reproved him pretty sharp. We sang another song and he began on the man again. I said, "Hush." I saw he was unbalanced in mind. He said, "Let us pray." He fell on his knees, asked God to forgive him for telling he had no family, and the people began to talk out and he kept up his prayer of confession for about an hour. When he got through I thought they would take him out of the house. I told them the reason I had shunned them and had staid right with him all the time was because I did not want to give them a chance to ask me about his family, for I did not want to tell them the truth about the matter, and had determined I would not tell a lie; for this cause I did not give them a chance to talk privately with me, but had been fasting and praying for God to bring it out, and now I was free and could tell them who we were, and where we came from. So I did, but the enemy was stirred and prejudice was raised.

The next day the old preacher we gave the money to send his wife home came to us. He was fanatical and had fits. He preached that night from the

twenty-third chapter of Matthew and abused the people. The next day the man where we staid called me into his room and told me we had better leave, for there was a number coming after us that night. I said I had not done anything to run for, and I was led there of the Lord and would not go unless God showed me. He told me that they said I was all right, but they were going to whip me for being with those other men. I said, "Praise God, I am no better than Paul. I will take it if God permits it, and it will be for my good and God's glory." I said, "If you don't want me here I will leave your house, but I will not leave the country." He said he did not care for our staying, only he hated to see the mob take us, and he could not help us. Just a short distance from there they had killed a Mormon preacher. I said I would not go, but I would tell the other brethren and they could do as they pleased. I told them, and one wanted to go; the other said he would leave it with me. I said, "I am going to stay." Just at sundown I was carrying in wood for the fire and praying. I looked at the sunset and it looked a little cloudy. I said, "Lord, if you don't want me to go to the school-house to-night send a hard rain. Now, Lord, you can do this just as easy as you let it rain for Elijah."

While we were eating supper it began to rain. I never saw a harder, steadier rain. We began to

sing in our room. The family all came in. We were having a good time when some one heard a noise. They went out on the porch and there were men on horseback right in the yard. They called for the preachers. I went out after I had persuaded those in the house to turn me loose. The men said, "We came after you preachers to go down to the school-house to preach. There are some parties who have never met you; there is a big crowd down there." The man of the house said, "Let them come up here; they can not go in this rain." But they said there were some women down there. He told them they could come up to his house as well as we could go down there, that they were already wet. They left, and pretty soon fourteen came. There were two women. They were given seats. We sang a song and I prayed. We sang another song. I saw the devil was in them. I just prayed and prayed till they were all on their knees but two, and they were leaning on each other crying. After midnight they left, but confessed they had come after us, but decided God would answer prayer and so changed their minds.

I dreamed while there that my wife was dead. I fasted and prayed and asked God to show me my wife living or dead, just as she was. I saw her in a vision and she was in a coffin, but alive. This left me undecided. I dreamed an old German brother had my children, and I became satisfied any

way God wanted it. Well, God did a good work there amid all the deception of the devil.

We next went to the city of Nashville and rented a room. We learned Mr. Moody would close a two weeks' meeting at the Sam Jones' tabernacle that night. We went. There were said to be 8,400 people there. Moody talked about thirty minutes from the ninth to the eleventh verses of the tenth chapter of Romans. They took up a collection before he preached. There was nothing said about altar services.

We next attended the Methodist meeting out in the city. They said the preacher was sanctified. He treated us very nice and asked me to talk after he preached, so I did. He did not have the same sanctification I did, and it would not mix. The members crowded around me after meeting and wanted me to hold a meeting. The preacher objected and slipped out and left us. Next we went to a hall near the meeting. There were a lot of men going through a form of testifying. The old brother that was with me began to testify and jumped from the pulpit to the door about three times and scared them all and they dismissed.

We went to see Captain Ryman, the great steam-boat man that was converted in Sam Jones' meeting, and poured out his whisky and turned his saloon into a gospel hall, and telegraphed to all his boat captains to throw the contents of the barroom over-

board, so I was told. I had heard of him and at one time did a great deal of business with him by letter, but never had met him. The brethren talked to him. I did not know what was said. When they went away I introduced myself to him, told him I used to ship on his boats a great deal and had corresponded with him, and Captain Roundtree had picked me up on the river many a time when I was drunk and brought me to my landing, where I ran a saw mill. "Now, God has saved me, and I am here in your city to try to help some poor drunkard get out of the ditch. Can you assist me in getting a place to preach?" He held my hand, and said: "Brother Brown, I am glad to meet you. I remember of hearing of you. Now I will do all I can. I have no place but the Jones' tabernacle, which costs \$7.00 a night to run it, and it will be too big. I have let the Salvation Army have my hall; if they will let you use it part of the time, all right. When you get ready to leave the city, come around and I will give you a free pass anywhere my boats run." I told him that we would want to go to Shawneetown and to Evansville in about a month, if the Lord willed. He said all right.

We went to see the Salvation Army captain. He would not let us have the hall. We preached on the streets, but they stopped us. A Jew came up and told us to come with him and see the mayor. We went, and while they went up stairs to see the mayor

I knelt on the sidewalk and prayed. When I raised up from prayer there was a crowd gathered around me. There was a fine dressed woman who said, "What kind of religion do you believe in?" I said, "The kind Jesus died for." There was a man looked very sad. We asked him if he was a Christian. He said no; he was just what I used to be—a drunkard, a wreck. We asked him if he wanted to be a Christian. He said yes. We knelt and prayed with him, and he said by the help of God he would meet me in heaven. I believe there was a truth stamped on his heart that will win his soul. The authorities would not let us preach on the street any more.

When we got ready to leave the city I went down to the boat office to see Captain Ryman. He said all right, he would give us free passages. We went back for our valises. We met the man that we left at Franklin that we had pawned our watch to and paid him and got it. When the boat went to leave Captain Ryman told us good-by and said, "Go on and do all the good you can." As soon as the boat was straightened out in the river we began to sing and started a protracted meeting. We had two sermons a day and a night. The officers of the boat tried to stop us, but we told them we were doing what Captain Ryman said—all the good we could. They finally got reconciled, and it seemed that they were all glad to see the services commence. I have traveled a good deal on that boat since, and they all

are glad to see me. There was a great deal of good done, as sometimes there were over two hundred passengers on board.

The old brother that came to me last came on to my home. I had not heard whether my wife was dead or not. As I got in sight of the house I could not wait for the old brother. I said, "Yonder is my home; I will go on, you can come." It was a mile to the house and up a big hill, but the nearer I got the faster I went. I could not see anything that looked like any one lived there. When I stepped into the house my wife was on her knees before the fire mending some of the children's clothes. She raised her head and looked at me, but made no effort to get up. I stood and looked at her and thought many a thing in a moment. The little boys were playing and did not see me for a while. When they saw me they just ran and grabbed my legs, then wife gave a scream and ran to me and said: "I saw you standing here one hour ago and started to you and you disappeared, and I was afraid to start to you for fear you would go again." She said she thought I was dead.

Now there was a trip of several hundred miles ended that had been traveled by faith. Reader, you may not understand this, but I do. I learned some precious lessons that God could not have taught me any other way. I saw what it was to forsake wife and house and land and follow Jesus. I saw what it

meant to be made white and tried as one tried in the fire. I saw what it meant to forsake all; yea, even my own life to follow Jesus. I saw what it meant in Mat. 28:19, 20: "Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Well the old brother and I began a meeting at our schoolhouse, and a sister was brought there that could not walk and had not spoken above a whisper for three weeks. She told them if they would bring her there and I prayed for her she would be healed. She was healed instantly and raised and shouted with a loud voice. God had called her in the work. She was the wife of a friend of mine that I used to drink and carouse with. It was his going to the altar that caused me to go to meeting, when I got my infidel props knocked down. But the devil had made him think his wife ought not to preach, but she said she would go. He gave his consent. She went with me in a meeting near by, and God gave her liberty in preaching the Word. Her husband called her home to sign a deed to a farm and she tried to stay at home. This was the second time God had raised her up.

While in the meeting at home the old brother condemned me for having buttons on the back of my coat and said a sanctified man could not wear them. He took a jumping spell and jumped to the door and back to the pulpit three times, and most of the Christians said that was God in that man and con-

demned me for not cutting the buttons off of my coat. I was trying to explain to them, and the old man took a fit. I laid hands on him and rebuked the devil and the fit went off. Some few believed I was of God then, and the old man wrong. Others said I put the spell on him.

There was a neighbor that made a big profession. He got up and made a great noise, jumped and said all who believed as I did were wrong. I prayed God to stop him. He jumped and jerked and put his head out of the window. He said I put a spell on him, that I had learned it from the preacher I was converted under, but I did not know just how hard to put it on a fellow. He said if I would have given him another jerk it would have drawn his ribs out of him. Some believed it, and many that were mad turned against me, and some were afraid of me. I found in other places when God would answer prayer they would say that I was dangerous, and shun me.

The brother that made the long trip with me said he was with his family and had a hall rented in his home town and for me to come at once. When I arrived I found his wife sick, and he could not leave the house. I went to the hall over a saloon. I opened it up and lit the lamps. It was raining very hard and in the room below a large crowd were playing billiards, drinking, rattling glasses and swearing. I began to sing and pray and had meeting just the same as if the hall had been full; however, just Jesus

and I alone. They would come up the steps and push the door open and look in, then go back. I kept on till they all got quiet. After while I put out the lights and came down. They were all around the foot of the steps to see what I looked like. They had found out that God could save a drunkard, or had heard it now.

! We gave up the hall and went out in the country four miles and began a meeting. I was in need of clothes and God had to make some one get them. A little girl that lived with her grandparents near by took the toothache, and I never saw any one suffer worse. She would not let them do anything for her, but wanted me to pray. I would pray and she would get better, then worse than ever. So the ninth time I prayed she was almost having spasms. She was down on the floor and her grandmother and grandfather and others holding her. She was screaming at the top of her voice. I just held on to God for her. Finally I struck the key-note of faith, as I thought the old man was not saved and he was crying and she was his pet. I asked God to heal right then for his salvation. She hushed at once and fell asleep and they were convinced. The old woman took me to town and bought me a new suit of clothes and shoes and hat. I went home, and wife was a little encouraged. I was praying for God to open up a way for me and show me where he wanted me.

I received a call to come to Marion, Ky., a town

where I had lived while I was in sin, and where my assessments one spring were over \$3,000.00, and next spring they were \$15.00, assessed both times by the same man. They said I could have the opera-house. I felt led to take Charley, and he wanted to go. This was in April, 1896. Charley was twelve years old and had been preaching at the home schoolhouse. We reached there April 15th.

There I was reminded of a drunken vision I had, or rather a castle built in the air. In the fall before I was converted I was going home from town drunk and I was preaching. I was very religious when I was drunk and would pray, ask the blessing and preach, and I had the trees along the road for my congregation, and I made out that I had been saved and gone to preach and had gone back to Marion, Ky., and that those trees were the people coming and shaking hands with me and rejoicing over my change. I had not thought of that drunken delusion till I had reached the town. As I stood on the corner just at the place and in the position I had seen myself in the delusion and the people rushed running from the stores, saloon and court-house, I thought about my drunken delusion. The people were all glad to see me and it was a great surprise to hear me preach and hold up a Christ that they had heard me deny.

We had quite an interest there, but the people would not accept the brother that was with us, as he was a little queer, so he left with the understand-

ing he was to start a meeting at Princeton, Ky., and we would soon join him there. He went to Princeton, but did not stay long. We got through and he had written for us to come on. We got to Princeton and got to preach in the court-house and Charley was very homesick. He had been away from his mother about a month, and it was the first time he had ever been parted from her a week. I asked God to give us money to take him home if it was his will for me to take him home. So that night we got the money and started next morning and reached a mining town, where we got off the train to take a water transportation, and the superintendent of the coal-mines was at the depot and asked us to stay at his house and join a company of preachers there in a meeting; said they had been having meeting two weeks and did no good. We refused to stop, but he begged us to stay for dinner, so we went to his house. He went and saw the preachers and they came and insisted that we stay and preach that afternoon and night. I preached in the afternoon and Charley preached at night to a large crowd. They gave us money to pay our way home and back, as Charley would not consent to stay until he saw his mother and little brothers. We went home and staid a few days and returned. The meeting was still advertised and we had large crowds. There was deep conviction, but they would not yield. One Methodist preacher prayed God if there was any one there whose doom

was sealed and they were being used of the devil to draw people down to hell and would not turn and was going to hell anyhow to kill them and take them out of the way of others that would be saved. I thought it was the queerest prayer I ever heard. But it had its effect that night. The altar was full and the worst worked up people I ever saw. Charley was wonderfully used of God.

The news went out to all the neighboring towns about the boy preacher and people came for miles around. One night Charley said he wanted to stay away from meeting and sleep. I let him stay. When I reached the place where we had meeting I could hardly get to the house for the people. The preacher asked me where Charley was. I told him. He said that would never do, for there were people there who had spent their last cent to come there to hear him, and for him just to come and testify if no more. I went after him. He was fixing for bed. I told him what I had come for. He said he could not go, he was worn out. The lady of the house was a Catholic, but seemed to like us. She begged him to go, said her boy could go with him, and when he said what he had to say and the people saw him he could come back and go to bed. So he went. The people accused him of committing his sermons to memory and saying them like a speech. The boy had heard the people talk and he said to Charley as they went, "You havn't any sermon fixed up for to-night?"

Charley said, "No; I never do have, but I do not feel God will give me anything to say to-night." I said, "Let us get down here, son, and ask God." We knelt by the walk and I put my hands on him and said, "Lord, if you have called this boy to preach and I am doing your will taking him with me, give me the evidence by giving him the most powerful message you ever did, and souls for his hire." He rose and walked ahead of me. I had to rush to keep up. He reached the door.

It was a company store-house about one hundred feet long and forty feet wide and was full of people. The wareroom along the side was full, the windows were full, the streets were full of people. As he entered the door they picked him up and he was handed from one to another till he reached the center of the room, where there was a box fixed up for him to stand on. The song closed. As his feet touched the box, he said, "You will find my text in the eleventh chapter of John and the thirty-fifth verse: "Jesus wept." Their were several looked at their watches. He began to preach and the people began to weep. I could not see a dry eye. Everybody I saw was crying, seven preachers, beside me, all crying. I would look at him as he would throw his hands up; he looked more like a marble statue than a boy. I would think he was gone. Now you may think strange of me having such thoughts, but if you knew what wonderful things God had done for me,

and what kind of a boy he had been, and what he was then, you would have thought it would not have been any more of a marvel for God to take him like he did Enoch than it was for him to do what he had done for me and the boy also. He closed by saying, "If there is any one here wants salvation come to the altar." They that looked at their watches said he had just talked twenty-four minutes. He was grabbed from off the box and handed out from one to another, hugged and kissed by men and women until he reached the door. When set on his feet he was joined by his boy companion, who awaited him at the door, and like other children they soon went to bed.

Twenty-four fell at the altar and in one hour all claimed to get a clear case of salvation. I never paid any attention to the devil after that when he would tell me the boy was not called to preach. There were one hundred and eighty souls claimed salvation in that meeting, and they were divided in four denominations, and I was offered \$1,200.00 a year to preach for the devil. I would not take it, but left with \$4.00; but had full salvation, saved, sanctified, healed and called of God to preach the full gospel. "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Mat. 28: 19, 20.

After this meeting closed I felt led to go to my wife's cousin's, and my old chum. We reached there between midnight and day, found his wife at the point of death. I told him I felt impressed if he would give up for her to preach God would raise her up. He said he was willing. My wife was there and we prayed and she was healed, and her man went to town and got drunk. Charley and I left and went to another meeting within five miles of the last one we held. I was fasting and praying for this sister and God showed me she wanted to come to the meeting and was looking for me to come after her. I secured a horse and buggy and went and she had her clothes and the little girl's ready, and had told them I was coming after her. My wife was still there and staid with the family and she and her little girl went with me. God used her wonderfully in the meeting.

We closed the meeting and came home and my wife had gone home. Charley and I went home with the understanding that we would let the sister know when we went to Indiana to hold a meeting. When I got home my wife said she did not want me to have any more to do in getting the sister in the work for her cousin thought it was my fault, that God had not called her to preach; so we did not go by for her, but we started on a four-hundred mile trip by faith to meet a man, whom I doubted, but whom Charley thought was all right. I did not want to say

anything to him against the man, as he had much confidence in him, but thought we would go and travel with him and find him out.

We bought a ticket for as far as we had money, which was not over thirty miles, and there we preached on the streets and got a house for two services. We got enough money to pay our hotel bill and take us to the next town. We put up at the hotel for dinner, supper, bed and breakfast. We went to our room and counted our money and just lacked twenty-one cents of having enough to pay our bill. We wanted to try and get a house for Charley to preach. We found the Methodist preacher; he said there were so many rascals traveling that he had to be careful who he let preach. I said, "Yes, I know there are many rascals traveling, and there are some that are stationary, but it is not supposed that a twelve-year-old boy would be much of a rascal, and I just asked for the house for him to preach in." He said the bell was turned over and we could not get a congregation. I said, "All right; God has a house, the sky is the cover and the ground is the floor, and no man can shut the door; we will preach on the streets." We went and saw the marshal and got permission to preach in front of five saloons, which was called whisky row. When they found out where we were going to preach they tried to get us to come up on Main Street, so the women could hear the boy. I said no, the drunkards need to hear the

gospel; so we went to singing. Men came running out of the saloons yelling. We knelt and I prayed. They stepped on me and swore and made quite a fuss. I asked God to still their tongues. They all kept quiet and we got up and sang another song, and Charley got up on a box to preach. When he got through they handed him some money. We went to our room and counted what he had received, and it was just twenty-one cents, just enough to pay our lodging with what we had.

We prayed that night and the Lord showed me to go to that same place in the morning and preach; so after breakfast we went there and began to sing. The gang came running out of the saloons and the people began to gather on the corners. I prayed again and I preached. One half-dressed fellow made fun of me. I just gave my experience and drew my picture in their minds and it just fit that fellow. I told how I would work hard all week, come to town to get what my family needed and would get drunk and spend my money, get kicked out of the saloon, and if I heard any one say anything about Jesus I was ready to make fun of them. They all just pointed at that fellow and he slipped back in the crowd and kept still. They crowded up and gave me money. I closed, Charley was talking, and the train whistled that we aimed to take. We started on a run. They told me we could not catch the train. I just said my address is Willis Brown, Chambers Creek,

Ill., if you want to write to me. I do not know why I said it. I told Charley let us leave our valises at the hotel and have them sent to us. He said no, that would not do. I told him then to take the Bible grip and run to the depot and try to get the conductor to hold the train, and I would go to the hotel and get our valises. I ran and saw the train pull out.

I was lost. I had forgotten the name of the hotel. I inquired where the Campbellite church was, and was told it was just across the street. I knew the hotel was just on the other corner, but the train was gone. I went to the depot and Charley said, "Well, we are left, but all things work together for good to them that love the Lord, and I know we love him." He said, "What will we do now?" I said, "Let us go back and preach to our gang." We walked a piece and met a man who said, "Well, you got left. I knew you would." He said, "You say you live in Hardin County?" I asked if he was acquainted there. He said he wasn't, but his wife was; she was raised there. I asked what her name was. He said Patten. I said, "Josephine Patten—well, I partly raised her." She lived with me when she went off on a visit to her sister's and married and sent back for her trunk. He asked me my name, and I told him Willis Brown. He said he had heard her speak of me so much, and asked me to come and go to his house. We went to her house and she was getting

dinner. He called her to come in. She came in and he asked her if she knew me. She said she didn't believe she did. I said, "You know that boy?" and she jumped at me and said, "I know you, and is that Charley?" She left my home when he was about one year old. It was like a father and child meeting, for I had been a father to her, and she seemed to feel near to me. When I told her we were preaching, she did rejoice, for she was wonderfully saved, but never expected to see me saved, as I was a drunkard and a wreck when she saw me last.

We ate dinner. She said there was a woman dying across the way and she wanted to go there. They had telegraphed for her children, and the doctors had given her up. She was gone a little while and came running back and said, "That woman told me as soon as I got in that her husband came back from sending a despatch for her children and she heard him tell about seeing a man down on his knees before the saloons praying, and she told him to get that man, God sent him there for her benefit. 'If that man would come and pray for me I would be healed:' but she said he went and the man had taken the train and gone." The woman said, "He is at my house, I know him. I lived with him, he is like a father to me. He missed the train and my husband brought him to our house." The sick woman praised the Lord and asked her to go get me. We went and the house was full of sectarians. I talked to her about

healing and quoted scripture, and asked her if we would agree if she would believe God would heal her. She said yes. We knelt. I said every Christian that wants God to heal this woman right now kneel around this bed and pray with us, and everybody kneel down. Well, Charley, the woman that went there with us and her unsaved husband, and the sick woman's husband knelt. The whole crowd looked mad and stood as we prayed. I said amen, jumped up and went to singing, and the woman that seemed to be as good as dead got right out of the bed and shouted, but there was no one left to rejoice with her except her husband, the man and woman that went there with us and Charley and I, for the rest ran like scared dogs.

This woman had been bedfast for one year with dropsy, and had been tapped three times. Charley went over Monday morning to see how she was and she hollowed at him as he came in at the gate and said, I don't only go in the kitchen where they are getting breakfast, but I help get breakfast; I am well. When we went there we had no home, no friends, no money to stay all night. Now we had plenty of homes and people begging us to stay. It was mostly sinners that made no profession.

We came back by there in a few weeks and she was sick in bed. We talked with her, and she said she got along fine, swelling all gone and she was doing her work, and a woman begged her to make a tea to

keep the swelling from returning, and she made a tea and drank it and it made her sick and she had been in bed ever since. We asked her if she would promise God to let all remedies alone if he would heal her. She said yes. We prayed for her and she was healed at once, and raised praising God for the lesson she had learned.

Our next experience was, we bought a ticket for as far as we had money. We reached the city of Vincennes, Ind. We went and got permission of the mayor to preach on the streets. We went to the place he told us we could preach. Charley went one way and I the other and told the people there would be a boy preach on a certain corner at 3 o'clock. We got the meeting announced. It was 12 o'clock. We were walking down the street. Charley looked into my face and said, "Papa, I am hungry." If there had been a dagger thrust through my heart it would not have shocked me any worse. I said, "Son, I can not help it." He said, "Haven't you got some coppers?" I said, "Maybe I have." We both together raised ten cents. We went and got some cheese and crackers and he ate them, and I prayed while he ate. I tell you I had a battle. The devil showed me many a job to work at that would keep my child from telling me he was hungry, and I have to tell him I had nothing to give him to eat. Then the Lord called my attention to the covenant I made with him when I started to preach, if he would heal

my paralyzed child. I said, "Lord, I will trust you, though we all starve. Abraham gave his son and you furnished a substitute." The hour arrived for meeting. We were there, and a good crowd gathered around. Charley preached. They gave him twenty cents. I thanked the people for their kindness and asked God's blessings upon them. A fellow hollowed, "Sing on, old man, you will do a heap of good here."

An old lady came crowding toward me and said, "Amen. What church do you belong to, brother?" I said, "The church of the Living God, saved, sanctified and healed." She said, "Amen, brother, I am the only one in this wicked city standing on the promises of God; come and go home with me." Certainly that sounded good to me, a man one hundred and twenty-five miles from home, and a hungry, tired twelve-year-old boy, and just twenty cents and the sun an hour high. I carried the box back to the Jew's store, and he said, "Why don't you keep it and preach at 7 o'clock? You will get a big crowd then." I announced meeting for 7 o'clock, and we started with the old lady. She said, "I have to go to a house to get some things I left there; you wait here till I return. We said all right. She went and I felt it was a trick of the devil to get away, but she soon returned walking slow with her head down. She said, "I can not go home now." I said amen. She said, "I went to that house and told them I had found

some jewels down there on the street. They want you to come there and get supper. It is two miles to my house, just at the edge of the city. We would have to take street-car to get back for meeting. After meeting you will come to my house and stay all night."

We went to the house. There were several women sewing for a wholesale house. They shut down the machines and we had a good meeting. They all claimed to be sanctified. After supper we went on the street. They all went with us. There were supposed to be four hundred people there. We preached, and there was enough money handed to us to take us to the next town where we were going. We staid with the old lady. She knew Brother Warner and had attended the Grand Junction camp-meetings. She also told us of Brothers Davidson and Pike having been at that city. She said we believed just as they did. Her name was Mary Epley.

Our next test we had about four miles to walk through sand, and it was hot. It was just at wheat thrashing time. We stopped to rest in the shade of some elder bushes. I sat there looking at Charley, his big white head and his red face. He was so hot and tired. He looked up at me and said, "Papa, I am going to ask God to take my name off of this walking ticket." And he never had to walk any more as long as he staid clear and traveled with me.

We soon reached the end of our journey, and en-

tered the meeting with the party we were looking for. We could see that at one time he had had power with God, for there were people there that testified to being healed of divers diseases. One woman that had been blind for fifteen years that he had prayed for and she was healed. There was one woman there that had been confined to her bed for two years, and he had prayed for her different times, but she was not healed. A number of us went there and prayed for her and she arose out of the bed, dressed herself and went to meeting, and we closed there because he said the people would not accept the Word. Then we went with that man and five other preachers forty miles and commenced a meeting on the streets and they opened a public schoolhouse for meeting. We had large crowds and a good interest, but the people had no faith in that man. He went into a trance and lay a long time. When he got up he told great things God had showed him. Soon there was a woman fell, and he invited the people to come up and see the power of God manifested. While the people crowded around the lifeless looking woman he told them what God had showed him that he was going to do to that town because they would not accept him. He said lightning would strike the place, so there came a thunder-storm and the lightning struck a haystack close to town, or in town, and it scared the people very much. I heard some talk about him, so I told him there were too many there, and the people

did not want him there, and for him, Charley and me to go twenty-five miles away to his old home he had told me about to hold a meeting. After I told him what the people had said, he told them God had showed him in a vision he had that the people had said certain things and God told him to take Charley and me and go to another place, and told what God would do with them if they did not repent of the way they had talked about him. It scared some of the people, and one man took his wagon and team and hauled us twenty-five miles.

We arrived at his brother-in-law's in the city where he had lived, and they treated us very coolly. The man had to go back home that night, and we drifted around till we heard of a meeting. He said that was the saints, so we walked to the place. Right at the edge of the city, in a dark house, were a few sloven, dirty people, some blind, some lame, all claiming to take God as their healer. (They were some of his followers, whom he called saints.) Meeting closed, they sat around and talked. He said his sister-in-law invited us back, but it was so far he did not feel like going. They never took the hint. Finally they all started, except the people that lived there, and we walked a mile with some of them, and he kept hinting, but no one asked us to stay all night. Finally he asked a woman if she would not keep us. She said she would if we would put up with the fare. When we arrived there we found

they just had two beds, no one there but the old woman and us. She said her son would be there that night sometime, and it was about twelve then. She made a straw bed down on the floor for us. We laid down, and after we were asleep I was awakened by the fussing between the old woman and her son. He finally went to bed, and quarreled till he went to sleep. I then went to sleep, for I had traveled twenty-five miles in the jolt wagon from six in the morning till one or two o'clock in the afternoon, and you may know we drove fast. Part of the time the team was on a fast run. We had no supper and had walked several miles, and were very tired. I was awakened the next morning by the old woman trying to get the boy up to go to his work. After he left we got out and begged the preacher to leave the city. As he had no money we had to pay his way.

We came to a town where we stopped to preach, and he said he never asked for a cent. As we went to preach on the streets he told us to give him our money, and he would tell them he had money to pay his way. We did not think, but gave it to him. After Charley had preached to a large crowd on the streets this man got up and began to tell what he had done, and the visions and revelations God had given him, and how God showed him in a vision that he was going to give him a son, and his name would be Samuel, and he would be a preacher, and in a year the child was born and now was a power for

God. I knew his boy. He was a bad boy and did not seem to know there was a God. By this time the people began to leave. He told them he lived by faith, never took up collections, and God always supplied his needs, that he had money to take him where he was going, but said we did not, and they could help us if they wanted to. The people just laughed at him and went away and never gave a cent.

We stopped at another town and preached, took up a collection, and he said he was going to preach that afternoon and he would not ask for a cent, but would get money. He preached and I watched close to see if he got anything. He tried to get away from me, but I kept my eye on him. There was a man shook hands with him, but I saw the man had nothing in his hand, so I knew no one gave him anything. When we had reached the house where we stopped we talked for a while, but he never said anything about money. I said, "Well, how much money did you get?" He said, "I got money." I said, "I watched you, and you never got a cent." He showed a quarter, said he never had a cent. I asked him when he got it, and he said the man that shook hands with him gave it to him. I knew he told a falsehood. It was twenty-five cents he had kept out of my money. We arrived at our home and started a meeting, but God would not own nor bless, and he abused the people and tore down all that was done.

We were called seven miles to hold a grove meeting. There was a large crowd, but God would not work. I got very sick. I would pray, but it would just appear to me that I was with the wrong man. I told the Lord if it was not his will we should stay together to call him away. In a few days he received a letter from his daughter, stating his wife could not turn herself in bed, and requesting him to come at once. There was a brother took us to an old German's named Casper Fink. I was very bad, and he sent for my wife and children. They found them all sick. They came, and Brother Fink started to the depot some miles away with the preacher. Before they got out of sight I was healed. I prayed for my children and they were healed. I began to have a meeting at the house. Next Sunday wife requested me to baptize her in Saline river. We drove three miles. She had a very high fever and could scarcely stand alone. She came out of the water clear of fever and got along well for a few days. We then moved to Marion, Ky.

Wife took a backset and was very low for nine weeks, seemed to lose all faith. The persecutions were very hard. Charley and I had calls, but could not leave home. We received a very urgent call and I went to get a woman to wash and stay till we filled that call. Charley went with me. I told him his mother had lost faith and I believed she would die, and maybe she wanted a doctor, and I was going to

ask her, and if she did I would get one. He cried and said, "Papa, let me talk to her before you tell her that." We came back to the house. I stood out of the house making arrangements for the lady to wash the next day. I could see them in the house. Wife was sitting on the bedside; Charley was on his knees crying and talking to her. I went out to the barn and prayed God to encourage her and send the child's pleading words to her heart and help her to get where she could trust God. When I went to the house it was dark. I read a chapter and we had prayer. While I was praying my wife fell on her knees by me and said, "Pray for me; I believe God will heal me now." After prayer she arose rejoicing. She looked to be in the worst stage of dropsy. Next morning the swelling was all gone and she was able to do her work.

I then felt the burden of my heart to work for the salvation of souls, so I went around with different denominations for a while, but felt God had some better way. I went to fasting and praying for God to open the way. The Lord gave me a vision, showed me an old meeting-house in Livingston, Ky. This was after five days of fasting and prayer. I had no money and no horse or conveyance. I went to see an old man I used to work for and he let me have a horse to keep to ride. Now all preparation was made to start and I went up town and met a man and asked him about the meeting-house I was aiming to

go to. He said it was converted into a barn. I did not understand that. I fasted and prayed two days and nights and God showed me the house again, and to believe God instead of man, so I went. When I was within ten miles of the place I fell in company with a man and asked him about the meeting-house. He said it was there and they had not had a meeting there for a long time and the people wanted a meeting. He told me of a meeting that was going on at the meeting-house four miles from there. I asked the preacher's name. He said Dick McConnell. I said, "He and I used to drink whisky together; I guess we could preach together." I went there that night. He was glad to see me and wanted me to preach. I would not preach till the next night, then I preached to a large crowd. They had heard I was there and the people knew what I had been and they came there through curiosity. After preaching there was a number came to the altar. We staid with one man till 2 o'clock in the morning and he was converted.

We were invited to a house for breakfast. There was a lady there that had been afflicted for seven years. She had been hurt in a cyclone. I asked her if she could not trust God for healing. She had been taught that healing had passed away. I said, "You get hold of God and see if the God that healed your soul can not heal your body." The Methodist preacher and I went out into the woods for secret

prayer. I said, "I want you to agree with me that God will put it into that woman's heart to be healed, and if she is healed God will stir this country, and we will have one of the most powerful meetings ever held in this country." We went in prayer; I got the witness. We went to the house, she was sitting on the side of the bed. I said, "What do you think?" She fell on her knees and said, "I think the God that can heal my soul can heal my body." I called the Methodist preacher. He knelt on one side of the woman and I on the other. We prayed, and the power of God shook that woman like she had the ague. I said amen. The Methodist preacher hollowed, "Brown, she is healed." The woman jumped up, shouted, and her father and mother, brother and sister-in-law all shouted. She saw a crowd at the yard gate that had stopped to listen. She ran out there. Her old mother threw her arms around me and said, "Second Paul! second Paul!" I said, "No, it was God did it, not I."

That little preacher hugged me and screamed like a drunk man all the way to meeting. There was a crowd at the meeting-house and they commenced shouting—Methodist like—and they did not know what they were rejoicing about. We had not got settled down in meeting till the woman that was healed came walking in, and such crying, shouting, and hollowing! One fellow looked at them, jumped and shouted a while. He ran up to me, grabbed my

hand and said, "I am a Campbellite, but I am going to shout." I said, "All right, shout." Another man ran and took me by the hand, and he was crying and looked comical. He said, "I am going to shout, too." I said all right, then he began to shout. There was an old fellow standing there; he took me by the hand and said, "Shake hands on that." I said, "Is he a Campbellite, too?" He said he didn't know whether he was a Campbellite, or what—he didn't know, but he was the ugliest man God ever made. I fell on my knees and rebuked the devil.

I was called to go in company with the Methodist preacher to pray for a woman that was going on crutches. We arrived at the place. She sat in the corner. We ate dinner and went into the room where she was and sat down by the fire, as it was a cool day. I began to talk to her. The Methodist preacher went to sleep. I had got the old lady's faith to about the highest pitch and I began to talk loud and he woke up and began to talk church to her. I said, "No time for that, this woman needs healing. Let us pray for her." We knelt, and as I said amen she arose and ran back across the room and hugged her old man. I picked her crutches up from behind the blind and asked her if she wanted her crutches. She shouted and jumped and said no. The preacher looked at me and said, "Could she not walk?" I said no, and she and her old man said no. The preacher threw up his hands and shouted halleluiah, and ran right

backwards into the fire. They had not told him she could not walk, and he was not acquainted, as he had just come on that circuit. As we left on our way back to meeting he said, "Brown, you are right. We must preach the whole gospel. My wife cautioned me to not follow you off. I told her I was not following Brown, I was following God, and Brown was preaching the Bible." But the conference soon called him down, and the poor fellow let God go to obey man. There were a number of healings there, and such an interest got up I felt I was not able to do what was to be done. I went off in the woods and told God the responsibility was too great, and asked him to send me a certain man, a preacher, and to start him right then. In two days he was there, and told the time God moved on him to come and he dismissed his meeting and came. It was the hour I prayed. We had some wonderful meetings; the lame walked, the blind saw, the deaf heard, but the devil had got the poor man under deception and he was just in the way. We staid together nearly a year and God separated us and he went down. He once was the most powerful man with God I ever saw, but he got under that man's spirit I told about previously.

After this Charley and I traveled alone. No one believed as we did, and we tried to fellowship everybody that claimed to be saved, but it would not work, for God alone can make fellowship; man can not

make it. We had a shadow of the body of Christ and loved everybody, but did not, nor would not compromise. As fast as God gave the light we walked in it. I went to Carrsville, Ky. and held a meeting. The brother I spoke of met me there. Yancy Rice and I went to town together. We put our horses at a supposed friend's, and after meeting we went there, as we had no place to stay. The man was asleep and we called him and asked him to unlock his stable and let us get our horses. He did. As we were catching our horses I said, "The people don't want meeting here much." He said they had too much meeting. We went a mile and a half out to stay all night. I thought I would not go back, but shake my dust. I prayed that night and God showed me to go **back**. I went, and there were homes opened up. I was called out in the country seven miles to pray for a blind man named J. H. May. His eyes were healed instantly. I went back to the meeting-house and it was crowded with people. I told the people what had happened. There was a man went out there that night to see if it was so. He came back and said he could see, but he did not believe Brown healed him. We had a good meeting; twenty-five souls were converted, and the donation was \$30.00. The man's family who was working with me lived one hundred miles away, and my family lived within twenty miles. The people told me to let the man have the money to send to his family and they would

make me up provisions. I hated to say anything. They kept asking if we ate such and such things. I said, "We can eat corn-bread, bacon, potatoes, hog jaw, turnip greens, or a good fat 'possum, or anything you have to bring." The lady got offended where I staid and said my family had to have as good as that town could afford. As yet I had gotten nothing. I was on my way home, my rent was due, and I asked God to give me money to pay my rent. I was called in to pray for an old lady who had not walked without crutches for seven years. She was healed instantly and walked. They gave me \$6.00, just what I had asked God for not more than twenty minutes before. Praise God for his goodness to the children of men! I always have found him true.

CHAPTER X.

INTO LARGER FIELDS.

At Paducah, Ky.—Miracles of Healing.—Mechanicsburg.—Newspaper Reports.—Called to Metropolis, Ill.—Healings Continue.—Tent Meetings.—Burned by Gasoline Lamp.—Loses Voice.—Rosiclare, Ill.—Afflicted with Itch.—Youngest Boy Very Sick.—God Heals.—Smallpox.—Young Lady Falls Dead in Meeting.—Called to Epidemic District.—Death of Tal Merritt.—Receives Money to Pay Store Bill.—Persecutions.—A Book Agent.—Charley Goes to School and Joins the Methodists, but is Prayed Out.—Family Needs.—Baptist Preacher Wants Miracle Performed.—Rosetta Brown.—Mob Gathers.—Newspaper Libel.

AFTER this man and I had parted I asked God to open up great fields for us, and I was shown by the Lord to go to Paducah, Ky. Charley and I were traveling in a buggy. We started. We just had two coppers. We went through the country where we had had such good meetings, expected to preach Saturday and Sunday and Sunday night and get means to go on our trip and leave our horse and buggy at my cousin's, M. E. Radcliffe's, near Hampton, Ky. But the weather was rainy and the crowd small, and they did not give us a cent. Monday morning came and I had a test of faith, but felt led to start, so my cousin said he would send a boy with us to Smithland, Ky. to bring our horse and buggy back, and he

would keep them for us. We were expecting to stay all night at Smithland and go on boat from there to Paducah. Yancy Rice was there. He opened the gate for us, and as he shook hands with us he gave me \$1.00, saying we might need it. I praised God, for I knew we needed it. When we arrived at the Cumberland river at Smithland the boy took the horse and buggy back and a man took us across the river in a skiff and did not charge us a cent. We staid all night in town with a friend and it did not cost us anything. Then after breakfast the boat landed, we went aboard and the boat pushed out. We asked the fare to Paducah and the clerk said fifty cents. Well, we just had \$1.02, so we arrived in Paducah with two cents.

We put up at the hotel by faith and hired a theater building from the U. B. sect and had our meeting announced in the *Paducah News*. There was a small crowd the first night. I preached, and after preaching announced meeting the next day at 3 o'clock, that I would preach on Divine Healing and pray for those who wanted prayer for healing. I said, "I don't know why God has sent me here; I am here to be used to his glory." A lady named Lizzie V. Williams rose up and said, "Why, God sent you here. I saw a clipping in the *Peducah News* telling about you praying for some woman that had to walk on crutches and she was healed, and I prayed for God to send you here, and he has. I am afflicted

with goiter, my son is deaf, and my husband is paralyzed, and I know God can heal us. I met a man twenty years ago in this faith," she said, "but he has fallen, but God is just the same. I want you to pray for me and my boy right now." We prayed and the boy's ears were opened instantly and her goiter was healed.

Then a woman came and asked me to go to her house and pray for her son. He was very low. When we arrived we found they were Jews. I said, "Do you believe Jesus Christ was the Son of God?" He said, "Oh, I will just believe anything to get well!" I turned to his father and asked him what he thought about Jesus. He said he was a good man, so the boy was not healed, but soon died.

We went next day and prayed for the old man whose brain and body was partially paralyzed, and he was healed. We were called to pray for a number of others. There was a doctor fell in company with us and went with us several places, then invited us to go with him to his daughter's for supper. So we did, and as we went on he went in a grocery-store and introduced us to the proprietor. James Mattison was his name. He was grayheaded, and did not pay much attention to us. We went on and his wife was standing in the yard looking at some flowers. The doctor called her to the yard fence and told her he wanted to introduce her to the divine healers. He said, "I have been with them this afternoon and

saw them heal a number of people." I said, "God healed them." She was almost dead, was just a skeleton, but became interested and promised to come out and hear us preach, which she did. She found out she just belonged to the Baptist sect and had no salvation. Her husband, Mr. Mattison, was an infidel and had paid out several hundred dollars for medicine for her, which failed to do her any good. She had been treated by three specialists of Chicago and the prominent doctors of Paducah, and now was under treatment by a prominent doctor of Louisville, Ky., and he had told them the last remedy was to travel, which they were fixing to do.

She had been an invalid for fourteen years, but she began to pray and got right with God, then came back to the meeting. She took a seat in the meeting, and there was a large crowd. She said to the lady sitting by her, "I am dying; I must go home." She went to get up on her feet and could not. She said she decided she might as well die there as anywhere, so she kept her seat, but after preaching she made out to get to the altar, where about one hundred and twenty-five people went for prayer. After we prayed for her she arose, shouted and started for home. It was all of three-fourths of a mile, and she never waited for a street-car, but went on foot and ran into the store to her husband and said, "Jimmie Mattison, I am healed." He said, "You are?" She said yes. She then threw off her hat and ran to her

neighbor's and told them, ran across the street to another neighbor, and James Mattison told me that he fell on his knees, and looking out of the window at her, he knew that it was God that healed her and conviction struck his heart. When she came in the store he said, "Jennie, how do you feel now?" She said, "I am well; I am going to get supper," something she had not been able to do for years. He said, "Well, I must get ready and go to church." She said she had lived with him thirty years and never heard him say that before. They came to church that night and sat about five benches from the altar. After meeting she came to me crying and asked me to go and talk to her husband, that this was the first time he had been to meeting for thirty years. I said, "Let him alone; God has got hold of him." Pretty soon he came and shook hands with me and left \$1.00 in my hand, and said right low, "God bless, God bless you, Brother Brown! you have done me more good than anybody I ever saw." So he kept coming and would catch a chance and shake hands with me and leave a dollar in my hand every time, and ask God to bless me. In a few days he was wonderfully converted and took an active part in prayer-meetings for two years. As he was well-known in the city God used him to do more good in the two years than the pastors of the forty-six meeting-houses in that city. The last time I saw him he told me good-by and said, "If I never see you on

earth I hope to meet you in heaven.” In two weeks his wife said he was in the garden at work and came running in and said, “I have got to write to Brother Brown,” and began to write, but could not dictate his letter. His wife helped him. He went to bed sick, just lived a few days, died happy, and went to glory to tell what God can do for infidels.

Now, as we told you in the beginning, we commenced with faith and two cents in money. The way was soon opened up where we had a home, a place to eat and sleep, and the Lord just gave enough money to pay the rent on the building, and we had calls all over the city to pray for people. We had to walk. The people that sent for us were poor and could not give us anything.

A little girl asked me to go pray for her mamma, who had not walked for four years and could not use her right hand. We went, found her in bed, and some neighbors were present. They seemed to not have any use for us. She had two girls that worked to pay the house-rent and make the living. We prayed for her and she arose out of bed, clapping her hands above her head, and walked out on the porch shouting. Those women actually looked like they would faint. They had known the condition of the woman for four years. The newspaper reporter followed us, and this old lady signed her testimony with her once paralyzed hand, and those women also gave a statement that it was true.

Now I had left my family in a rented house and arrangements that the rent was to be paid in advance or move. They also were getting provisions at a grocery-store, and were to pay up every month. They wrote me the rent was due and the grocery bill was due and they had no money. I had walked on the pavement till my feet were blistered. It was spring of the year and I had on winter clothes and was broke out with heat, and no money to get clothes or pay house-rent or grocery bill. I fell on my knees before God and asked him why it was I had to suffer and my family be throwed out on the streets, and without food, and he had promised to feed and clothe me and my family. He was answering my prayer to heal, and God showed me I was trying to hold up the other brother, keeping his family, and he ought to care for his own family. He had then been gone seven weeks and God showed me where he was and I wrote to him and told him I could not care for his family any longer. Before the letter left the office there was money handed me. When I went to mail the letter there were some little children at the post-office begging. I divided my little mite with them. As I came from the office a blind man stood on the corner begging. I divided with him, and it was just a few days till my donations amounted to \$15.00 a day.

One day while I preached in the theater building I saw two colored women working their way up the

isle. By the time I closed the sermon they were at the edge of the altar. I said, "If any one wants prayer for healing, come to the altar." They sat down. They just blocked the altar. As the colored people had just a few weeks before made a raid in the city against the whites, the prejudice was very high, so no one else would come to the altar. I talked with them and told them to kneel and we would pray for them. One named Mary McClellan, who lived at Metropolis, Ill., said: "O Lord, massa, I have not knelt in twelve years! what I want you to pray for me, so I could kneel." I said, "All right, you bow your head, and we will kneel and ask God to heal you." Charley and I prayed for them. She began to shout and jumped up, and would kneel first on one knee and then on the other, then both knees, and began to shake hands, and as she came to the lady that was pastor of the U. B. (we had meeting in that building) she took her by the hand, and the white woman turned her head away. But the old colored sister shouted aloud and said, "God bless you, sister; it is not the face God wants, but the heart."

Just then a man hollowed aloud in the back of the building and I looked and he was coming toward me. He grabbed me by the hand and said: "Brother, I am pastor of the Northern Methodist church up in town; come up there and preach, and the house and lights will not cost you anything, and we will feed

you, too." So we went. The paper published our meetings and the healings and it went all over the world, and people came for three hundred miles. One lady that did not walk for eleven years was carried to the altar and walked away. A number of cases too numerous to mention. However, a reporter that attended the meeting said fifty thousand different people attended the meeting, over one thousand and three hundred prayed for, over eight hundred healed, and over fifty conversions, and some of the most wicked infidels, gamblers and drunkards. One day there were over one hundred came to the altar for healing.

One little girl was tongue-tied, her limbs twisted and her face drawn. They said she had been this way from the time she was three years old. We prayed for her and she was healed instantly. It raised quite an excitement.

One man that was paralyzed in the lower limbs for six years, was brought to the altar. He had been to Dowie, and I had prayed for him ten days before and he got no relief. I told him he need not come back till he was willing to throw down his profession and give his heart to God, so he now said he was ready. We prayed and he arose and walked. He was saved and threw away his tobacco. In a few weeks he was hoeing in the garden and said to a man to give him a chew of tobacco to see how it tasted, and as he shut down on it with his teeth he said the paralytic stroke

ran over him and they had to help him to the house. I heard him testify to this.

There was a little boy six years old brought there by a little girl. When I questioned them about his parents they would cry and said his father was a boatman and his mother had to stay with the children. I asked him if he ever saw light. He said no. I said, "If we pray for you, do you believe God will open your eyes?" He said, "Yes, sir." They were now rejoicing over the paralyzed man being healed. I said, "Here is some one's child that is blind. He said he believed God would heal him. I don't know him, some of you people may, he said he lived close—no matter. I believe he is sent here to stall the Lord. I want every blood-washed saint of God that believes God will heal this child for his glory, regardless the opinion of his parents, to come to the altar and pray with me. You that don't believe it, stay out; I don't want any unbelief at the altar." There were a number knelt with us. We began to pray, and the power of God fell. That child shook like a leaf. I got the witness he was healed. I said amen, and raised him to his feet and asked him if he could see light. He said, "Yes, sir." "Can you see the people?" He said he could. A woman held her hand before him and said, "What is that?" He said, "Your hand." They sent him across the altar to get a fan, pointing him to it, and the shout began.

As the shout ceased over him being healed I

heard a child hollowing back in the crowd, and it was the little deformed girl we spoke of a while back. She had her hand over her eyes, and said, "Oh, I see out of my blind eye." She had just discovered it when she saw the blind boy was healed. We soon dismissed this service and this little boy and his play-mate started, and he went a skipping and playing along. They came to a crowd of men and I saw them examining him, and the child ran on down the street. A man started after them. Some one said, "That is that boy's father." The boy came back the next day with a pair of specks on. I said, "What are you doing with those specks on?" He said, "The doctor said I had better wear them to strengthen my eyes." I said, "Pull them off and tell the doctor and the devil to take them; the Lord will strengthen your eyes." He pulled them off. The father and mother never did come or make themselves known to me, but I was told by a Methodist preacher that a party saw an account in the paper, and the address of the parents, and they wrote to them and asked them if it was so, and they wrote and told them it was just as the paper stated.

I feel led to speak of another case of healing that happened in this meeting. There was a nurse who came after me to see a lady that had been under the care of the doctor for three years and had just gone through a severe operation. I went, she talked reasonably. I had prayer with her,

but did not pray for her healing, but asked God to show her it was his will to heal her, and to give her faith to turn man loose and to trust God. She sent after me next day and I went. She said she had rested well all night and had not taken a dose of medicine since I was there. I had asked God to give her a good night's rest as a witness he would heal her, so as she lay there with a lot of pillows between her knees, and had not turned in bed since the operation was performed some days before, she said she had decided not to take another dose of medicine, and made the nurse say she would not give her any, and said if I would pray for her God would heal her. I prayed for her and anointed her in the name of Jesus, and she made a leap and the pillows and pads flew across the house, and she shouted all over the room and said she was healed.

She got along fine for several days, till the reporter visited her and put her testimony in the paper, then the doctor came. She met him rejoicing, but the doctor scolded her and told her to go in quick, that she was killing herself, and he made her lie down and he portioned out a dose of medicine and ordered the nurse to give it. She said, "No, doctor; I told her I would never give her another dose of medicine, and I will not do it." She had been nurse for this doctor for years. He said, "If you do not give it, I will not give you employment any more." She said she did not want employment from him,

and he gave the medicine himself. He borrowed \$500.00 from the woman and told her he would give a note in a few days. He got another nurse and came back in two days and gave another round of medicine. By this time the woman was very low. He told her she was too weak to attend to the business, he would fix it when she got able. The next day she died. Her boys went to him for the note and he said they owed him \$300.00 more. He then published me in the paper and said I killed the woman. The nurse had told me all about this matter, and the night after it came out in the paper I told from the pulpit what he did, and they said he was there, so that was the last public fight he gave me. Now there were many instances I could give in that meeting, but it would make a considerable book; however, I will tell one more case.

A woman was healed and left her crutches. Her man came with an officer after her crutches and said she was worse than ever. They lived up the Tennessee river. A short time after, probably three months, Charley and I held a meeting in that country. As we left we came to the Tennessee river to cross. The wind was high and it was raining, and we went into a store boat to wait for the wind to lay. There was the woman and her man. She was well and walked all right. They looked bad, I never let on I knew them. We took dinner with them. After dinner I said, "Well, sister, how do you get

along since you were healed.” She said all right, and the man put in and said she had been worse than ever. She just hung her head. He said you can not guess what healed her. He said a tramp gave him a remedy and it just cured her. It was polk root berries and whisky. She left the room. The neighbors said she never had anything wrong with her since she was healed. He just told what he did to get the crutches.

Now, as I have told you, there were thousands of people attended these meetings, and hundreds were being healed; the blind made to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk and the dumb to speak, and the donation was \$15.00 a day. We would preach at 10 o’clock in the forenoon, at 3 o’clock in the afternoon and have healing services, then at 7:30 in the evening and have altar services. After altar services we would begin to pray for the afflicted and would be called out doors to pray for people out in the buggies that could not get in for the crowd. At 12 o’clock at night we would slip off and go to our room and rest and sleep some, and pray for God to keep self out of the way and keep us humble. We would not let any one in our room till 9 o’clock in the morning, and when we opened the door there was generally some one waiting for us to pray for them.

Now we will give a copy of the report we got out of the *Paducah News*, similar to what was in the paper every day, as a reporter attended every meeting and kept an account of the meeting.



W. M. BROWN AND SON CHARLES.

“PRAYERS GO UP FROM PALE LIPS.

“Like Ponce de Leon, Many Seek the Fount of
Health and Strength.

“SCENES AMONG DIVINE HEALERS.

“One Long Procession of Pain and Affliction Now Passes
Into Mechanicsburg.—Browns’ Cures
Seem as Miracles.”

“From many neighboring towns are coming cripples, invalids and blind persons to join the afflicted ones who daily flock to the meetings conducted by the divine healers, Rev. Willis M. Brown and his thirteen-year-old son, Charles E. Brown, of Marion, Ky., at the northern M. E. church, in Mechanicsburg.

“Huge crowds heard and saw the healers yesterday afternoon and last night. Time and again did the father declare that he and his son claimed no supernatural powers, but that the Almighty, using them as his instruments through faith, could cure the halt and lame and suffering. Then the boy would pray and recite passages from the book of St. James and anoint the victims of bodily misfortune, who crowded thick and fast about the altar.

“The scene last night was a strange weird one. The flickering kerosene lamps cast a pale yellowish glow over the walls of the plain little structure and lighted up row after row of half-frightened, half-mystified faces. Pleas, supplications and snatches of Scriptural quotations arose from all parts of the church. Beside the pulpit stood the boy preacher, his features warmed and brightened by religious fervor. Around him were old men, pale young women, sightless children, and tottering cripples, all hoping and fearing for the magic touch, which they prayed might make them whole. The father, worn out by the long sermon, stood alongside the little lad. No one scoffed. No one laughed. The solemnity of the scene laid hold on every heart in that assemblage and locked every mouth to words of levity.”

“STILL THE MEETINGS GO ON.

“THE DIVINE HEALERS.”

“Tuesday’s *Paducah News* devotes a half column to Rev. Willis Brown and son, the divine healers, and we clip the following from the article:

“ ‘It is no exaggeration to say that 50,000 or more heard the Browns during their stay in the city. The bulk of these were citizens of Paducah and McCracken Counties, but great numbers afflicted by

disease or accident came from all parts of west Kentucky, west Tennessee, southern Illinois, and from points more remote. The strangers were drawn by the publicity given the seemingly marvelous cures that the Browns effected. Of those anointed by the faith curists, nine-tenths declared themselves entirely or partially benefited by the strange methods of salvation for the suffering cripples, and those who had hobbled on helpless limbs for a decade arose and walked. Children who had been blind from birth cried out they saw a glimmer of light before their sightless eyeballs. Old men and women shook off the fetters of rheumatism and walked away, praising the name of the Almighty. Marvelous scenes and doings were these; but they are substantiated by dozens of disinterested eye-witnesses.

“ ‘Figures show that over 1,000 asked for prayers, above 800 freely declared themselves benefited, and half as many more left their crutches as a legacy of thanksgiving to the man and the lad whom they now swear saved them from years of misery and discomfort.’ ”

Now there was a man came from Metropolis, Ill. and had a petition signed by a number of people, who said they were afflicted and requested me to go there and hold a meeting and pray for them. I said I could not go and leave the meeting. He went back, and in a few days he came again. There were a great many there at the meeting and a brother that

we prayed for. After meeting was dismissed they called me out doors to pray for some parties that were out in buggies that could not get in the house on account of the crowd. This man followed me, and a great many handed me money, as I have told you the donation amounted to \$15.00 a day. He called me to one side and asked me if I could go. He said they still wanted me. I said, "You see the interest here, and people coming for hundreds of miles." He said, "Yes, I see you have a nice thing of it here, and are getting a good deal of money. I have no religion, do not profess any, but I understand that God calls preachers to preach to the poor as well as the rich. Now these people down at our town are poor and have not got money to come here, and are not able to pay you anything. I can not promise you anything but your expenses. I will pay them."

I said, "I will go," so I dismissed the meeting and went. There was where I believe I made a mistake, for if I had kept on I believe there would have been a work established and God would have given me means to have paid every debt I owed, but I was afraid I would get my eyes on money and lose sight of Jesus. There was a man took my boy and me and a bundle of crutches to a boat, and as the boat would not leave for an hour he said to go to his house and get dinner and he and his wife would go with us to Metropolis, Ill. So we drove up the street and a man ran out of the house and called for me to come in.

The man said we did not have time. He said, "Yes he has time; my child is dying." We ran into the house and the child was lying on Mother Walton's lap. She was the child's grandma, also the matron of the Home of the Friendless at Paducah. It was taking its last breath and she said it was gone. I said, "I am impressed if you will all fall upon your knees before God and give him your heart he will raise this child up. The father and uncle of the child were not saved, the grandmother and mother were, or at least I thought they were saved. We prayed for God to raise the child and prove his power. I got the witness and said amen. The grandma said, "O Brother Brown, he is looking in my face and laughing." She raised it up and it ate hearty. It had not eaten anything for some days. We went and ate our dinner, and as we came back the man came out of the house, and the man that was with me said, "How is your child?" He said, "He is dead. It is not your fault, Brother Brown, or God's fault. It is my fault; I broke my covenant with God. The devil made me think it would have lived anyway without me giving my heart to God, and I decided not to be a Christian, and the child laid down and was dead in a little bit." The child was buried that afternoon, and he was saved that night. After that I held meetings in that city and heard him tell to thousands of people at different times that God took the child for his salvation; that if he had kept his

covenant he made with God when God brought the child to life he would have let the child live.

Well, we went on to Metropolis, Ill. and preached in the court-house to a crowded house, and there were about one hundred or more came up for prayer for healing. There were almost all kinds of cripples and diseases that the human family was subject to. All the space inside of the railing around the judge's stand was full, and I instructed them that as I rebuked the defect, whatever it was, to arise in the name of Jesus and walk out. I said, "If you are blind, expect to see; if lame, expect to walk; if deaf, expect to hear; matters not what the ailment is, believe God heals when we pray and just rise with perfect faith in God." I prayed for five and they rose and walked out. The people were laughing all over the house. I was impressed that there was not much if anything the matter with those. I came to a woman, and as I rebuked her defects and anointed her she arose, clapping her hands above her head. The scene changed, the people began to cry and shout and hollow all over the house, and when I came to find out, she had been paralyzed in one side for two years, and had not been able to dress herself. She belonged to the Baptist sect and had signed a petition for me to come there, and the Baptist preachers had gone and talked to her about it and asked her if she thought that man could heal her. She said no; but she believed he was a man of God, and that if she

touched his clothes God would heal her. He said, "Do you believe that?" She said, "Do you believe the sun will rise in the morning?" He said yes. She said she believed just the same way if that man prayed for her God would heal her. They were watching her and saw her throw up her paralyzed hand, and God moved on the whole congregation. Her name is Mrs. Nannie Roby. She is keeping hotel now in Metropolis, Ill., so I am informed by those that know her.

There was a yellow woman prayed for, who was drawn crooked and carried to the altar on a chair, When we prayed she jumped up and shouted and would kneel and rise and jump. Soon she ran to me and fell on her knees by me and said to pray for her again, that she had not knelt or walked for eighteen years and she was afraid it would come back on her. I prayed for her and she arose and shouted. I went on praying for others. She came to me a number of times during the prayer services and had me to pray for her so she would keep her healing. Well, a number were healed, and the city was stirred. The next day they flocked to us all day. While at supper there were a number of people came to be prayed for. The streets were full of people and some preachers. There was a man brought into the room while I was eating supper who wanted me to pray for him at once. I got up from the table and went into the room where he was. He seemed to be startled

and would not talk to me, but just looked with a frightful gaze at me. I prayed for him. I had terrible feelings and he just fell as though he was dead, and no one knew what was the matter. They carried him out on the porch. He looked to be dead and I went and laid hands on him and said in secret, "O God, raise this man up and take him away from here; don't let him die here and bring reproach upon the cause." He was a cripple. He rose, running, hopping and falling toward his buggy. Those that brought him put him in the buggy and started away. They drove about thirty yards and he fainted. They stopped and I went to the buggy and prayed again. He came to and motioned for them to drive on. Later he sent me word if he could see me now he could be healed, that he thought I was a man he had said he would kill if he ever saw him again, and he said when I first went to praying for him he was trying to get his knife to cut my throat, and God struck him down.

I left there, the people begging me to stay, and people coming for miles. I had promised to go to a Methodist camp-meeting, and did, and have felt I made a mistake in leaving Paducah and Metropolis; for when I went back, the devil, the doctors, and sect preachers, had the people turned against what little truth I did know to teach, and I never had such interest any more.

The Methodist meeting was attended by scores of

people. W. W. Hopper, a Methodist preacher from Meridian, Miss., was there. He met me and wanted to hear me preach. He wanted to learn something about healing. I said, "Open the way, and I will preach." He went and saw J. J. Smith, the preacher in charge of the meeting. He said he would turn the pulpit over to him, and he could do as he pleased, so Hopper said I could preach. We were at his room talking when it came time for meeting. He said for me to start the meeting, he would be there soon. So I went and asked Brother Smith to go ahead with the praise meeting, Hopper would soon be there. He said, "It is yours and Hopper's meeting, I have nothing to do with it." I was young in the cause then and I thought that would ruin the services if Smith did not commence it, so I begged him and told him the people would not know what to think if he sat back and I got up to lead the meeting, as he always did lead. He said, "You and Hopper go ahead."

I began the testimony meeting, Hopper came and I asked him if he had anything to say. He said he just wanted to say a few words before or after I preached. I said, "You talk first." He could see how I was treated. He said, "You all know Brother Brown. I learn he has lived in this country for some time, been a drunkard and a wreck. God has picked him up and recognized him and is using him, can you recognize him?" He said a good deal, then

sat down. I got up and took the text, "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" Isa. 53:1. I preached two hours or longer, and said, "All that want to be converted take the seat on the left; all that want to be sanctified take the seat on the right; all that want to be healed take the seat in front." Quite a number came to the altar. I said, "You that know you are converted talk to these that want salvation. You that know you are sanctified talk to these at this bench that want to be sanctified, and the Lord and I will take the other bench." I meant the one where they wanted to be healed. There was a man named J. R. Martin at the bench, who said he was deaf in one ear and had the other ear injured eighteen years ago, and could hardly hear loud talking. I prayed for him, he arose shouting, said he could hear the babies cry and could hear as good as ever in life. He was seventy-six years old and said he had been a Methodist for sixty years.

There was a child brought to the altar with a weak back. A brace was buckled on its back. It had a head rest strapped around the head to hold the head up. I told them to take the brace off of it and pile it up on a bench. I told the father and mother to get down before God. I asked the child if it believed when I prayed God would heal it. It said yes it did. I said, "When I say amen will you jump down and run?" It said, "Yes, sir." I prayed, and when I

said amen the child jumped off the bench and ran through the crowd. The people ran back like a mad dog had been turned loose. The father and mother said it had not walked since it was three years old, and I think it was seven at this time.

Hopper jumped high and hollowed loud and said, "You see how God works when his full gospel is preached." He asked me if I had any oil. I told him I did, and he asked for some and said, "I am going to preach this in spite of sects, conferences, men on earth, or devils in hell." I handed him a bottle of oil in the presence of two or three thousand people. Some months later he was at the town where I lived. The Methodists would not let him preach in the house, and the people that wanted him got the opera building. He had a good meeting and a number were healed. He was back a year later, had given up the faith, they let him have the Methodist house, he preached three weeks and did no good, and never had many in attendance. Conference had drawn down on him and he gave up God and his Word before he would give up his conference and sect. He was sick and taking medicine the last time he was there, and the Methodists liked him then, and he could have the house. Well, I do know God gave the people light in that camp-meeting, preachers and all, and they did not walk in it, and they went into darkness. There were a number of other things happened there in that meeting I could tell, but I feel this is enough.

Now Charley started to school. I went to holding tent meetings. I set up my tent at a place, though there were but two or three in favor of the meeting. The first night I went to light the gasoline lamp. It was dark and I turned on too much gas and when I struck the match the fire ran all over my hands and went down in the straw and blazed three feet above the lamp. I succeeded in putting it out, but my hands were burned very bad. The flesh on the inside of one hand was cooked. I got the lamps lit and was suffering terribly. I went out in the woods and got down to pray, but kept watching the tent, for they had said they would cut it down. I saw the people coming in. I started to the tent, but I was in such pain it seemed my jaws would lock. I just went on my face and trusted tent and self over to God and asked God to heal me as a witness he wanted me there. I was healed instantly of the pain. My hands were a clear blister only where the flesh was cooked. I preached, and as I would slap my hands the blisters would burst and the water fly out of them. I went home with a sinner that night and he told me he saw me get burned. He said he thought the tent would burn up, as the straw was a foot deep all over the tent. He said while he watched me he could not see how I put it out. He was a stock dealer and told it all over the country and it advertised the meeting for miles. We had a wonderful meeting.

Charley took sick, as he did every time he started to school. He was very bad, lost his mind. The people were talking about me, said I had preached him to death, and now would not have a doctor. While he was at his right mind he did not want a doctor, and after he did not know anything I would not have one. I was preaching at a place six miles from my home. I then lived at Marion, Ky. I lost my voice while eating breakfast. The people were Baptists and offered me remedies. I went out in the field and prayed and felt led to go home. I had just closed the meeting there and was to begin a meeting three miles from there that night, but I got my colts, hitched them to the buggy and started home. As I went the devil said, "Now you had better take some quinine or eat a lemon or something, or you can not preach to-night." I said, "O Lord, you can make me speak now if you want to. If you never let me speak while I live I will never take a remedy, I will die in the faith." The impression quit coming for remedies. Then I began to examine myself.

By the time I got home I saw I was clear before God and I could whisper. I told wife to fix me some water to bathe my feet and I would lie down and rest. I put my colts up and sat by the fire while wife got the water. I thought I would wash my feet, then pray, and go to bed. The thought came, If I bathe my feet before I pray, then do speak, I will not know whether the foot-washing or prayer did the

work. Charley sat by my side. I gave him to understand we were going to pray. By wife's help he knelt in prayer. In less time than I can tell it I was praying till you could hear me a block away. I felt God would heal Charley right then. As I laid my hands on him I asked God to clear his mind and let me know what he wanted him to do, and heal him and put him in the pulpit with me again. He arose in his right mind. I never went to bed, but I went to my appointment.

The news had got out I had lost my voice, and the house was crowded as they all desired to see the result, and I was a mystery to the people now. A woman said I preached louder and jumped higher that night than she ever saw me. We had a good meeting. I closed that meeting and went home.

Charley was up, but very weak. He said, "Papa, God has showed me I must give up my education and go and preach." I said, "All right, you can go with me to-morrow." I was going to begin a meeting eighteen miles away at Tolu, Ky. The next morning it was windy and cold in November. I told him it would be tempting God to go out in that cold the shape he was in. He came near crying and said, "Papa, I want to go; I promised God I would go." I went up in town and when I came back it was clear and the sun was shining bright. I told him to get ready and he could go. He said he was ready. We started in the buggy, but had not gone more than

two miles when a cloud covered the sun and the wind blew cold. The devil said, "Now you have killed him." I got very cold. I rebuked the devil and told the Lord he could keep him through a cyclone, and we reached the town and the house where we expected to stay. Charley went to get out of the buggy and he was so numb and weak he fell and could not get up. He crawled up on the stile, and some man near by said there was no one at home, and would not be that night. He crawled back to the buggy. I could not turn the colts loose to help him, for they were not broke. I reached out and pulled him in the buggy. It was easy done, as he was poor and small. We went to another place and staid. Charley had to pull himself on the rostrum. He preached. He gained a pound a day for ten days and had good health as long as he kept decided to stay out of the sect and preach. Well, we had victory and trials right along.

I was holding meeting, and a blind woman came to be prayed for. She said she would be healed the seventh time I prayed for her. I prayed for her every day twice a day till the sixth prayer, when she jerked like a leaf in the wind, and it seemed she was choking. I was sure she was healed. I said amen. She jumped up, threw up her hands and ran backwards and sat down again. I said, "It is done." It seemed the Spirit left, I did not know what to say. I finally said, "Sister, there is something wrong; you

pray God to show you." Several agreed to pray that night for God to show her condition. The next day a simple-minded woman went and asked her if the Lord showed her. She said he did, but she did not know what it was. She said there was just a small veil between her and God. The woman said, "Yes, your tobacco." She acknowledged it was, but would not give it up and did not come back. I saw her after that at a Methodist camp-meeting where God did some wonderful healings, and she presented herself for healing. I asked her if she would give up her tobacco. She said no. I would not pray for her, and she went into darkness, claiming to be saved and sanctified. There are many cases like this I have met. Before they would turn loose an idol they would miss their healing and get mad at me because I would not pray for them. I have witnessed the healing of a number of blind people, but they always got humble and willing to obey God.

Now we had held aloof from sectism, never joined any sect, but as we could not find any one like we were, and we would have grand meetings, and all we could tell them, the Lord would take care of them. We were holding a tent meeting at Paducah, Ky., and I had not seen my wife and two little boys for three months. There was a railroad conductor came in the meeting and requested that whoever preached, to preach from "Jesus Wept." John 11: 35. The people sat and wept. Just as Charley closed



FAMILY GROUP.

the sermon the man ran and grabbed Charley in his arms and cried out for salvation and claimed to get saved. He learned that I had not seen my family for three months and he gave me money to send for them, said his home was open for us.

They had just been there a little while when I was sitting in the room where my wife was. I was reading and I felt an impression to go to Rosiclare, Ill. I said, "I feel impressed to go to Rosiclare." Wife said, "If you think you ought to go, I would go." Pretty soon the same impression came stronger. I said again, "I feel I ought to go to Rosiclare." She repeated, "If you think you ought to go, go." The man came through the room. I said, "Brother Ritter, how much money have you got?" He said fifteen cents. I told him I wanted to go to Rosiclare. He told me that was all he had and I could have it. I said no, and I told Charley to run down to the grocery-store and telephone to the wharf and see if the packet was there. Just then I heard the boat whistle. I said, "Never mind, there it is." I grabbed my Bible grip and hat and kissed my wife good-by and started. The street-car was just ready to leave in front of the door. I got on the car, just had one nickel and put it in the slot to pay my fare to the wharf. Wife asked me when I would be back, then said, "But you don't know whether you will go or not." I said, "I will go, for God said go." The car stopped at Market Yard within two blocks of the

wharf-boat. I was running down Broadway to get to the boat, when I met Captain Joe Fowler in front of the boat office. He was president of the Cairo and Evansville boat company, and knew me. He said, "Where are you going, Parson?" I said, "To Rosiclare by faith." He said, "Come in." When I went in he asked me when I was coming back, and I told him, "Day after to-morrow." He gave me a pass on the boat to Rosiclare and back.

When I reached the town I was going up the street and saw Brother Needham. He began to rejoice. I said, "I am here, I do not know what for, God led me here." He said, "I know: there is a sick woman, and we have been praying for God to send you here. She said if you would come and pray for her she would be healed." He said, "Let us go up there." I said, "No, wait till she hears I am here, and let her send for me." I went to Mr. Henry Downey's, where Brother Needham was stopping. Brother Needham at that time was a Methodist preacher, and was holding a meeting there. We went to meeting, and that night I preached. We had a good meeting and the next morning he and I took our Bibles and went to the woods and began the subject of baptism and sectism. The result was he came out of the sect, and Brother Heddin, a man who worked with him, and they now are ordained and preaching in this one body.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon we went to meeting,

and while I was preaching a woman began to shout and a pug-dog began to try to tear her to pieces. As she would pass me I would kick the dog, and preach. She kept up the shout for some time. I presented the altar, and a number came to the altar. We had a glorious meeting. After we dismissed they called me to go pray for this sick woman, said she got saved just as the boat landed that I came on. When I went in the house she was lying on the bed. She said, "God bless you, Brother Brown. I saw in the paper where you prayed for a woman and she was healed, and I have been praying in my sins for a year for God to send you here, and I got salvation yesterday, and he has sent you, and I know I will be healed." She had been sick for several years and confined to bed and room for a year. We prayed for her after instructing her. As we arose from prayer I sang a verse and she was looking right into my face. I saw her lip jerk a little, and I said, "Sister, it is done, God has healed you; rise in the name of Jesus Christ." She jumped out of bed shouting. The old sectarians and sinners began to fall down and call on God for salvation. Several got saved. Her husband was an infidel and was away from home.

I left that night after meeting. She went to meeting and testified loud and strong. There came a storm in time of meeting. The house was condemned and the people began to go out. I said, "You might

as well stay; you can not hide from God." A few days later her husband came home. He was in a skiff. When he landed there were some parties said, "Bill, your wife is well." He said, "I guess not." They said, "Yes, Brown, has been here and healed her." He told me afterwards that he had just got out of the skiff and he said he just sat down on the bow of the skiff and could not move nor speak for a minute. He said to them, "Is that so?" They said, "Yes, she went to meeting, and has been all over the town." He said he went to the house and she came running to meet him, and said, "I am healed." He said he was dumb-founded, but he just shoved her away and cursed and said, "You could got up long ago." He said he knew it was not so, but did not want to give up, but he told me he knew she was healed. He had known me when I was an infidel and a drunkard.

I found out she had a daughter in Paducah, where I was preaching. I wrote her a card, and she came to our meeting and got saved. After this I was at Rosiclare and a woman sent for me to come and pray for her. I went in and she was in bed. I asked her what was the matter. "Oh," she said, "Willis, I am sin-sick." She had known me all my life. She said, "I have belonged to the church for thirty years, but that night Angie Kilgor was healed and the storm came and you said we could not hide from God it convicted me, and I have been praying ever since

that God would send you here, and I heard you preach the other night. and I have not eaten anything since. I want salvation like you have." We prayed with her and God saved her.

Now we knew no paper but the *Gospel Trumpet* that taught as we believed, and we had been prejudiced against it soon after we were saved on account of one, J. P. Merrill, being published through it. He had made us believe that he had not been dealt with right and it was done just because they were not liking him because of him having more power than any of them. So after we found out he was crooked, we then read the *Trumpet* a while, and Charley corresponded with Brother Byrum. Brother and Sister Dodge passed through the city of Paducah where we were preaching and each preached a sermon in our meeting. We liked them, but it seemed they were so dry, because we had been with sectism and thought if a fellow did not make a heap of fuss he was not saved. We decided to see what they taught.

We wrote Brother Byrum and told him to send us a man that could set forth the church, and one came from Michigan. I will not say anything he did, but we thought he was not saved, and the poor fellow has proven since he was not saved. This discouraged Charley, and he said there was no one like us, and we began then to try to set forth the church, but did not see how we could without having their names to know who belonged, so in trying to keep a record of

their names we soon found out we had a sect. One place they called it "Brown's Holy Baptist Church." I saw that would not do. Charley began to read the newspapers, posted himself about the Spanish war, next he got slack in preaching. He then took sick and we were in Portageville, Mo., where we sometime before had as high as one hundred professions in one meeting; once preached to a crowd of people supposed to be three thousand, and baptized thirty-five in Little river.

Now Charley had no faith. We had our tent in town and had meeting morning, afternoon and night, and no one to preach but me. Charley was a little distance from the tent at a man's house. He would send for me to come and pray for him. I would go and pray for him; he would get better and I would go back to meeting, then he would send for me again. I would be preaching and send my wife. He would say, "Go back and get papa; he has more faith than you have." I would go; he would get relief, but he finally lost his mind. The world was persecuting and threatening me, and it meant something there, for they tied three men up to a tree and wore several buggy whips out on them, and shot a man down within one hundred yards of the tent when I was preaching. So you see they did not talk just to scare, but they would do. I would not call a doctor; they all knew my faith. I had prayed for people there that the doctor had given up to die, and they were

healed and got right out of bed. So I went down in a slough a little distance from the tent and prayed. I told God Charley had lost his faith now, and his mind too, to raise him up and keep the reproach off of the cause.

I got the witness and started back to the tabernacle. I saw him coming to the tent. He was healed, but was very weak and poor, as he had been sick with a high fever for several days. He wanted to go out in the country a mile to a friend's to stay a while till he got stout. He went, and in three days he came back nearly rotten. He could not use his hands nor scarcely sit down. He asked me to pray for him. I did, and felt he was healed. I said, "Bless God! Charley, it is done." He looked up into my face as blank and said, "Papa, I hope it is." I saw he had no faith, and I just dropped my faith. In a few days he and I were out in the woods. I proposed to him that we would just take hold of God and hold on till he was healed. He said, "Papa, it is the itch and the doctor said it was a bug and something would have to be put on to kill the bug." I said, "Charley, the devil made the bug, God can kill it." It did not increase his faith, he would just cry, and I could not encourage him any way. He had to have his little brother to sleep with him to scratch for him, to dress him and feed him, and he got it, and all of us got it. Charley gave up and used remedies. I had an uncle that was a physician and he wanted to

go to his house and be treated. I let him go. When he got to uncle's and told his business, uncle said, "My son, I would rather get down and pray for you than treat you." He said, "It will ruin your faith." Charley cried and told him papa had more faith than anybody and he prayed for him and he was not healed, and he could not stand it any longer, so he treated him.

I dismissed my meeting at Hayward, Mo. on Sunday night. My youngest boy was lying on the rostrum with a high fever when I was preaching the last night of the meeting, and wife, children and myself all had the itch. There was a crowd of toughs there that had run a Methodist preacher off just before I went. A sinner had sent teams after me to move my tent there to hold a meeting. They told me there were twenty-two boys that tore up meetings, and ran preachers off just as they got there. It rained for about thirty minutes and the cotton-pickers were all in town. When we drove on the ground where we aimed to set the tent there was a big fellow began to turn one of the wagons over, others hollowing, "Turn it over." I just walked by as though I did not notice what they were doing. I said, "Boys, where is the best place to set the tent?" They began to give their opinion, and we agreed where we would set it. There were some logs in the way. They helped me move the logs out of the way, then they helped me put up the tent. Just as they

got the side curtains put up there was a big fellow began to shout. He did not know I was in the tent. He ran back on me. I said, "Praise God! you are a good shouter for the devil, I hope I will see you shout for the Lord before I leave here." He ran out of the tent for a while and then came back and said, "Brother Brown, you must excuse me; I did not know you were in there." I said all right, the Lord knew I was in there. The next night he and others were at the altar. Four of them got saved before the meeting closed, and the last day the other eighteen got drunk on hard cider furnished them by a brother of the Baptist church. This was Sunday. That night they were fussing and quarreling around the tent, and I was preaching till they attracted the attention of the people, and I quit preaching and began to sing. They crowded around the tent. They thought meeting was closing and we would have an altar service. I began telling them my experience, gave an exhortation, and they began to weep. Some of them looked very sad. I said, "Boys, don't you want me to pray for you before I leave?" I got on my knees and said, "Come kneel down here and let me pray with you." They just came falling around me crying, and I said, "Now, boys, it is salvation or hell. Now I know you are drunk, but God can kill the effects of hard cider. Get hold of God while I pray," and as I prayed they cried aloud. I told them after the prayer that I was going to leave, and that I wanted

to shake hands with all of the professors first, and then the sinners, and all that felt I was a man of God and wanted to help me pay my expenses to give what they felt like donating. After the professors got through shaking hands they had given me \$5.00. Then those drunk fellows came crying and gave me \$20.00.

Next morning my little boy was very sick. I went to Portageville, a neighboring town, to see about shipping my tent, and when I got back the boy was speechless and could not swallow a drop of water. I asked my wife what she wanted to do. I told her it was her boy as well as mine. "You know my faith," she said. "I do not want to do anything, but I want you to pray the prayer of faith, if you can. I can not give him up." I prayed, but could not pray the prayer of faith. A man called for me at the gate. I went out and he asked me how the boy was. I said, "No better, I believe he will die." He was a sinner, but belonged to the Baptist sect, and said he did not believe he would die, God would not treat me that way. He said, "I will go in and see him." He came out and said, "Why, he is sweating; he won't die." I said, "He sweats every time I pray for him." "Well," he said, "I will go get Charley and Anderson if you want me to." Charley was on the road that we expected to go the next day, and Anderson was at his house seven miles away. I said no, he could not talk to them, and

it would be no satisfaction to them to see him in that condition: just as well see him dead. He could not speak to them if they were there. He left, and the people crowded in and looked at the boy. Everybody nearly that lived in the town saw him that evening, and that night at 10 o'clock there was a large crowd. It seemed to bother him. I told them that we had left the child in the hands of God and that we could do nothing for him only just watch him, and so much noise seemed to bother him. If they would please leave the room wife and I would stay with him alone, and they left, some of them insulted.

I began to pray after they went out and the child went to sleep and at 2 o'clock he woke up, looked at me and threw out his hand at me and said, "Papa, give me a drink of water." He drank a cup of water and said, "Papa, God has touched my body." He was five years old and was my baby boy. He talked with me till daylight. I did not feel like sleep. I told God in my prayer if he was done with me there to make my boy able to eat his breakfast, and let the sun shine to dry my tent, and furnish me teams to haul my tent, and I would move for his glory. I could hardly keep him in bed. My wife got up and I told him I wanted to sleep a little while. I did not want to let him out till the sun drove the damp away. He would call his mamma and tell her God had touched his body and he wanted

to get up and put on his new pants. The man we staid with was a storekeeper and he had given him a pair of pants. My wife came in to stay with him while I ate breakfast. He kept calling me, telling me God had touched his body and he wanted to get up. I told them when I was sitting at the table God had told me I had not done my duty there. I had not been having prayer with them. They were all out at their work early in the morning and late at night and they were all unsaved but the old woman. The man would go to the store as soon as he would get up, only be at the house for meals. I said, "Let us pray." The man knelt with us. When we got up the boy was hollowing, "God has touched my body, I want to get up." The man said with tears in his eyes, "It is no use for any one to tell me God won't heal, for when I came out of that room last night I never expected to see that child alive again." He thought a great deal of the boy and had him with him most of the time till he was taken sick. I said, "You ought to go in and see him now." He said he had been in. He said, "I never slept last night till he was healed. I heard you pray and I heard the boy call you at 2 o'clock. I woke my wife and told her Georgie was healed." This man's name is Alfred Newton, of Hayward, Mo.

The sun was shining bright and the boy got up and ate his breakfast. At 2 o'clock I had my tent loaded and traveling on a thirty-mile trip. We

stopped and staid all night. The devil put a high fever on the boy. I prayed all night and just before day the fever left him. I started at daylight and at 10 o'clock the boy had a high fever. It seemed he would go into spasms. That was what the devil tried me on, as he had had fits before. It was very hot weather and sandy land, no shade or timber along the road. We passed through a town and I stopped at a number of business houses to get water for my boy. They would not give me any, said there was a pump up the street at the shop. I went and got a cup of water. By the time I got to the wagon the water was warm. It seemed the child would die. The devil pictured it out to me how it would look for a child to die in the wagon on the road, and I thought about stopping there, but only had \$25.00 and knew it would not last long at a hotel with all my family, so I went on. The boy was healed instantly and raised up and sat up just after I prayed for him about 4 o'clock that evening and went to eating. There were two sinners with me hauling our tent. They said God healed him. We held a meeting within ten miles of the town where they would not give me water for my sick child and inside of ten days from the time they refused the water that whole string of houses burned up. God confirmed the Word, If they don't receive you shake the dust off as a testimony against them, and it shall be more tolerable for the city of Sodom in the day of judgment than for that people.

Well, Charley was now under treatment at the doctor's, wife and little boys and I had the itch. Wife's faith was shook because Charley had let down, and I had to stand alone with Jesus for myself and family. I learned a grand lesson. When I would itch I would pray till it quit, then I would not think of it any more till I would itch again, then I would pray again. It was just broke out under my clothes. Charley got healed and came back to us, and in a few days he discovered he had the itch still. By this time we had gone to the town where my uncle that was the doctor lived, and Charley read his books and found red precipitate was prescribed for the itch, so he secured some and greased himself. He and I went to another town six miles away, left my wife and two little boys there at my uncle's. Charley took cold and his mouth got sore and his tongue swelled till it filled his mouth. You could see the print of every tooth on his tongue. He was salivated from the red precipitate. I preached in the Methodist house. Charley would sit on the platform behind the pulpit, the slobbers dripping from his mouth to the floor. I preached on Divine Healing. The people and the devil would say, "He don't heal his boy." The devil would say you had better let up on healing till you all get well of the itch. I would say it is God's Word. The promise is to them that believe, I will trust him though he slay me. Finally we came to

Kentucky within twenty miles of Marion, a town where we lived, and held a meeting, expecting to close there, then go home. I had then been away from home eight months and my wife and children had been with me five months.

Charley had insisted on me using a remedy for the itch. I told him no, I would trust God. It had not yet broke out on my hands, but just under my clothes. He said when it broke out on my hands I would use something. So one morning I got up and there were sores between my fingers. He looked at me and said, "Papa, you are bringing reproach upon the cause of Christ. I would use something, and get that cured up." I said, "Never mind, son, God and I will attend to that to-night." When I went to the bedroom instead of going to bed I went to God in prayer. When I came out of there the next morning there was not a sore on me. When I went to meeting there was a large crowd. Charley was there. He and I did not stay together. I knelt down in the pulpit in secret prayer while they were singing. I heard Charley come up in the pulpit and sit down on the bench. When I rose up and sat down on the bench I turned the back of my hand down where he could not see it just to see what he would do. He took hold of my hand and turned it over and said, "O papa, where are those sores?" I said, "Praise God! they are gone off my hands, and off my back; I am healed." He said, "O papa,

I wish I had such faith." I do not believe that Charley ever would have trusted God for healing any more if I had not gained the victory, but realize God permitted me to go through that test to convince him God's Word was true.

There was a political speech in our town a day or so before we aimed to go home and a colored man was there with smallpox and exposed the whole town and country, as there were many there; so the town was quarantined. I then took my family with me to Casper Fink's, Saline Mills, Ill., where I have preached every Christmas since I was saved. I held meetings around there till Christmas. The quarantine was then raised off of the town at home, then Grandpa Fink started home with my family and me twenty miles distant. We came to Cave in Rock, Ill., where we crossed the river. It was just night, but they had smallpox there in that town. We stopped at a place out three miles to stay all night. I called at the gate and inquired for the man of the house. They called me in and showed me his room. I shook hands with the old man and his wife. He said for me to take a chair. I told him I wanted to stay all night, that I had a wagon-load with me. He said, "It is a poor chance here; we have the smallpox. I am just getting up and wife just breaking out." I talked a while and came out. They asked me if they would keep us. I said no. We had been refused at another place,

as the old folks were gone from home. Grandpa Fink was a German and said, "Vat's the matter now?" I said, "Nothing much, they have just got the smallpox." Charley said, "O papa!" The German said to the team, "Get up!" My wife, niece and children began taking on. The German had caught his breath and thought of God and said he wouldn't have them. I prayed for five days and nights and got the witness I would not have them.

I sent an appointment to a place where I would begin a protracted meeting and also some appointments on the way there on to a town. When I went into the town it was a cold day and I took headache, my bones ached, my nose ran, and I felt as if I was taking the measles. I had had the measles twice. I preached to a large crowd that night, and when I was fixing for bed they had prayer for me, but I did not get any relief. When I went into the room to go to bed, I knelt to pray. When I was praying I thought it was just nine days since I had a chance for smallpox. It scared me. The devil said, "You knew you had been exposed, and you have come into this town where you have more friends than any one place on earth, and you have inoculated all the people here, brought a reproach upon the cause, killed your influence and turned people from God." I was just about backsliding when I decided to reason. I said, "Now, Lord, you gave me the evidence you would not let me have the smallpox.

I started out on your promises by faith." By this time I felt clear before God, and I said, "Now, Lord, if it will be more to your glory for me to have the smallpox, inoculate the town, lose my influence and bring reproach upon the cause of Christ, I am willing." By this time it seemed I could feel them breaking through the skin and I just itched; I could scarcely keep from scratching. I said, "It is to your glory to heal me. When the leper fell at your feet and said, 'If thou wilt thou canst make me clean,' you stretched forth your hand and said, 'I will; be thou clean.' Now if you will you can make me clean of this smallpox, and I believe you do," and instantly I was healed and every symptom left. I prayed God to let nobody take them. I never said anything to the people there about being exposed to the smallpox for about a year afterward, and it seemed it scared some of them when I told them, although it had been a year before.

Now I began a meeting within seven miles of Marion, Ky., where I then lived. My niece, Jessie Jackson, had come home with me. She had been raised a Methodist and never had seen any one healed. I took her with me out where I was holding meeting. There was a young man walking on crutches where I staid. I talked with him and he said he had faith to be healed. We knelt in prayer. My niece was near by my side. When I said amen the man jumped up, threw his crutches across the house

and walked. He and I went to meeting together in the buggy. He walked all right except he was bent over a little. My niece was at meeting; she watched him for several days. Finally she said, "Now, uncle, if he was healed why don't he straighten up?" Well, he was just like a great many others, he got so far, and God just gave what his faith took in. Jesus said to the blind man, "As your faith, so be it unto you." A divided mind can not get anything from God. Weak faith and doubting God is bringing reproach upon the cause by many claiming to be healed and still sick.

The next meeting was at Shadygrove. I went there and a man went to see a Methodist preacher to get the house. He was not at home. His wife said for me just to come and go to preaching, it would be all right with her husband. We had a good crowd the first night. I had held meetings close there and some things that happened had aroused quite a curiosity. After a few nights the preacher came and he told me to come and make my home at the parsonage. As soon as meeting was dismissed I went home with him. When we were seated by the fire at his home he asked me what church I belonged to. I said the church of God. He said I ought to belong to some denomination. His wife said to him, "Hush, hush! don't you name that again," and I staid there ten days and church or sect was never named to me by that man again. I never was treated

any better by any one, and I preached as straight as I knew how. That was one of the most consecrated women I ever saw. We would have prayer and all go to bed but her. She would pray till she would get happy and go to bed shouting glory. When she got up in the morning the man would make the fire in the cook-stove. She would pray sometimes till I would hear him come in three times and put wood in the stove. She never would get off her knees till she got happy, then all the time she was getting breakfast I could hear the halleluiahs and glories and praises go up to God.

She told her experience of washing. One day she said she had just moved into a town, and knew no one. When about half done washing her clothes she felt impressed to go to a neighbor's and take her Bible. The mud was deep, but she took her Bible and went to the house and found a poor discouraged woman there that had not been to meeting for years. She began to read and talk. She got her to give her heart to God. She had a drunkard husband, knew no God, and was discouraged. She went back home, finished her washing, and just as she hung the last garment on the line the clothesline broke and her clothes went dragging in the mud. She said, "Praise God! Halleluiah!" Now she said, "I did not praise God because my clothes were muddy, and I had to wash them over again, but praised God because he kept me while I was washing them."

We had a good meeting. When I went to leave the man brought out a nice ham of meat and set it down and said, "Brother Brown, take that home to Sister Brown; tell her I sent it to her." The woman looked at me, and she arose to her feet and said, "Praise God!" She went out of the room and came in with a twenty-five pound sack of flour and set it down beside the meat and said, "Brother Brown, take that flour to Sister Brown; tell her I sent it. Brother Pangburn does not eat meat, but I eat biscuits." Now do you see the lesson in this? He gave what he did not use, and condemned and preached against, and she gave what she ate and liked. Now with all respect to the Methodist preacher, and don't think he thought of such a thing, but how many give that they don't want or need. As I left he said all his churches were open for me to preach in at any time.

There was a preacher in the town where we lived who believed with everybody he met. He preached a great deal in this country and where we just told the meeting was. He wrote for Charley and I to come where he was. We went, I saw something was wrong. I went a short distance to see a man I knew when I was a boy, by the name of Dr. Ramsey. His post-office was Dalton, Hopkins Co., Ky. He was glad to see me, had not seen me since I was a boy, and was much surprised to see me a preacher. He said he wanted me to come over there and hold

a meeting. I agreed to go. I went back where Charley and the other preacher were and told them what I had agreed to do. The preacher said, "Why, Brother Brown, you have been successful everywhere you went, but you will make a failure this time. God himself can not move that people." An old woman sitting by witnessed the statement the preacher made. I said if they will come out God will move them. He said, "They will come, and you will have big congregations, but the biggest evangelist that was ever in this country was there, and they just made fun of him. They can not move them on any proposition." I said, "God can move them." There was a big snow on the ground that night and it turned very cold; the coldest ever in that country, some stock froze to death in the barn.

Charley and I went to the place. This preacher would not go in the meeting with us there. We began the meeting, a large crowd came out, but they made fun of me while I preached and made quite a bit of confusion talking and laughing. I prayed God to show me what to do about staying there. The only thing I wanted to know was if it was God's will for me to stay, I knew he would take care of the rest. The third night after I began my fast God showed me to stay, I would get victory. The fourth night I preached from the seventh verse of the sixth chapter of Galatians: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth,

that shall he also reap." I was impressed that some were getting their last gospel call. I said, "I am impressed some are getting their last call here to-night." They laughed at me wonderfully. In a few minutes I got the same impression again and spoke the same thing. They still laughed. Soon the impression came more powerful. I said, "Mark what I tell you; look around; you see who are here, some one is getting their last gospel call." There was quietness all over the house. I never saw such a change so soon. It seemed that God put a solemnity upon every soul. I presented an altar and told them that I wanted everybody that was ready for death or the judgment to come and give me their hand. There were four out of the great congregation that came. One young lady squeezed my hand so tight that it attracted my attention. I looked at her and recognized I had had an introduction to her. She had listened very close to the preaching. She turned around and stood by my side. I gave an exhortation for sinners and invited them to the altar for prayer. I told them to sing. The young lady started the song and she threw up her hands and fell dead. I raised her up on the bench, but there was no appearance of life. I asked them to sing, but no one could sing. I said, "Sinners, this is for you; come to the altar." There were about twenty came, fell on their faces and cried to God for salvation. The girl never breathed again. She

was dead. She was a hearty, healthy girl about twenty years old, was not subject to disease or sickness. Her name was Dora Brown, her father's name was Bassett Brown. His post-office is Dalton, Hopkins Co., Ky. God showed that people that he could move them. It gave a great alarm seemingly to the people, and not long afterward there was one of the greatest revivals and reformations that ever was known in that country.

I went to a town to hold a meeting. I reached there just at dark and was very tired. The meeting was announced. There were but few came out, just one man and wife and several other women. They both gave brilliant testimonies, said they were sanctified. After meeting was dismissed he invited me to go home with him and stay all night, and I accepted the invitation. Before we reached the house I saw his wife was displeased about me going.

When I got there I saw they were very poor people. We went into a room where there was one bed and a heating stove with a little fire and a few chunks of rotten wood. There were a number of children in the bed. They were whining and crying and scratching, and the thought struck me they had the itch. The lady went into another room after slamming things around in there for some time. She called her husband and he went in, and after a while they came back in the room where I was. She began to pull the children out of the bed. The ages ran all

the way from six months to sixteen years old. They were broke out in sores all over. They came out scratching and crying, and I thought, They are going to put me in that bed. She spread the cover up a little and went out. The man said to me, "You can occupy that bed."

After they left I looked. The last stick of wood was in the stove and it was a cool night, and I was worn out, as I had been preaching hard for some time. I got on my knees and said, "Lord, you can heal the itch, you can keep me from taking it. I am tired and bound to have rest, and I am going to get in this bed by faith in you." After I had lain there for a while a tickling began on my neck. I scratched a little and soon it was just all over me. I saw it was the devil trying to put the itch on me. I rebuked it in the name of Jesus Christ and went to sleep.

Next morning when I got up they had breakfast ready. I ate a few bites, went down on the river and prayed God to open up a home for me if he wanted me to stay there. I went back and got my grip and started up through town, just chanced to stop in a grocery-store. The man spoke to me very familiar. He knew me before I was saved and asked me if I would not take dinner with him. I told him I would. He says, "Where did you stay last night?" I told him, and he said, "We can provide a better way for you. I have a good room and

nice bed, you are perfectly welcome." I never had the itch from that time.

I received a despatch to come South where there was an epidemic raging among the people. It was stated there were seventy-six cases. The doctors did not know what was the matter. The people would die in from three hours to nine days after they had taken it. Their tongues would swell and crack open, their throats would crack open as far down as you could see, and they would throw up dark green looking stuff.

The nearest railroad station to me was at my home. I had to go six miles by skiff to a town within eighteen miles of where I lived. Expected to get conveyance from there, but the teams were all out. I telephoned home to the liveryman to send a rig after me, and he did. He reached my house about thirty minutes before train time. My wife had received a letter from the parties that had written to me, stating to her the nature of the disease. She knew at once that I had started for there. She began to cry and say she did not want me to go. I told her I must go. She got me around the neck, my little boys got me around the legs, all pleading, saying if I went they were afraid I would take the disease and die. I told her that I felt that God called me, and I was bound to go.

As I was going to the depot I passed in front of a grocery-store where I traded. I had contracted

with the man to settle up at the end of every month. Had been trading this way for years. I had now been away a month, did not get any means to spare, consequently I had not paid my bill. When I saw the man I thought of it, but knew if I stopped to explain to him I would miss the train, so I thought I would write back to him.

I went on, traveled all day and all night, and arrived at the place of the pestilence. It was a horrible sight, heartrending to see mothers and fathers, wives and children going into eternity without God and without hope. They had all had the truth and had rejected it, or a good part of them. I staid there for a month, or nearly so, prayed for the sick, preaching funerals, and preached every night in the schoolhouse. There were three cases healed in answer to prayer. There was one got well that the doctor got the praise of curing, and the rest of the seventy-six cases all died.

They wrote for me to come to another place fifty miles from there and hold a meeting. They wanted my son Charley and I. I wrote them and told them where Charley was, they could get him, and I would come as soon as I could leave. Charley went there and began the meeting.

About the time I was ready to leave there was a lady took very bad, whom I have spoken of before in my experience. Her maiden name was Tal Merrit. She married a man named Linberger. She had lost

her experience, they got along very badly, both very wicked. She had seen many die within the last few days. When she took sick she wanted me to pray for her, but her husband refused. She begged him to let me pray for her, but he told her no, that he would leave her if I prayed for her. I was called to an adjacent room to pray for a dying boy. She asked them to open the door so she could look in and see us when we prayed for him. Soon her husband left the house and she sent in for me to come and pray for her. I sent her word back that I was praying for her, for her to look to God. She sent word back that she was bound to die, and that she was going to hell, and if I would just come and lay my hands on her I could go then and pray in secret and God would save her. The parties present persuaded me to grant the request, so I did, but when I got to her bedside she grabbed hold of me and never would turn me loose till I would lay hands on her and prayed for God to save her soul. I left the room. She soon sent for me to come back. After a while her husband came in. She told him she was bound to die, she was lost if she did not get saved. She wanted him to let me come and pray for her soul's salvation. He said no. She said she was bound to call me in. He picked up the child where he was sitting on the side of the bed and said, "Well, you call him in. I will take this child and leave, you will never see us again." She

looked at her little infant and said, "Good-by, darling baby, mamma loves you, but I have soon got to leave, and unless I get saved I will be forever lost." He left the room. She soon sent for me. I followed him out and asked him if I could pray for his wife. He said he had nothing to do with it. I asked him what he had against me. He brought up some trouble that I had had with his nephew before I was saved. I told him that that had all been made satisfactory with his nephew and me, and I had withdrawn the suit that we had in court. He said that he did not know that, and consented for me to pray for her. I went in and prayed and she claimed to get saved.

At a late hour in the night I laid down and went to sleep. Just about day they came and called me, told me she was dying. I asked God if she was saved to give me the evidence by letting her die without a struggle. When I walked in and sat at the foot of her bed she saw my pencil in my pocket and motioned for it. She could not speak. I gave her the pencil and a piece of paper, and she wrote on it, "Eat." We gave her a cup of milk and bread and she ate hearty and lived about six hours; got so she could talk, told where her clothes were that she wanted to be buried in, how she wanted to be put away, and fell asleep in the arms of Jesus without a struggle.

The boy in the other room that I had prayed for asked God to spare his life and give him his mind

that he could get saved. God did, and granted him salvation. When I told him that I must go he put his arms around my neck and told me that I had saved his life. I told him no, God had in answer to prayer: now to be a good boy. He said, "Uncle Willis, unless pa gives his heart to God I must die." His father was my associate that I spoke of heretofore that went to the altar and got saved, which caused me to go to meeting when I got convinced that God would answer prayer. He had now backslidden and was very wicked. About this time his pa came in. I said, "Talk to your pa that way." He asked him to come and get on his knees by his bed. He put his arms around his neck and told him if he would give his heart to God, God would heal him, and begged him to pray. He said he would try. He wanted me to come and pray with him for his pa. We knelt in prayer, and I believe he tried with all his heart and made a decision there that he would do better. The boy was instantly relieved; got so that he could sit up in bed and eat. I staid another day and his father got so he would not kneel with us in prayer, and said it was no use for him to try to get saved. I lost my faith in that case and left. The boy got worse and soon died. The man became a total wreck. It is a dangerous thing to ignore life, to reject the truth and Spirit of God when you once know it.

I went up where Charley was holding meeting.

As soon as I got there I received a letter from the grocery man that I had spoken of at home stating that my account was \$13.77. I just had twenty-five cents. I had been so busily engaged that I had let another month pass and never had thought of the grocery bill. I sat down and wrote him and explained to him the circumstances, told him that I would pay him as soon as I got it.

It was right in a small town, seemed as though there was no possible chance, for the congregation of people were all poor, and I did not see any chance for God to raise money for me there. I knew where there was no way God could make a way. The next morning I went up into the woods to have secret prayer. I talked to the Lord as I would talk to a man. I told him I had forsaken wife, children, and my own life, for the gospel; I had not gone into the danger I had been in to be seen of man, but for the glory of God and the good of souls, and that he had promised to be with me to the end of the world and to provide for our every need, and that I wanted him to give me the money to pay my grocery bill, that I might not be a stumbling-block in the way of the man who was furnishing my family groceries, whom they claimed was an infidel.

I got the witness that God would give me the means. I went back down to the little town. The man I staid with was a store-keeper. I slept in the back end of the store and had a key to the store.

He and a number of men were sitting in front of the store when I came back. I unlocked the door and went back in my room and changed clothes. It was on Sunday morning. The man soon came in the store, came back in the room where I was and began to unlock the money-safe. He was behind me. The thought struck me he was going to make change for somebody, and he had told me that he did not do business on Sunday. Pretty soon he touched my elbow and I looked around. He said, "Here; I don't know how you are fixed, but I felt led to give you \$15.00." I said, "Thank God! I just asked for it thirty minutes ago, and here I have it." The next morning I sent the money to the grocery man, and told him how I got it, and asked him if he would still furnish my family as he had been. He wrote back he would furnish my family if I had never paid him a cent. He said I look upon you as being an example to show what God can do for fallen humanity.

Three months later I got home and went up to his store. He was busy waiting on some one, but called a clerk to take his place and asked me to go back to his desk with him and sit down. He sat down and looked at me very strange and said, "How are you getting along?" I said, "All right; I am saved." He said, "It was quite a miracle how you got that money, wasn't it?" I said yes; but God is the same to-day, he promised to provide. He said,

“What is your faith, what church do you belong to?” I said, “My faith is that God will do what he says. His Word is true. I belong to the church of God, the one that Jesus said the gates of hell could not prevail against.” I explained to him my faith and belief. He said, “I believe in that kind of religion,” so he and I are yet particular friends. His name is Ab Henry, Marion, Crittenden Co., Ky.

Now I have given some experiences, but shall not give them all, but feel led to give this one. Charley and I had started East to hold a number of meetings in different places. After we held the first meeting it seemed God laid it on me to turn right the other way. I came back home, we then lived at Marion, Ky. The place where I had to go was about sixty miles and away from any transportation—trains or river. I borrowed some horses to ride and we started. We arrived at the place on Thursday evening. I told them the Lord had sent me there to hold a meeting. They said they had been praying for God to send a preacher by the time their school was out, and their school would be out the next day, so they knew God had sent me.

They shouted the first night I preached, but the third and fourth night they did not shout or amen it. God sent the truth so it uncovered sin, and a good many concluded God had not sent me. The professors began to persecute. They got the world stirred at me, and the devil howled, but this made no

change in the preaching. So the last night of the meeting just as we presented the altar the pistols began to ring on the outside of the house and the rocks and bullets began to pour in at the windows. The people began to fall on the floor, some knocked with stones, and some fell down to keep from getting knocked down. Great longlegged men crawled under the short benches of the schoolhouse. Charley ran under the desk where I was standing. I could not see any one that was on their feet, but one brother was behind me holding to me, jerking and saying, "I feel like praying." It was a good time, everybody was down. There was one sister knelt by my side. She had often said she could not pray aloud, but she prayed louder than any one else. The sinners some of them ran out and began to shoot at the gang, and they ran off. We prayed for the brother that was hurt the worst, God healed him, and gave victory. Praise God! he has promised to be with us always, even unto the end.

Now there are a few more experiences I feel led to give. We bought a gospel tent at Dalton, Ga., had it shipped to Paducah and began a meeting. The parties that had promised to pay for the tent went back on their word and would not pay it. I was praying God to open up the way so I could pay for the tabernacle. Charley received a letter from a company, wanting a man to act as agent to employ agents to sell a book. He wrote and told them

he was just a boy and could not make legal contracts, but his father had done considerable business, he would take it, and he referred them to the banks at the town where we lived and the county officers of Marion to find out my reliability. In a short time I received a letter from them, stating they accepted me, also two contracts for me to sign. They had already signed them and I was to keep one and send them the other. The offer was good; it reached to as high as \$100.00 a month. First month \$75.00, second \$85.00, and then \$100.00. I was to canvass this book thirty days, then act as general agent to hire agents, for which they agreed to give me \$100.00 a month. There were testimonies from a number of preachers, stating it was a good book and an honorable business. I wrote them several times before I signed the contracts, asked a number of questions, and made a number of propositions. I would write them and pray God to not let me get the contract unless it was his will, but I looked at the debt on the tent and the \$100.00 a month. So while I would write and pray God to keep it from me if it was evil, I would rather wish it was so I could get it. I finally told them my business, and if it would not hinder me from my preaching and they would let me hire agents by letter and keep up my gospel work, all right. They said they would do it. They wanted me to put in six hours a day. I then told them if they would allow me to put in two days in one I would can-

vass the book while in that town and I would take the contract. I asked God to not let them do it if it was not right, yet wishing they would accept it. They wrote back that that was all right.

I would start out in the morning and ask God to help me sell so many books. I would sell the number, then would preach at 2:30 in the afternoon and 7:30 at night. I soon found it hard to preach. I would hate to get up to preach. The crowd began to get small. I would put in two days in one. I had put in twenty days and had sold thirty-three books. I got wonderfully troubled. I went to sell the book to a Methodist friend. He said, "What profit do you get on this book?" I said, "I do not work for a profit; I get \$75.00 a month if I do not sell a book." "Well," he said, "I don't want the book. I thought if you got a profit I would give that amount and not take the book. You pray over this matter and see if you are not in the wrong business." I got uneasy and that night in the place of going to bed I went to praying, and like Jacob of old I told God I could not let him go till he let me know what to do. God showed me I should give the thing up and write the parties I had promised the book to that it was the wrong thing and I would not deliver it. This looked pretty big to tell the people a thing was wrong when I talked so hard to make them believe it was right, and give up the \$75.00 then just about due, and I did not have a cent and had my family with

me. I said, "Lord, I will give it up." I did, and notified the parties I would not deliver the book, resigned my position and would have no more to do with it.

So I found out the devil would slip in a deception on us even while we prayed if we did not open our hearts and say, "Now, Lord, thy will and not mine be done." While I was asking God to show me I was hoping he would show me I could sell the book and get the \$75.00 a month.

I started the next morning down to see the superintendent of the packet company, as God had showed me to leave the city and go into the state of Missouri. There was a woman on the way gave me \$5.00. I went into the boat office and asked Captain Fowler what he would charge me to put my tent, family and another man to Cairo. He said \$5.00, and I asked if he would wait on me thirty days. He consented, and I said, "All right; I will go day after to-morrow." I bundled my tent and shipped for Missouri.

Now there was another time I went with a tent into a town and held a meeting. I put the tent up, announced meeting, and people came out. I preached and dismissed them. All left, no one asked me home with them. I had prayer, turned out the gasoline lights, laid down on a plank with my Bible for a pillow. I got up next morning, washed, had prayer for breakfast. Meeting time came and it passed by just as it did the night before. The congregation left

and did not invite me home with them. The same that night. I told the Lord I would stay there three days and nights, and if he did not open a home I would shake the dust and leave that town. That evening at 5 o'clock a little girl came and said, "Mamma said for you to come up to my house and get supper." I said all right, went and found a welcome and a good home. I told a large crowd of people my experience that night in their town. They seemed ashamed of the way they had treated me. I told them my bed was hard, but my dreams were sweet, and my food was that which the world knew not of. The altar was filled with sinners for salvation, so God got the glory, and I got the experience, for which I give God the praise.

Now the time came that Charley began to weaken in the faith. He said there was no one like us. The Methodists had talked to him, he had been reading the newspapers, keeping posted about the late war, but began to lose faith in God and talked about the sects being as apt to be right as we were. So he told me there was a holiness school at Wilmore, Ky. that offered to take him through for \$100.00. A preacher that claimed to be out of sectism said if Charley would go home with him in Tennessee and hold two meetings he would insure the \$100.00. I told them it was a sect institution and the next thing when he got there they would want him to join that sect, but they said no, it was a holiness movement. He

begged till I let him go. I took him to the woods with me and told him to let us agree in prayer that God would give him \$100.00 clear of expenses on that trip if he wanted him to go to that school. He agreed to it, and we went down. I prayed so earnestly about it that Charley got uneasy and quit praying.

So he went on and held two meetings and came back to me with \$12.00 and a letter from a Methodist preacher, stating he had had a talk with the president of the school and they had agreed to see him through the school. He showed me the letter. He said that if he did not have the money to go to write him at once and pack his clothes and the money would come on return mail. He asked me what I thought about the letter. I told him I did not put any confidence in it at all, for a man that would lie to God would lie to him. And this man had at one time asked me for a bottle of oil in the presence of about 3,000 people after I had prayed for a paralyzed child and it was healed. I gave him the oil and he said he would preach divine healing in spite of churches, bishops, presiding elders, conferences, men on earth or devils in hell. He had preached for a year and when the conference came down on him he turned from God and held to the conference.

All I could say did no good; he wanted to go. So I took hold of faith to bring him out of school. I just ate one meal a day for thirty days, preached three times a day, and would pray some nights all

night. I got the witness he would come out of school. In a few days I received three letters from him, wanting me to send him money to come home. The way I came to get three at once, he had directed to a place I was to be, but I was delayed ten or fifteen days, and he just kept writing. I sent him the money, and when he came he said the president of the school made him sign a note for \$18.00, and he wanted to go to school at home.

So we moved to Hickman, Ky. and he went to the college there for two years, but I found out he had joined the Methodist sect. I then set in to pray him out of the sect, and held on to God two years before I got him out, and then six months before I got the sect out of him. But, praise God, the petition has reached the throne and the devil is defeated and I had the pleasure last August with some other brethren to lay hands on him and witness his ordination in this Evening Light. He is now in the work with me, his heart fixed on God and his determination to go through on the narrow way.

There is no one knows but me what I suffered over his going into sectism. I will try to give you a little understanding about it. He commenced traveling with me when he was eleven years old. When I preached he was sitting in the pulpit; when I prayed he was by my side; when I went to pray for the sick he was by me with his hands on the sick, and I could hear his little voice crying out "amen";

when I went to secret prayer in the grove he always went by my side; when I was on the railroad train he was by my side; and wherever I was, he was, and whatever I did he had an amen, so we stood as one for five long years. God gave us many victories, and we witnessed scenes that will only be told at the judgment, and victories that no one knows of but God and us, and then it came to where I was left alone with Jesus, seemingly not another one on earth believing as I did. When I would get up to preach I could not see nor hear Charley; when I would go to secret prayer he was not there; when I would pray for the sick he was not there; when I would go to my bed-room he was not there. So you see the devil kept rolling this over me and it was a burden that Jesus only could bear. But I thank God he stood by me through all these tests and trials and heard my earnest petition and granted the same and delivered my boy and gave him back to me to again stand with me in the pulpit and herald the truth and go with me to rescue perishing souls from a never-ending hell.

I realize that Jesus came for our example to make the way so plain that a wayfaring man though a fool should not err therein. I found out by experience that the fourth chapter of Matthew is one of the grandest lessons laid down in the precious book. I remember one time I began a meeting at a place known as one of the roughest in the state of Illinois,

on Eagle creek. There were a number of drunkards, gamblers, infidels and outlaws there. It was just after I had held meeting on Christmas at Casper Fink's, where I have preached every Christmas since I have been saved, and got up such an interest that we moved it to the meeting-house in the community. The first night there was a small congregation, but seemingly the power of God got hold on the people. I made a proposal to the congregation that as we sang a song after prayer we would shake hands with every sinner in the house. About the time I saw they were all scattered through the congregation of Christian people I said, "Let us pray," and as they knelt in prayer I told them to pray for the one that was near by. It seemed every one was under conviction. God began a work then in the hearts of the people, and in a short time there was quite an interest. Hard-hearted men that had been at dagger's point for years, carrying revolvers, seeking the advantage of one another to take their life, came to the altar, made friends and fell on their knees and cried out for salvation.

The whole country was stirred, but seemingly the people did not know that I had a family at home, had to pay house-rent, buy every bite they ate, and buy fuel, so an impression came that I had better go to the various cities where I had calls and they would pay my expenses. I had calls to go to different places and money offered to pay my expenses, and

I had better go there and preach while it cost so much to keep my family through the winter. But the impression came for me to pray, so I did, and decided to stand and see the salvation of the Lord. I received a letter from Mary E. Minner, Tolu, Ky. She had been healed at a meeting that I held at that town. She asked me when I would be home. I then lived in Marion, Ky., eighteen miles from where she lived. I said, "Lord willing, I will be home the tenth or eleventh of January." So I closed the meeting where I was. The donation was very small, and I told the people God had done a wonderful work there, but would have pay for that meeting if he had to take it in dead horses or cattle. Some days afterward there was a man's horse got sick. He called for a neighbor to treat the horse, and while he was getting ready to come the man said, "I would rather have given Brown \$50.00 than to have lost that horse." But he lost the horse.

I reached home on the eleventh day of January, and on the twelfth Brother Minner, the husband of the lady that wrote me from Tolu, drove up with a loaded wagon. The load consisted of provisions all the way from canned fruit, sacks of flour and hams of meat to most everything that was good to eat. He handed me an envelope sealed up, and when I tore it open there was money in it to pay my house-rent and buy my coal, and a list of fifty-two names of the people of the town of Tolu with the amount

stated beside their name that they donated. A short letter stated that they presented that to me as a New Year's gift. So I saw the scripture fulfilled in Matthew where it says, "Thou shalt worship none but thy God only."

There was another time that I went into Morley, Mo. to hold a meeting and to preach on divine healing. There was a Baptist preacher raised up in his congregation and testified. It seemed from the testimony that he was going to accept the truth, but soon he began to pour out his poison. He said, "Brother Brown, I want a revival here; the people want a revival here; if you will do what I tell you you can bring a revival about. If you will drink a pint of laudanum and it won't kill you. I will buy the laudanum. Will you drink it? You have told us of your miracles and works, show us some of these, we want to see them." When he sat down I rose up and said, "You old preachers put me in mind of two little boys I have heard of; one rich and the other poor. The rich boy was rattling his money, and the poor boy said, 'You can't show me a nickel.' The rich boy went to show it, and the poor boy shut his eyes and said, 'Show it to me, show it to me!' You preachers cry out, 'Show me something, show me,' and when God manifests his power in your presence, instead of opening your eyes you close your eyes and say, 'Show it to me.' Now if I was a preacher of the gospel, and doubted the

Word as you do, I would get in my buggy and drive eighteen miles to old man George Suttle's, one of the leading men of Dogwood Ridge, and tell him that I wanted to see Angeline Stewart, the woman that was healed of blindness in a meeting that Brown held there in that community. Go talk with her and hear her testimony. Besides there are a number of others there that were healed. Now so far as drinking the pint of laudanum is concerned, I would not do that any quicker for you than Jesus Christ would speak stones into bread for the devil."

There was a man in the congregation who was a drunkard and a gambler, that had known me and of one of my meetings that I held in Paducah, Ky. He moved up behind this preacher, and as the congregation was dismissed he touched the preacher on the shoulder and said, "Sir, my wife is a Baptist and she believes in divine healing. Our child was at the point of death. She fell on her knees after the doctor had given her up, God heard her prayer and raised the child from the dead. I am a gambler and a drunkard, profess no salvation at all, but I believe the Bible. I know that man Brown, the statements which he has made from the pulpit this afternoon, some of them I know to be true. I lived within four miles of the city when he held a meeting and the blind, lame, deaf and dumb were healed."

After I was converted a while I became convicted over the way that I had treated the child Rosetta

Brown that I spoke of in the earlier part of this book. I went to her mother's people and found out where she was. I wrote to her and she answered my letter. Said that her grandmother had told her just a few months before who she was, that she never knew that I was her father before. She said she was saved and belonged to the Baptist church, was going to school and had a reasonable education and desired to complete her education. I finally saw her grandmother, who lived at Lamb, Ill., and told her that I would like to see the girl. She then lived in Tennessee. She told me that if I would pay her expenses she would bring her to her house and I could see her. I gave her the money to pay her expenses. For some time she did not come, and I had left the state and was in Kentucky holding meetings when I got a letter that she had arrived. My wife was with me and I wrote her to come to us, but her mother had told her not to come to my family or to my house.

Some time after we returned home in Marion, Ky., where we lived, and I went to the state of Illinois close to where she was, to hold meetings. She came, and was in two or three meetings with Charley and I, but was not willing to go to my home. My wife sent for her, but she said her mother told her not to go there. Later on she went back home and I proposed to her if she would come and stay at my house she could go to school and finish her education. Wife



W. M. BROWN AND DAUGHTER ROSETTA.

had consented to this. After she reached home she wrote back to me and told me that her mother and stepfather had consented for her to come, provided my wife was willing for her to come. I wrote to my wife and asked her. She wrote back that she was perfectly willing, and would like for her to come. I sent her the letter my wife had written me stating that she was willing for her to come, and wrote for her to meet me at Winn, Tenn., where I had been called to hold a meeting. Charley and I arrived there and began the meeting. I received a letter from her that she would start on a certain day. I told the parties where we were staying all about the affair, that she was coming, who she was, and all about it, and that she was going home with me to go to school.

She came and I met her at Dover, Tenn., ten miles distant. I brought her out to the meeting and she was accepted of the people where we staid as my daughter. We were all treated well for a few days. The Lord commenced sending forth the truth on sectism and the people began to fall out with me. The lady of the house where we were stopping took a stand against me, said she was not my daughter, but some woman that had followed me from Nashville, Tenn. She got up a terrible stir in the country. There was a mob gathered at the meeting-house one night to mob me. There was a man came and invited me to go out a distance from the house to

talk. I did not suspicion anything and went. He told me the best thing I could do was to close my meeting and leave the country, that the people were dissatisfied with my preaching. I told him I could not help it, I had announced meeting till Sunday, and unless God showed me different I would stay. He said he was authorized to shut the door, he was sexton. I said, "You can shut the door, but I will preach out doors."

There was a man a little piece from us that spoke. I thought I knew his voice, but could not see, as it was dark. He called this man that was talking to me by name and said, "What are you doing there?" He said, "Just talking; you go in the house and we will be in shortly." I said, "This brother tells me he is going to close the door, that he is authorized to." The man asked him who authorized him to shut the door. He made several excuses, but could not tell. He said, "I am the trustee, and I authorize you to not close it," and he decided he would not.

The mob was just standing in the shade of the house with all arrangements made to take hold of me. I just walked on in the house and saw then what was working. I began to sing and they came marching into the house. I said, "Let us pray." I knelt down and began to pray. When I got through praying after rebuking the devil and asking God to lay his hand upon every opposing power, to give me a message from heaven that would uncover sin,

promised I would stand on his Word and the covenant I made with him, though it cost me my life, I rose up and sang a verse and took my text and began to preach. God laid conviction on the whole congregation, and the leader of the mob came up after meeting was dismissed and shook hands with me and told me he was my friend, and as he went home that night he told the people I had proven myself, and that he would stand by me as long as there was a button on my coat.

As we went to leave there we came to Dover, Tenn. and took the boat. Charley preached in the Campbellite meeting-house to a large crowd. As the boat would not be there till the next night they asked us to preach the next day, so we did. After we left the editor of the paper in Dover published me in the paper, said that on Sunday morning there was a very small congregation attended the different churches, and on Monday night a man named Brown with his company came into the town and they had meeting, preached to a crowded house, and also on the next day; however, he said there was something peculiar about it, as there was a young lad that did the preaching, but the old man was suspicioned and found guilty, said a great many slight things. The parties where I had stopped put in another report against me.

There was a brother cut the report out of the paper and sent it to me at my home. I was not much sur-

prised when I saw it, but felt impressed to go show the clipping to the county judge, as he was a particular friend of mine. He glanced over it and said, "Willis, that is libel." He jerked down a sheet of paper and wrote a remonstrance against it. He signed it, the county officers all signed it, the bankers signed it, and the leading merchants of the town of Marion, Ky. There was one of the leading lawyers of the town named Ollie James which took the recommendation and went to Dover, Tenn. He put up at the hotel when he got there. While eating his breakfast he asked the lady if she was acquainted with the editor of the paper. She said, "Yes; this is his plate right by you. He will be into breakfast directly." He asked if there was more than one paper, and she said no. He asked her to introduce him to the editor when he came in, and she did.

Mr. James told the editor when he got through eating he would like to talk with him at his room. When the editor stepped in Mr. James locked the door and said, "Sit down; I want to talk with you." He said, "Did you publish that?" and handed him the piece that was clipped out of his paper. He said he did. "Why did you do it?" "Well," he says, "the people said it was so." "It is supposed that you should know it was so." He then handed him the recommendation and said, "Look over that." He trembling read it over. Mr. James said, "Now you can see what you are into. That is a self-made man

and a gentleman, our townsman, and we do not purpose to have such a report going against him. There is not a man that signed his name there but that will spend every cent he has to defend this man." He looked him in the face and said, "Don't break me up." He said, "I don't want to break you up, but want to give you a chance to set this man right before the people, or I will sue you for \$40,000 slander." He said, "Let us go to the court-room and see my lawyer." "Very well," he said, "I won't take advantage of you at all." They went up to see the lawyers and they began to plot and set the time they would have the trial there. He said, "You don't need to make any arrangements for me coming here. I will not come to your door to find you, I will sue you under U. S. court." This brought them to terms and there was a reconciliation made. It was made right, and what the lawyer got out of it I don't know, neither do I care. It was not the money I was after, but just wanted everything clear there between the people and me that would prevent me from holding up Christ before them.

My daughter staid with me a short time and was persuaded to go to her mother's people, and she married. She now lives near Lamb, Ill. Her name is Rosie E. Cook, and she has two children.

CHAPTER XI.

WITH THE LORD'S PEOPLE.

First Meeting with the Saints.—Joined by Coworkers.—On Road to Moundsville, W. Va.—Provisions Low.—Lydia Kriebel.—Moundsville Meeting.—Back to Kentucky.—Camp-meeting at Dorena, Mo.—Slandorous Reports.—Many Other Experiences Could be Given.—Reasons for Writing Book.

Now I will give an account of my first meeting with the saints. I was holding a meeting at Portageville, Mo. and received a letter from Brother H. S. Jenkins, East Prairie, Mo., asking me to go to a camp-meeting, and said they were in need of a preacher. Said that his wife had been there and was acquainted with the trustees, and if I would go he would write to them and tell them about it. I told him the Lord willing I would go. He wrote and told them about me and that I would come. They wrote back and said they hoped it was not that crooked Brown, if it was they did not want him to come, but if the Lord led him there, all right. It seemed that God then put a stir in my soul to go. I was the Brown they had heard of and had reference to. So Brother Jenkins wrote me that his wife and son and Ada Ford would take a train at

Charleston on a certain day for the the camp-meeting, and I could join them at a station on the road; so I did.

We arrived and the people seemed very shy, but there was no other preacher from a distance. They insisted on me preaching. I began to preach and the Lord began to witness and the interest began to increase, God was owning and blessing his Word and saving souls. One evening while preaching a buggy drove up with W. G. Schell in it. It seemed there was an impression or fear ran over me that Brother Schell would not fellowship me or recognize me. However, after we dismissed the congregation, they all went running to meet Brother Schell. He was greeting the brethren and I walked toward him rather slow, and when I got within about ten steps of him he began to shove the people to one side and push his way to me, grasped me in his arms and said, "God bless you, Brother Brown, I never wanted to meet a man as bad in my life as I wanted to meet you." It seemed to me that every cloud blew away and I had perfect confidence. God blessed his Word and our fellowship and we had a good meeting, although there was a great deal of crookedness.

There were some parties there who had come and brought some bad reports against me. I had just learned it that day. As soon as they saw that Brother Schell recognized me they began to call me to one side, making their confessions and asking for-

giveness. Brother Schell insisted that I should go to Moundsville. I told him whenever I felt the Lord moved that way I would go. It went on for something like a year before I had the impression to go. But I began to take the paper, correspond with Brother Byrum, and with other brethren, and it seemed that a perfect unity and fellowship existed, though I had not met the established saints, and no brethren but Brother Schell yet. I kept on holding meetings at different places and prayed God to send me a company of workers, as I could not sing and had lost all desire for sect songs or sect worship, and there were no saints in the community where my field of labor was.

I began a meeting at Dogwood Ridge, Mo. God wonderfully owned and blessed his Word, and the devil got stirred, sectarians got mad, persecutions raised, but the truth found way to a great many hearts. Two blind women were healed, thirty-eight others claimed healing and thirty-five came out of sectism. All this time I was praying God to send me some one to help in meetings. I had been asked by the citizens of Hickman, Ky., the town where I then lived, to hold a meeting, and the merchants there had rented a hall for thirty days, requesting me to preach there for that length of time. I took hold of God by faith for some true workers to help me in that meeting.

On Saturday night before I closed my meeting at

Dogwood Ridge on Sunday night, Brother J. H. Ball and wife landed at East Prairie, Mo., seven miles distance from where I was holding meeting. Ada Ford and Sister Riker were praying God to send them some conveyance to go to the meeting next day. Brother Ball had a wagon and team, he and his wife traveling alone, praying the Lord to help them get some one to travel with them. They came to the meeting the next day and we talked over the matter and prayed over it, and they agreed to go home with me and help me in the Hickman meeting. During the meeting we found out it was the hand of God that had put us together and we decided to fix up a gospel wagon and go in a company working for the salvation of souls. At the close of the meeting Ada decided in answer to prayer that God had joined her to the company, so we had to build a house on Brother Ball's wagon, and we started out to work in southern Illinois, western Kentucky and southeastern Missouri, up till the 19th of March, 1902, when we felt led of the Lord to start to the Moundsville camp-meeting.

I had received a letter from Lydia Kriebel, Essex, Ill., asking me to come there to pray for her. They also sent \$15.00 to pay my expenses. I felt it was the hand of the Lord providing means to start the journey, as I did not have a dollar, and was praying the Lord to open up the way to Moundsville. I wrote and told them that we would come by that

way. We started, and by the time we had gotten one hundred and fifty miles from home, our money had given out. We drove into a schoolhouse yard and camped and fed our horses. Ada Ford and Anderson Brown, my little boy, both knew that I was out of money. They began to tease me about getting something. I told them that I could not, I did not have any money. Sister Ball looked up to Brother Bali and said, "Joe, how much money have you got?" He said, "A quarter." She said, "O Lord, why are we way out here, nothing to feed these poor horses, and nothing to buy anything! what on earth will we do?" I said, "Sister Ball, God will provide." She said she didn't know whether God was in it or not. We ought not to have started this trip till we knew we had money enough to go through. Ada said, "Sister Ball, we have a chance now to learn some of the experiences that we have heard Brother Brown tell about." She did not seem to want to learn them. Anderson said, "Why, Sister Ball, this isn't any thing. I have seen the time when we did not have but one meal in the house and did not know where the rest was coming from, and God has always provided." He said, "God will supply our needs."

We talked and tried to encourage her, but she looked back toward home, but was afraid to go back on account of the dream she had had before we started on the trip. She wanted to go home and



COMPANY OF WORKERS. W. M. BROWN,
J. H. AND NELLIE BALL, AND ADA FORD.

asked us to agree with her, that God would show her what to do, and she dreamed that she saw Lot's wife, so she concluded from that that God did not want her to look back, and she was afraid to start toward home.

God provided means for us to get the next meal and feed for the horses before we were out, however, we got down to where we had to trust God sure enough. One day for dinner we had nothing but a potato and a half an onion, a few scraps of meat, and a loaf of bread. Ada made soup out of it and we had plenty, and to spare, but nothing for supper, and no prospect of anything. By the time supper came on God had provided means for supper.

We drove into Paxton, Ill. just after dark. We had just three cents in money and a little bit of meal and feed for the horses. I felt that I was going to get money there, but did not know how, but supposed I would get it through the mail. As soon as we got there I went to the post-office, but it had closed. I got no mail. I began to pray to God for our supper. The Lord provided, and when I got back to the wagon they were singing. They had just had prayer. I slipped up and threw some meat into the wagon; they stopped singing and Ada said, "Where did that come from?" They did not know it was I, they just supposed it was some one else threw it in. When I stepped in they had a season of rejoicing, had a good supper, God pro-

vided means wonderfully. We started from there next morning with \$2.25, and we reached Brother Kriebel's on the 10th of April with seventeen cents, no provisions or horse feed.

We had never been in the North or met any of the Northern saints and the devil made some of us suffer terribly before we met, especially the sisters; thinking that they would not accept us. The closer we drove to the house the worse we dreaded it. However, we drove up in front of the gate and stopped. I opened the door of the wagon and stepped out, and Brother Addison Kriebel was standing to grab me in his arms. I had met him in southern Illinois. He said, "There is Sister Ball and Sister Ada." "Here is Sister Lydia." It was just like getting home; tears flowed freely, the grace of God burned in our hearts and fellowship burned, and we realized we were all one in Christ Jesus.

Sister Kriebel had been a subject of prayer for several years, had been afflicted many years and seemed she could not get healed. Every time we would pray the Lord would witness with his Holy Spirit and we would be made to rejoice, yet seemingly she could not get victory. We began to fast and pray, also the whole church, as we were having meeting every day and night. After two days and nights of fasting and prayer it seemed God took the fast off of most of the church and off of Sister Kriebel; in fact, she was nearly dead.

The Lord put it on me to preach on little things. There had some of the young saints made a covenant that they would not eat until she was healed. After meeting they came to me and asked me what was the matter. She seemed to be a good woman, God seemed to witness in the prayer, yet she was not healed. I tried to explain to them that the least shadow of a doubt could keep the individual from getting victory, it did not matter how bad we wanted her to be healed. She must meet the conditions of the Word, believe the Word, doubting nothing.

I went to my room that night and on my face before God I asked him to move on her heart and mind and show her what was in the way and help her to meet the conditions, that there might not be a reproach brought on the cause or the young saints driven from God. When I came down stairs next morning she said, "Brother Brown, God has shown me some little things." I said, "Amen, will you do them?" She said, "I have promised God if he will take the will for the deed, I will do them at the first opportunity." "Well," I said, "God will do that." While at the table eating breakfast she began to cough and choke. She was so weak she could not raise the phlegm. She fainted and was carried from the table and she looked like death; however, God held his hand on her and did not let her die. She soon recovered so she could breathe, but was very weak.

Brother Kriebel and the hands all went off to work. After dinner-time Brother Kriebel came in. She told him that she had decided to take God at his Word and be healed. He came into the room to have prayer and I was straightening up my books in my book valise. He went to his desk, or library, to get me some books that he said he would give me. She was sitting leaning back in the rocking-chair and said, "James, pray for me; I can not wait." I looked at her, and she looked like a corpse. Brother Kriebel said, "In a minute," but kept on looking through the books. She again said, "O James, pray for me, so I can lie down." Brother Kriebel, Brother and Sister Ball and myself were all that were in the room. Mother Walters came in. It seemed that the very glory of God shone down from heaven. I said, "Amen, let us pray for Sister Kriebel."

The books were dropped and we knelt in prayer. She was sitting in a chair. She said, "Do you want me to get on my knees?" I said, "Just as you please." She said, "I feel I should be more humble on my knees," and we prayed. I said amen, sang a verse and said, "Sister, do you believe in the Word doubting nothing?" She looked perfectly calm and quiet and said, "I do." "What is to hinder you then from being healed?" "There is nothing," she said, "I am healed." "Amen," I said, "get up." She raised to her feet, sat down in the rocking-chair and said, "There is not a pain in my breast, there

is not a pain in my back. Praise the Lord the work is done!" "Now," she said, "I have always been wanting to shout as a witness to my healing. I decided this time to take God at his Word and believe him. It is done and I never strained to believe, but just simply believed God." She began to rock in the chair, jumped to her feet, gave a scream, and seemingly for thirty minutes she bounded like a ball over the room. Her long hair dropped down her back and it just looked like a pile of bones that went jumping through the room. There was no color, no appearance of life to look her in the face.

As soon as her shout was over she did up her hair, something she could not do before, grabbed her wraps and said, "Mother Walters, come and go with me to Sister Shepherds." When they got outside of the gate I called to her and asked her if she wanted to lie down and rest? She said, "No; bless God I am healed, I am not tired." She walked one-fourth of a mile and back, and testified and shouted praises to God in meeting that night. God had given her the witness to perfect healing.

We had a good meeting there. Some few souls saved, some sanctified and some healed. We closed and started on our way to Moundsville. The donation there was \$50.00 and all the provisions we could store away in our wagon. We reached Kankakee, Ill. on Saturday evening, staid over Sunday and started from there on Monday morning. Donation

there \$10.00, more provisions and some bedclothes. I sent some money to my wife and children. We were a little careless while we had plenty and did not keep prayed up. God soon let the test come again, but we held on to God by faith, never missed a meal, nor was there a time but what we had feed for the horses. We reached Moundsville with seven cents.

It had been a mystery to us to know just how we would find things there. We had heard many statements from different saints and professed saints. We had been notified to watch, to not expect too much, and to be careful, and I don't know all the admonitions we did get. It seemed as soon as we met the Family at the Trumpet Office there was a perfect fellowship. It was not my intention to preach while there, but went to learn. I made that statement in my testimony. Two or three services passed over. There was a brother took me to one side, said he wanted to give me an admonition, and asked me if I could stand it. I said I could. He said, "You said you came here to learn, not to preach, and the brethren have prayed the Lord to send you here. While you can learn a great deal from the brethren, we can learn something from you on divine healing, and we want you to preach; the brethren and church are all wanting you to preach." I still had no idea of preaching.

One evening the Lord began to move on my soul,

scriptures began to come to my mind and I began to feel like preaching. As we came down stairs there was an old brother slapped me on the shoulder and said, "We have got hold of God for you a message to-night, you must not play Jonah." I went in and took a seat back from the rostrum some distance. After prayer they sang a song, waited, and nobody took the pulpit, so they prayed again. While on my knees I said, "Lord, if you want me to take the pulpit, keep any one out of it till the song closes, and by your help I will take it. I depend on you for the message and for the grace. I can do nothing myself."

For the first time in life I saw what it meant to get up before a crowd of older ministers and hold up Jesus Christ. The song closed and nobody started for the pulpit. I sat for a little bit and trembled; the first time I had ever felt this way. I rose and started for the pulpit, shaking like I had the ague. As I stepped on the rostrum every fear was gone, my soul was filled with the glory of God, and I preached, feeling it was directed by the Holy Spirit. The subject was rather on the apostolic church. I set forth the idea that as it was in the apostolic days, so the church would be in this evening time when the hangers-on were cut off and the saints measured up to the Word of God and moved out by faith. It seemed that the majority of the church enjoyed it, and some of the preachers.

A night before that I had taken a brother to one side and told him that I had received a letter from my family, that they were in need at the time the letter was written. I said, "I have always been able to pray the prayer of faith, but now I can not. When I go to pray the devil says if you had staid at home and preached your family would have been supplied, but you have taken this long trip just to see and be seen, and you need not expect a support." He said, "Brother Brown, he is a liar; I know that God has sent you here. We prayed for God to send you, and I am agreed with you that the Lord will supply your family before we can send it to them." I lay on my face before God that night till I got the witness that my family would be supplied. Just after this brother and I had gotten through talking some one knocked at my door. Brother Ball stepped in and handed me my mail. The first letter I tore open there was a check in it for \$20.00. I had just written a letter to my wife by faith, just as though I had the money, and had not sealed it. I showed the letter to this brother and the check and told him the circumstances. I said, "God will answer prayer." The tears ran down his cheeks. He said, "God bless you, Brother Brown, and left the room."

I witnessed some great things at this meeting. I set forth divine healing just as I had been preaching it. As I would pray for the sick and afflicted, they would stand back and look with eyes of astonishment.

Some thought one thing about me and some another, but God continued to stretch forth his hand and witness to the work. We had a glorious meeting, yet I could feel there was some of the brethren that did not understand me, as I never had been among the true saints in the ministry of this reformation and my ways were peculiar to them.

We had what you might call a confidential meeting. There was a proposal made in the ministers' meeting in the presence of ninety-five ministers that if there was anything between any of the brethren that we could not have confidence in them to work with them if we met them out in the field to speak of it right there, and if not to not bring up any trouble after we had left there. I rose up in the congregation and told them that they had heard different reports about me, as I knew there had been one man that was sent to us to help us. In place of helping us he had driven us farther from the truth, went back and told false reports on me, and some of them had believed it until they met me. I said if you know or see anything wrong in me I want to know it now. Speak of it publicly or tell me privately. I want to leave here with perfect confidence in the brethren, and want you to have confidence in me. If there is anything wrong in me, I want to know it. There was no one that said a word.

My company and I went to Morehead, Ky. to a

camp-meeting. We then started for Louisville, where we expected to take the boat for Hickman, Ky., where my family then lived. Upon arriving at Louisville and inquiring the fare we found it was too much, so we drove through to Evansville. I had written to Captain Joe Fowler, Superintendent of the Evansville and Cairo packet line for rates. He sent me a permit for four, myself and company. We took the boat at Evansville and went to Paducah. There Brother and Sister Ball took the team and went to some of their relation's out twenty miles to rest a few days. I came to my home at Hickman, Ky. and Sister Ada went to her home at East Prairie, Mo.

In a few days we met at a camp-meeting at Dorena, Mo., but seemingly there were no arrangements made for the meeting, yet it had been announced in the paper. Great persecutions arose from the sectarians. We fixed some seats in the grove and commenced services. There was a small congregation the first night. There had been no preparations made to take care of anybody. We made arrangements about sleeping. A brother brought in an old stove and fixed up a table, another brother brought a few potatoes, this was all we had. After meeting when preaching was over, I told them we had come to hold a meeting in the name of Jesus; that we intended to hold it in spite of the devil, and said, "You may think we are not going to have any supper, but we are going to eat supper after meeting, we have potatoes in the stove roasting now."

One man got up and made a great talk, worked up the minds of the people, told them these people were of God and the Lord had sent them there to rescue perishing souls, and that they should not have the shame laid on them that they had not anything to eat. "Now," he says, "This meeting is going through if I have to pay every dollar myself. I want all in this congregation who will give \$1.00 in provisions or money to come and give me your hand." There were fifteen or twenty gave him their hand, and some threw down the money. The provisions were to be brought in the next day. One man that lived close said he would have some there for breakfast. We went up where the stove was to eat our potatoes and the boys had slipped up there and stolen them except a few that one of the brothers had taken out and hid away, so we defeated the devil at last, and he did not make us lie, for we had potatoes for supper.

The Lord began to bless the Word, the interest grew, and people began to get saved. But there began to be a great stir and some persecution. Some ruffians notified us that they would shoot the lights out, if we did not run they would shoot lower. When we dismissed the meeting I asked all of the saints of God to come to the meeting-house. I went and they followed me. The crowd followed and threw clods and clubs at us as we went, hollering at us to get behind the cross, used many slanderous words,

and said many hard things. After we got in the house there were two sisters went to the door to look out and to hear them. I told them to come back and pay no attention to them at all. If you will stay in here you will be perfectly safe, God will protect you. One said she wasn't afraid, and about that time an egg hit her on the chest, broke, and smeared her clothes all over. I said, "If you would have listened you would not have gotten that." They finally dismissed and left.

Brother Ball read some scriptures and told them we had met there together for the purpose of agreeing; how many could agree now on the Bible? The whole church decided they could agree. I said, "What I want to know is whether God wants me to stay here or not. I am willing to lay down my life right here, if God says stay. Let us all get down here now and agree that God show us, give us the witness, if he wants us to stay." We prayed till 2 o'clock. The Holy Ghost fell from heaven as on the day of Pentecost and every soul was moved. Every saint decided to stand the storm and see the salvation of God.

The next night the Lord laid a message on me. While I preached they threw rotten eggs and pawpaws, but God threw on the power, sent forth the truth, and it seemed they could not hit me. The eggs would go above me, pawpaws would go by me, but none of the saints were hit. There was a woman

sitting right in front of me that belonged to the Methodist sect. She had brought a bucket of eggs there, we learned later. As the boys would throw them they would hit the limbs right over her and break and fall on her. She was catching all the eggs. She told one of her children to go out and tell them to quit that, and that they were watching them. I told them they could throw, for God wanted me to deliver that message, that the devil could not kill me till I got through, that God could melt the bullet from the time it left the gun before it got to me if he did not want me killed. The Lord witnessed to the truth and the majority of the congregation sat spellbound, and God proved by signs following that he was God and had a people that would stand true and did not fear men or devils.

My son Charley was in that meeting, but was holding to sectism. He has told me since he has gotten out into the light that that meeting did more to draw him to the truth and convince him of the wrongness of sectism than anything he had ever seen. He said as he saw God's ministers stand and face the threats and the pistols and preach the truth he knew that sectarians would not do that.

Just as we were leaving Moundsville I received a letter from a sister at Dogwood Ridge, where I had announced a camp-meeting, stating that every arrangement was made for the meeting and the saints all wanted me to come, and many of the sinners; but

that there was a man that died there who had once accepted the truth and come out of sectism, fought the truth and spoke hard things about me and went back to sectism, then he had fits and the saints prayed for him for four hours and God delivered him. He then said that he would accept the truth and stand by the right, said he knew I was a good man, and he was going to send me some money as soon as he sold his grain.

In a short time he was overpowered by the sect spirit, turned against the truth, took fits. The doctor said it was hysteric fits, and that the gospel that I preached had given him the fits. They could not do anything for him and in a few hours he died. His brother said that I was the cause of his death and I could never preach another sermon in that country; if I ever undertook to he would shoot me down in the pulpit. Others that belonged to secret orders and outlaws had taken sides with him and the mob arranged to take my life if I came. I handed the letter to some of the brethren as I left Moundsville and told them to read it in the ministers' meeting and to take the case earnestly to God, praying that he would lead me in regard to the matter. I decided if God led me there I would go, though it cost me my life.

The time came on for the meeting just after the Dorena meeting, and I in company with others went. As soon as we got there I was informed that there

was a man there from the town where I lived who had stated publicly that I had abused his sister, tore her clothes, cut her neck and mistreated her terribly, and had run away from that town. A brother present heard his statement and said to him, "Can you prove that?" He said, "I can." He says, "You have it to do. Brother Brown is coming here to hold a meeting to-day or to-morrow; if he is that kind of a man I want to know it, if he is not that kind of a man he does not need to lie under it. If you don't prove it I will send you over the road." He said he would prove it.

In two nights he came to meeting and I asked this brother to bring him out to one side and introduce him to me, so he did. He said, "This is Brother Brown, I suppose you are acquainted with him. This is the man you told me about." "No," he says, "He is not the man. I know this man, he is little Charley's father. It was another preacher Brown." I said, "I am the only preacher Brown at Hickman, I am certainly the man you were talking about." I said, "Will you get up before this congregation and state I was not the man?" He said he would. After prayer service I arose in the congregation and talked for a while and told the great reports and slanders that came against me at times, but God had uncovered it all to prove to the honest hearts it was false. I told them of the report that had been about my conduct in the town

where I lived. I said the man that reported that is in the congregation. He rose to his feet and said, "You are not the man." I said, "Will you confess you lied?" He said, "You are not the man I was talking about." He told one of the brethren the mob was ready, and had told him the names of the people that were going to hang me, and pretty soon he came to the altar for salvation.

I went close to him and was praying in secret. I commenced to talk to him, he began to cry out and soon threw up his hand and went to shout. I said, "I rebuke this shouting, professing devil in the name of Jesus Christ and command it to be still, and pray God Almighty to hold you here till you confess your sins." He quieted down. I said, "Now you have lied on me. You have lied publicly, you must confess it publicly. God will never save you till you do it." A brother whom he had talked to said, "You know this is the man you talked about, you told me it was he, now you have it to confess or you will go to hell." He said he would go to hell before he would confess it publicly. "I am willing to confess to you that I lied, but to get up before this congregation and do it, I will not do it." I said, "I will pray God to hold you here till you do." God laid his hand on him for four days and nights, finally he came to the place, rose before the congregation, told them that he had lied on Brother Brown, that he never knew anything wrong about him, and

that the devil had just made him make up that tale without a foundation. The gang that was in with him was in the congregation. It showed up later that he had been sent there to make a profession, get on the good side of the saints that they might have a better chance to get in their work.

The man that said he was going to kill me drove within fifteen feet of the rostrum in his buggy, so I was told. When I got up to preach he sat there and looked at me. While I was preaching there was an alarm something like a small clock alarm began to ring at his buggy. I said, "Don't pay any attention to the devil, souls are at stake, it is salvation or hell, listen to the gospel." He soon turned and drove away. We received a telephone despatch from New Madrid, Mo., asking if I was hung. Said it was reported by a man that had seen them buy a rope and start to the meeting on Saturday night to hang me. The man that got the despatch sent word back that he was there at meeting, I preached there, no disturbance, and nobody hung, I was still alive. The meeting closed with victory, God got the glory, the devil was defeated, everybody got away alive, for which we give God all the glory.

Now there are many other things and experiences that I could put in this book, but I feel that this is sufficient. I pray God's blessings upon the readers and trust that it will be instrumental in the hands of God in stopping some precious souls from going

into the ditch where I went, and encourage some poor soul that is where I was to trust in the same Christ and come out as I have. I thank God for deliverance from sin and affliction, and that I am now saved and under the blood.

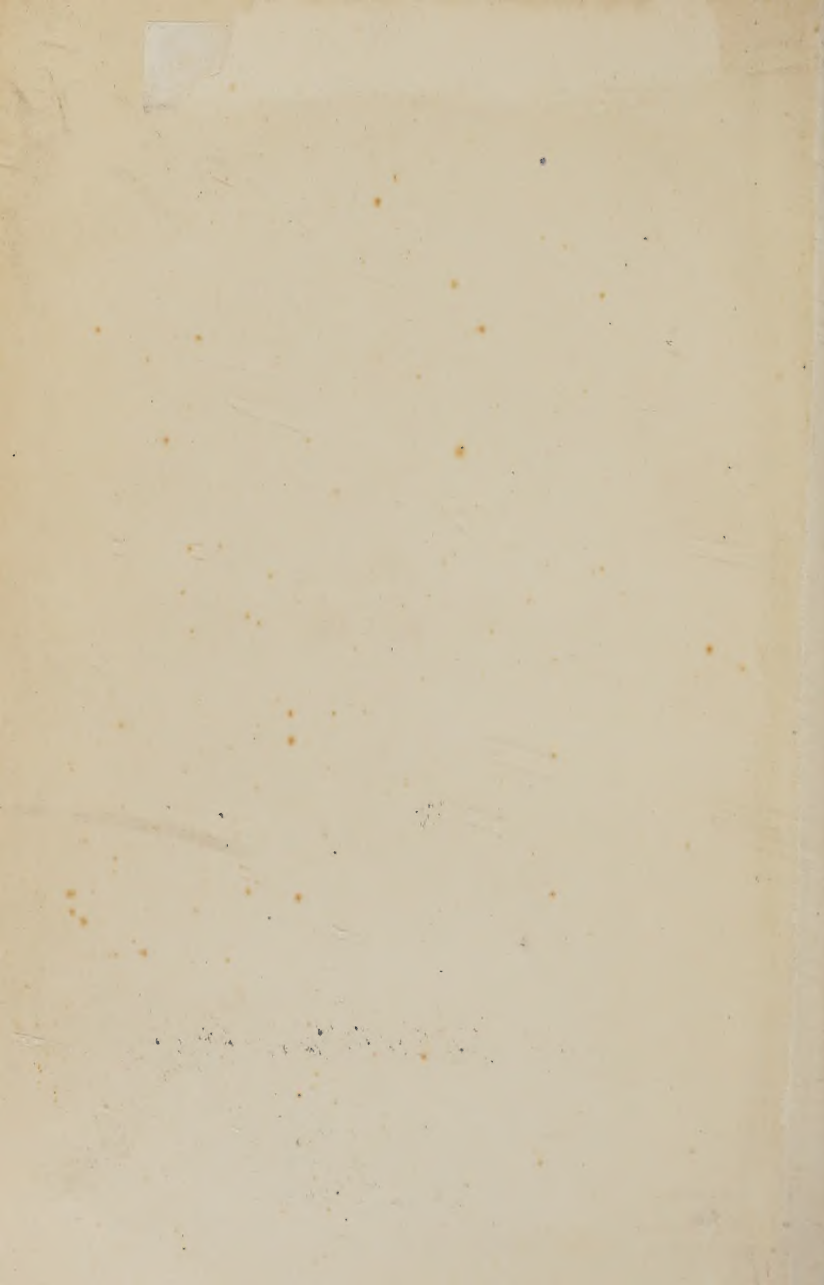
MY REASONS FOR WRITING THIS BOOK.

WHILE in sin I had a disposition to get rich and had a turn to make money. There was no trouble for me to make money, but hard for me to keep it. I have been worth thousands of dollars already, and down to where I worked for fifty cents a day to support my family. Three times in my life I have broken financially and given everything I had to my creditors, never tried to hold anything from them. When God won my heart and I got salvation and felt the call to preach I had a good deal of property around me. Those that did not know my circumstances thought I was well to do, but I knew that I owed for it all. God impressed me to turn my property over to my creditors and go preach the gospel, which I did, gave up every dollar and every hoof of stock, and promised God that what lacked of paying my debts I would pay if he would provide the means. I have been asking God to open the way ever since for me to pay my debts and speed the time that I could say I owed no man a dollar. God has moved on my heart to write this book, and ever since I have been converted I have been requested to do so by many friends. I feel that this is God's way of paying what I owe, and for this purpose I have written the book, expecting to use the money to pay my debts.

THE END.







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